Spiritual Melody,

Containing near Three Hundred

Sacred Hymns.

By *BENJAMIN KEACH*, Author of Τροπολογία, Paſtor of the Church of Chriſt meeting on *Horſly-down*, Southwark.

Coloſſ. 3. 16. *Let the Word of Chriſt dwell in you richly, in all wiſdom, teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*

Quantum flevi in Hymnis & Canticis ſuavè ſonantis Eccleſiæ tuæ voces illæ influebant auribus meis, &c. *How ſweetly have I wept in Hymns and Songs! At the ſounding of thy Church, thy Voices flew into mine Ear, and thy Truth melted into mine Heart; and from thence flew forth the effects of Godlineſs; the Tears ran down mine Eyes, and it was well with me when I was with them.*

Auguſt. in his *Preface to the Pſalms*, cap. 6.

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

TO THE READER.

READER,

IT may not be unneceſſary if I acquaint thee with the chief deſign of my publiſhing theſe *Sacred Hymns*. I have three ſorts of Perſons in my Eye to whom I recommend them.

Firſt, Such who like and approve of Books in Verſe which treat of Divine Things, and would gladly have a little help in order to the underſtanding of *Metaphorical Scripture*; who

cannot also well spare so much Money as to purchase larger Volumes; the *Folio* I put forth some years ago, call'd, *A Key to open Scripture Metaphors*, being near Twenty Shillings price, comes into but a very few Peoples hands: Besides, the Impression will soon be gone (as far as I can gather) and 'tis not like to be reprinted any more. Now in this small Tract I can assure you is contained great part of the principal things under divers Metaphors opened in that Book, though they are there more largely insisted on. I do not judge all those *Hymns* I have taken from Metaphorical or Tropical Scriptures, are

proper to be ſung; nor are they here recommended to that end, ſome of them being Hiſtorical, as part of *Hymn* 92. *pag.* 129, 130. and ſome others, containing Matter of Controverſie; nor do I think thoſe concerning *Hell* ſo ſuitable to be ſung; yet I doubt not but they may be all of uſe to the *Reader*, all being congruous with God's Word, and according to the analogy of Faith.

The *Second ſort* are, *Parents* and *Maſters of Families*, I am perſwaded, with the Bleſſing of God, this Book may prove of great advantage to their Children, who generally are taken with Verſe, and are much ad-

dicted to learn such Songs and Ballads which generally tend to corrupt Youth; and 'tis a shame to godly Christians they should suffer their Children to learn many of them; but since Singing is God's Ordinance, I mean, to *sing Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 'tis doubtless their duty to instruct them therein, as well as to teach them to read; and by learning *Sacred Hymns*, they may be taken, before their Parents are aware, with the Matter therein contained (as divers have, through the Blessing of God, as I have been oft inform'd, by reading that small Poem, called *War with the Devil*,) and some others. Youth are gene-

rally

rally inclin'd to Poetry, and as one of the Ancients excellently obſerves, *The Holy Ghoſt ſeeing the Souls of Mankind ſtrugling in the way of Godlineſs, and being inclined to the Delights of this Life, hath mixed the power of his Doctrine with ſweet Singing, that whilſt the Soul was melted with the ſweetneſs of the Verſe, the Divine Word might the better be grafted with profit.*

Now theſe *Hymns* being ſhort, Children will ſoon get them by heart, as alſo full of varieties, and if inſtructed to ſing, they may be the more affected with the matter, and receive the greater advantage.

The *Third ſort* are, thoſe godly Chriſtians who know 'tis their indiſpenſible duty to ſing *Pſalms* and *Hymns*, &c. not only in their Families, but in the publick Congregation, yet do not think divers *Pſalms* do ſo well ſuit with Chriſtians under the Goſpel, as other Scripture-Hymns do, and divers worthy Miniſters of the Baptized-way, thô choice Preachers, and fully ſatisfied in ſinging the Praiſes of God, yet may not have Judgment to compoſe *Hymns*, every Man having his particular Gift of God, and therefore have deſired divers Scripture-Hymns and ſelect Pſalms might be publiſhed; and indeed, had I not been put upon this Work,

Work, I am perſwaded I had not undertook it, or at the leaſt not ſo ſoon.

Moreover, many Chriſtians had rather have thoſe *Hymns* we ſing in our publick Aſſemblies printed, that ſo they might the better know them, and examine the matter therein contained, to ſee whether they do agree with the Word of Chriſt, and likewiſe the better ſing them with underſtanding. And 'tis not unknown what a multitude of godly Friends have deſired to have me write them out ſeveral of thoſe *Hymns* that have upon divers occaſions been ſung in ſome particular Congregations. Now to prevent that trouble,

and to ſatisfie them, I promis'd to Print the moſt of thoſe *Hymns*, and ſo have done, as they will find them in the latter part of this Tract. If any deſire in ſuch a Book to have no *Hymns* but ſuch that are proper to be ſung in Congregations, in the next Impreſſion, if God ſpare my Life, I ſhall endeavour to anſwer their requeſt.

Had I not wrote ſo lately in Juſtification of pre-compoſed *Hymns* taken out of God's Word, I ſhould have ſpoken fully to it here. We are exhorted to *ſing Pſalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, and ſince we have none left in Form in the Scripture, it follows, that thoſe who God hath gifted

that way, ought to compose them; for a Hymn or Song cannot be without its Form. Certainly God doth not enjoyn a Duty on us, that he hath not left sufficient Rule how to come at it, nor have we any ground to expect the extraordinary Gift any more.

Nor is there, as I have lately shewn, any more reason to object against compiling *Sacred Hymns* to be sung out of the Word of Christ, than there is to object against pre-compiled Sermons that are to be preached, though I am satisfied the Lord doth enjoyn his Churches to sing the *Psalms of David*, both in *Eph.* 5. 19. *Col.* 3. 16. we reading of

no

no other Pſalms but the *Book of Pſalms*; ſo by Hymns and Spiritual Songs I ſee no reaſon to doubt but he intends all *Sacred Hymns, &c.* taken out of the holy Scripture by the help of God's Spirit. Mr. *Marlow* cites a Paſſage out of Learned *Ainſworth*, as if he favoured his Notion of Praiſing God only without Vocal Singing; yet I have lately met with a Book of that worthy Man on the *Pſalms of David*, where I find him ſpeaking thus, *Theſe Pſalms* (ſaith he) *have ever ſince by the Church of* Iſrael, *by Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and by the Saints* in all Ages, *been received and honoured as the Oracles of God, cited for Confirmation of true Religion, and ſung in the publick Aſſemblies,*

Assemblies (as in God's Temple) where they sung Praises unto the Lord with the words of David, *&c.*

'Tis a hard case that any Christian should object against that Duty which Christ and his Apostles, and the Saints in all Ages in their publick Assemblies were found in the practice of; but 'tis no easie thing to break People off of a mistaken Notion, and an old Prejudice taken up against a precious Truth of Christ. The Lord will, I hope, satisfie all his People about this heavenly Ordinance in due time, and they shall not call it a Carnal nor a Formal thing any more, nor cry out, *'Tis as bad as Common-Prayer.* I must tell them, if *Common-Prayer* lay

lay under Sacred Institution in the *New Testament*, as Singing of *Psalms* and *Hymns* doth, I should as freely embrace that: But wher eas the one is *Humane*, so the other is *Divine*, that is, ordained and commanded of God, as well as practised by Christ and his Disciples, and by the Saints in all Ages.

But not to trouble you any further, if the Lord be pleased to bless the labour and pains I have taken, give him the Glory, and let your poor Brother have a part in your Prayers, who is still

Yours to serve you in the Gospel,

B. KEACH.

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ERRATA

ERRATA.

Page 34. Line 19. add *shall.*
Page 41. Line 17. r. *Men.*
Page 45. Line 23. for *Jesus* r. *Jesu.*
Page 46. Line 12. blot out *O.*
Page 64. Line 8. for *weak* r. *meek.*
Page 78. Line 8. for *likely* r. *lively.*
Page 136. Line 15. blot out *Lord.*
Page 157. Line 18. blot out *do*

THE

SPIRITUAL MELODY,

Containing

Near Three Hundred

Sacred Hymns, &c.

PART I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

ALL praise be given to the Lord,
Who condescends so low,
For to unfold deep things to us,
By things which we do know.

Lord give us more Knowledge divine,
Thy Word Explain to us,
That we may find those things of thine
To be indeed precious.

Pour forth thy Spirit on us, Lord,
Deep Myſteries to know,
That we may find Grace in our Souls,
And in it alſo grow:

And by it may be help'd always
Thy Praiſes to ſing forth,
And live alſo unto thy praiſe
Whilſt we are on the Earth.

PART

PART I.

SACRED HYMNS,

Setting forth

The Glory and excellent Perfections of GOD the FATHER.

HYMN 1.

Math. 5.16. *Glorifie your Father which is in Heaven.*

1 A Father doth his Child beget,
So we begotten are,
By thy own Word and Spirit Lord,
And do thine Image bear.

2 He likewiſe doth his Children cloath,
And doth them alſo love;
So thou moſt richly cloaths all ſuch
That are born from above.

3 A Father feeds and does protect
Such who his Children be:
So thou doſt feed and ſave all thoſe
Who do belong to thee.

4 And alſo doth delight in them
Who him reſemble do:
To ſuch who are moſt like to thee,
Thou doſt chief favour ſhow.

Second Part.

5 A Father loves his Children ſhould
All live in Unity;
So thou delights to ſee thy Saints
Walk in ſweet Harmony.

6 He ever does o'relook the faults,
Which he in them does spy:
So all thy People's faults likewise
Thou dost, O Lord, pass by.

7 'Tis a high honour to descend
From such who Noble be;
Kings Children are all but base born,
To those, Lord, born of thee.

8 Rich Parents may soon poor be made,
And also they do die:
Thou Lord art rich, and so wilt be
Unto Eternity.

9 All praise and glory unto God
Our Father, be therefore:
And unto Christ that ransom'd us,
Be Praise for evermore.

HYMN 2.

Psal. 73. 26.

God the Portion of his People.

1 A Portion Lord thou didst design
On thine for to bestow;
Nought didst thou think was good enough
For them of things below.

2 Nor things in Heaven, which excell,
And therefore dost impart,
Thy self as the Portion alone
Of all upright in Heart.

3 Who then is able to conceive
How rich thy Children are?
For they have all, since they have thee,
And each an equal share.

4 All have a God, all have a Christ,
Nay, all that thou hast too;
Each one hath thee intirely,
This does their Riches show.

5 And they, Lord, never shall have less,
Their Portion can't be spent,
Nor treacherously by wicked ones
From them it can't be rent.

6 Fire can't their blest'd Portion burn,
Nor Thieves steal it away;
Nor Moths, nor Rust, it can't corrupt,
O happy, happy they!

The second Part.

7 All things are theirs who have thee Lord,
Thô under age they be:
But yet that day will quickly come
Of their Felicity.

8 When full possession they shall have
Of all that is their own,
And every one of them thou wilt
With lasting Glory Crown.

9 This Portion, ah, how doth it suit!
And answer every want,

And fully does it satisfie
The Soul of every Saint.

10 All Glory and high praise therefore
Let us together sing,
To God the Father, and the Son,
From whence such Riches spring.

HYMN 2.

Psal. 90. 1.

God the Saints dwelling place.

1 THy Saints Lord have a dwelling strong,
And thou that dwelling art,
No habitation like to this,
Hath any haughty Heart.

2 For 'tis the low, and humble Soul
That in the Lord does dwell:
Where such do rest, and have repose,
This dwelling doth excell.

3 A house, ah 'tis our home always,
And when we absent be:
How do we long for to return,
So do our Soul till we

4 Return again unto our God,
When we from thee do stray:
O bring us to our blest abode,
Christ Jesus is the Way.

5 We

5 We here no perfect reſt ſhall find,
Untill we fixed are
In our brave houſe that is above,
No Palace like to it here.

The ſecond Part.

1 A Houſe preſerves from heat and cold,
From Winds and cruel ſtorms;
Thoſe who Lord dwell in thee are bold,
Being ſafe from fear of harms.

2 And in our Houſe our comforts lie,
And all our chiefeſt treaſure:
God is our Joy, our Souls delight,
In whom is ſweeteſt pleaſure.

3 Propriety unto a houſe
Doth make it valued;
Our intereſt in our God, alone,
Makes us lift up our head.

4 In a great Houſe are many Rooms
To dine and alſo lye,
Rare ſecret Chambers alſo we
Do in thee clearly ſpy.

5 Each Attribute is as a Room
Whither thy Saints do go
By precious Acts of Faith, and then
Nothing they fear below.

6 Another houſe, thô ſtately 'tis,
It may be batter'd down;

But thou art such a House, O Lord,
That can't be overthrown.

7 Hast then away to your abode,
Let all with speed haste home,
For dreadful storms you may expect
Will very quickly come.

The Third Part.

Chambers of Safety.

1 O come, O come, Gods people all,
With speed haste ye away,
Enter your Chambers great and small,
No longer do you stay:

2 For God, the mighty God above,
Is rising out of's place,
And will the Hills and Mountains move,
And Vengeance pour apace.

3 There is a way found out that ye
May be secured,
When Sinners shall consumed be
Who basely are misled.

4 Doth it not thunder afar off,
It Lightens also sore:
O tremble all, and do not scoff,
For hark 'tis more and more.

5 Children get home, and do not stay,
Haste to your dwelling place;
For if you make the least delay,
Then sad may be your case.

6 All who abroad or in the Fields
Do fooliſhly remain,
They may as the *Egyptians* were,
Be ruined and ſlain.

Iſa. 26. 20.

A Storm a coming.

1 O Quake ye who moſt guilty are,
Who love and live in ſin;
For God will ſuddenly break forth,
As uſual hath not been.

2 But ſing ye Saints, and joyfull be,
Chriſts Kingdom does draw near,
Do you leave all Iniquity,
And nothing do you fear.

3 The ſhaking times that are at hand,
Will bring Great *Babel* down:
And then will God ſave this our Land,
And Saints with Bleſſings Crown.

4 Therefore if ye in Chriſt are found
To every Duty led,
And have your Hearts ſincere and ſound,
Look up, lift up your head.

5 For your Redemption does draw near,
Gods praiſes ſing therefore:
Unto his call do you adhere,
Then ſing for evermore.

HYMN 4.

Joh. 15. 1.

God compared to a Husbandman.

1 RIch Husbandmen have Houſe and (Land
Both moiſt and alſo dry,
God o're the Earth hath the Command,
And true propriety.

2 The beaſts of th' field and fowls of th' (Air,
With Silver, and the Gold
Is all the Lords, yea, and what elſe
Our Eyes can here behold.

3 He may give it to whom he will,
And then take it away:
He makes men rich, and makes them poor,
And none dare him gain-ſay.

4 Some ground he plows and ſows it then
With choice and precious ſeeds;
Whilſt other ground does barren lie,
Eat up and ſpoil'd with Weeds.

5 And who ſhall ſay what doeſt thou,
He may do what he will;
All are thine own, what e're thou doſt,
Yet thou art righteous ſtill.

The ſecond Part.

1 A Husbandman knows very well,
His ground will barren be,
Unleſs

Unleſs it is well manured,
No profit he can ſee.

2 Even ſo unleſs the fallow ground
Of thy baſe wicked heart
Be broken up, it will be found
That thou moſt barren art.

3 A Husbandman does ſpare no coſt,
Nor grudge at his great pains,
That ſo he may his ground make good,
When he his end obtains.

4 So God likewiſe thinks nought too much
Who does great coſt beſtow
On Souls of men, when they prove ſuch
Who forth his Glory ſhow.

5 A Husbandman his Trees doth prune,
More fruitful them to make,
But branches that unfruitful be,
Such off the Trees does take.

6 And thus doth God by all thoſe men
Who by profeſſion are
In Jeſus Chriſt, who barren prove,
Them long he will not ſpare.

7 But ſuch that fruitful Branches be,
He purges every one,
And abundantly ſhall they bring forth,
Before that he has done.

8 As God doth ſow, ſo he likewiſe
Doth cauſe the rain to fall,
That ſo his Vineyard flouriſh may,
And's Trees be fruitful all.

9 Which other Husbandmen can't do,
Nor can they change the ſoyl;
But God can make Mens hearts moſt good
Which naturally were vile.

10 All praiſe to him therefore let's give,
And ſet his glory forth,
And fruitfully unto him live,
Whilſt we do live on earth.

HYMN 5.

Heb. 3. 4. *God the chief Builder.*

1 HE that did build all things is God,
'Tis he and he alone
That made the world, and all things in't,
Praiſe ye the Holy One.

2 And he laid the Foundation ſure
Of th' Earth and Heaven too,
Which long have been, and ſtill endure,
Will put them down alſo.

3 'Tis he that built his Glorions Church,
And laid the corner ſtone,
In all the Earth there is None ſuch,
O praiſe the Holy One.

4 With

4 With precious Stones he hath it built,
Yea, living ones they are,
And by his Spirit ſo compact,
'Tis far beyond compare.

5 The Timber, and the Stones by him
Were ſquared curiouſly,
That all the Buildings in the World,
With this cannot come nigh.

6 The matter and the form alſo,
Did he alone ordain,
No alteration muſt be made,
Upon eternal pain.

7 All other Builders Servants have
To labour with their hands;
Who according to the pattern act,
And juſt as he commands.

8 So Miniſters God does imploy,
Who muſt the pattern know,
And if they alter any thing,
They do their folly ſhow.

9 The Rule it is Gods Holy Word,
Would you the Pattern view,
'Tis the firſt Church the Lord did build,
As th' Apoſtles *Acts* do ſhew.

The

The second Part.

1 Nothing but precious Stones must be
On the foundation plac'd,
By such who wood or stubble build
This fabrick is disgrac'd.

2 And they will suffer loss thereby
When it comes to be try'd,
Because such stuff cannot endure,
Their work will not abide.

3 Then see all ye who are call'd Saints,
That you are precious Gold,
I mean sincere and godly ones,
Whom God loves to behold.

4 And see that you his building are,
And in you he does dwell,
If in you he has no abode,
Down you must go to Hell.

HYMN 6.

Exod. 15. 3.

God a Man of War.

1 GOD is a man of war, and he
Has many Armies, who
Almighty are in strength, therefore
Down shall his Foes all go.

2 The

2 The Enemies who do ingage
Againſt this Man of war,
Are all infernal pow'rs below,
And ſuch who wicked are.

3 God is a Warriour juſt and good,
And mighty skill he hath,
Before him never any ſtood
In Hell, much leſs on Earth.

4 'Tis for his Glory he does take
The Sword into his hand,
And wo to ſuch who head do make
Againſt his dread Command.

5 In war he is moſt terrible,
If he ſets in array,
The Battel once againſt his Foes,
They'll ſoon melt all away.

6 He'll make the earth to tremble when
He does gird on his Sword,
And cauſe all proud and haughty men
To fall at his own word.

6 If he the Trumpet once does ſound,
And like a Lion roar,
The wicked he will all confound,
And Vengeance on them pour.

8 An Armory and Weapons too
Of Indignation hath,
With Fire and Smoke, and Hail alſo,
He ſoon can ſpoil the Earth.

9 If

9 If man provoke him to ariſe,
And ſtir up Jealouſy,
He like a travailling Woman will
Break forth, and loudly cry.

10 A Banner he hath to diſplay,
A white Flag he puts out,
To ſee if Sinners will ſubmit,
Whoſe Courage ſeems ſo ſtout.

11 If they will not lay down their Arms,
And with him make their peace,
Then let them tremble, they ſhall ſee
Incenſed wrath increaſe.

12 And out his bloody Flag will go,
No quarter will he give,
But down they fall both great and ſmall,
And Vengeance ſhall receive.

The ſecond Part.

1 Wo, wo to all ungodly ones,
Who are his bitter Foes;
But happy are all Friends of his,
And ſuch who with him cloſe.

2 Fear not, ye Saints, this Man of war
Is always on your ſide,
And in your quarrel he'll appear,
And equally divide

3 To every man his own juſt Right,
And *Sion*'s Cauſe he'll plead,

And

And will deſtroy the curſed Whore
That long has flouriſhed.

4 Put hark again, for you muſt know,
God's patience near is gone,
A warning piece he has let off,
The Battel is begun.

5 O ſing, ye Saints, God is come forth,
An alarm he does ſound,
The Trumpets blow, and it is heard
In every quarter round.

6 The Beaſt and curſed *Babylon*,
Amazed are to hear
What God in *England* late has done,
But ſtranger things draw near.

7 God forth is coming with a ſhout,
Sing praiſes, ſing praiſes,
He will all his Enemies rout,
And good mens hope it raiſes.

HYMN 7.

God a ſtrong Tower.

1 THou art, O Lord, a Tower ſtrong,
And Refuge for the Poor,
And that we might all hide in thee,
Haſt opened a door.

2 Chriſt

2 Christ is the Door that does let us
Into this Tower, where
We may be safe, and we all know
No other Door is there.

3 Our defence is in the Lord,
The high and lofty one,
And in thee we most safe shall be,
Till all the trouble's gone.

4 Thou art our Shield and Hiding place
To thee we haste away,
Fore-seeing Dangers very nigh,
Dare now no longer stay.

5 In thee is safety, if we fly,
Our Tower is so strong,
We fear no Siege, no Mines can hurt,
Nor do our Tower wrong.

6 Nor can we starve whilst here we ly,
Thy Stores cannot be spent,
In thee is Bread, and all supply,
No ways can Foes invent

7 To take our Fort, we fear no Bombs
Nor Cannon though they roar,
But from our Tower the cruel Foes
To pieces shall be tore.

The second Part.

1 We in this Tower venture may
All that to us is dear,

Nought

Nought can exceed our precious Souls,
Let them be lodged there.

2 Strong Parties garriſon within,
Who oft make ſallies out;
And one of them can in a night
A mighty Army rout.

3 An hundred eighty thouſand men,
Did one of theſe deſtroy,
Of curſed Foes who did ſtrive then,
Gods *Iſrael* to annoy.

4 A Tower ſtrong is compaſs'd round
With a thick mighty wall,
For to keep off ſuch Foes who do
Pell-mell upon it fall.

5 For Bulwarks God Salvation hath
Appointed for the Poor,
And he a wall of fire is round
About us evermore.

6 Can ſuch who in this Tower are,
Be any time afraid,
All ſuch who know the ſtrength of it,
Can never be diſmaid.

7 Take up your Lodging then within,
Haſte quickly, don't delay,
Caſt off baſe Habits, leave your Sin,
Chriſt Jeſus is the way.

8 Thoſe

8 Thoſe who would enter into it,
And not by the right Door,
Will ſee themſelves without the walls,
Before this day is o're.

HYMN 8.

Job 16. 14.

He runneth upon me like a Giant.

1 A Giant is a man of ſtrength,
Both fierce and ſwift alſo,
When like a Giant God appears,
He is provok'd we know,

2 By our great ſins which grievous are
In his moſt bleſſed ſight,
On us therefore as Giants do,
Does he break forth with might.

3 As if he would to pieces tear
Such, whom his Soul doth love,
Yet in his Heart affections dear,
Toward us then does move.

4 'Tis to convince our Souls of ſin,
And us to humble too,
And fit us for ſome glorious work
He has for us to do.

5 And crucifie us to the world,
And to each earthly thing,

That

That we might ſee from him alone,
Our chiefeſt Joy does ſpring.

6 To exerciſe our Graces too,
This is another end,
That they might their great Luſtre ſhow,
For this does tryals lend.

7 And Satan might be ſilenced,
Who does Gods *Jobs* accuſe,
From hence, as you have heard and read,
God thus his Saints does uſe.

8 And that Examples God might have
Of patience, to ſuſtain
Some others of his Children, who
May meet with ſuch like pain.

9 Then do not mourn, ye godly ones,
When on you God does run,
He pities you, and hears your moans,
In mercy will return

10 Again to you, and you ſhall ſee
His ſweet and lovely face;
Therefore ſing ye his praiſes forth,
And prize his glorious Grace.

HYMN

HYMN 9.

Rom. 9. 21.

Hath not the Potter power over the Clay?

1 A Potter does prepare his Clay,
Then does the Veſſel make,
So thou prepares thy work, O Lord,
Which thou doſt undertake.

2 The Earth thou didſt, O Lord, form firſt
Of which we formed were,
Thou didſt project alſo before,
What Image we ſhould bear.

3 A Potter divers Veſſels makes,
VVhich of different ſizes are,
Some of one form, and others do
Another faſhion bare.

4 So thou haſt different Veſſels too,
Some noble and ſome baſe,
Some curiouſly are wrought within,
Adorned with thy Grace.

5 Some for Honour, and ſome likewiſe
They for diſhonour be,
But who ſhall to the Potter ſay,
VVhy is this done by thee?

6 Mayſt thou not like the Potter do
VVhat ſeems good in thy ſight?
Thou mayſt give Grace, or it deny,
Yet all thou doſt is right.

7 O let us then ſuch Veſſels be,
Moſt lovely to behold,
And glorioufly to ſhine within,
Being covered o're with Gold.

8 That we thy praiſes may ſet forth,
As being all new made:
Once we were marr'd, but never more
Let our rare Beauty fade.

9 And we will ſing to thee, O Lord,
And raiſe thy name on high,
For we ſhall glorious Veſſels be
To all eternity.

HYMN 10.

Hoſ. 5. 14.

God compared to a Lion.

1 I Will like to a Lion be,
I'le tear and will devour,
Thus doſt thou ſay, O holy One,
To ſhew thy wrathful pow'r

2 Againſt the wicked, who provoke
Thee grievouſly each day,
When patience does to fury turn,
Thou'lt ſweep them all away.

3 Who can the prey deliver from
A hungry Lion? ſo

VVho is't can ſave or reſcue ſuch
Thou ſayſt thou willt o're-throw?

4 A Lion when enrag'd is fierce,
And all before him fly,
So at thy frowns and dreadful wrath,
How will the wicked cry!

5 VVhen once the Lion's heard to roar,
The Beaſts of th' Foreſt quake,
So when thou doſt in wrath ariſe,
Sad tremblings thou wilt make.

6 But if before a Lion one
Himſelf does proſtrate lie
The Lion will not touch his Life,
But leave him, and paſs by.

7 So thou, O Lord, wilt ſuch forgive,
VVho do themſelves ſubmit,
And by Repentance humbly
Lie proſtrate at thy feet.

8 The Lion does ſometimes couch down,
As if aſleep he lay,
But ſoon does riſe with wrathful frowns,
As greedy of his prey.

9 And thus, OLord, thou ſeem'ſt to ſleep,
And wicked men don't fear,
But as a Lion wilt rouze up,
And them to pieces tear.

10 Then happy you for whom Christ made
With God a lasting peace,
'Tis you may sing, for still you'll find
Your Comforts shall increase.

HYMN 11.

Hos. 5. 12.

I will be a Moth to Ephraim.

1 MOths secretly do seize and eat,
And spoil fair Garments qnite;
So many times thy Judgments are
Hid from most peoples sight.

2 Moths often spoil things rich and rare,
As well as of small worth,
So thou, O Lord, wilt neither spare
The poor nor rich of th' earth:

3 All are alike, O Lord, to thee,
If wrath on them do seize,
Unsensibly thou canst them spoil
Like Moths, if thou dost please.

4 A Moth does eat things by degrees,
A little now and then;
So gradually thou dost destroy
Sometimes vile wicked men.

5 Thou like a Moth, art sometimes, Lord,
In Councels Princes trust,

Who Plots of Enemies can't ſee
Till out they fiercely burſt.

6 And likewiſe in Eſtates of men
Thou as a Moth does come,
Their hopes are great, and much earn they,
But bring but little home.

7 Thou doſt it blaſt, and it conſumes,
Becauſe they don't it uſe
To righteous ends, but baſely it
To their own Luſts abuſe.

8 Strength thus oft-times does waſt away
In Soul and Body too,
And Treaſures of Nations decay,
Tho few that mind it do.

9 Take heed ye Saints of private ſins,
Leſt God does ſecretly
Bring Judgments on you till he hath
Conſum'd you utterly.

HYMN 12.

Iſa. 42. 14. *Now will I cry like a travailing woman.*

1 LIke as a Woman travailing
Does cry out in her pain,
So thou doſt ſay Lord thou wilt do,
To pour forth wrath amain.

2 Thy

2 Thy Patience and ſweet Lenity
Is almoſt gone, no doubt,
And therefore thou moſt bitterly
Wilt quickly now cry out.

3 A Woman when her travel comes
From crying can't refrain,
So thou wilt cry for *Sions* ſake
Like her in grievous pain.

4 A woman in her travel ſtrives
Her Child for to bring forth,
So thou deliverance for thy Church
Wilt work throughout the Earth.

5 Afflicted thou doſt ſeem to be
For thy poor *Sions* ſake,
And therefore on her Enemies
Dread Vengeance thou wilt take.

6 When pangs do on a Woman ſeize,
Deliverance is near.
So of thy Foes thou ſoon wilt eaſe
Thy ſelf it does appear.

7 Behold, ye Saints, Gods Love to you,
And ſing his glorious praiſe,
Your Enemy he will o'rethrow,
And that in theſe laſt dayes.

HYMN 13.

Heb. 12. 29. *For our God is a consuming Fire.*

1 A Consuming Fire dismal is,
And terrible to see,
So is that wrath of thine, O Lord,
If kindled once it be.

2 Before thy indignation fierce,
What mortal Soul can stand?
Thy wrath is poured out like Fire,
Which none can countermand.

3 The Mountains are thrown down by thee,
Thy wrath doth fiercely burn,
And all before thee, thou Lord wilt
To Ashes quickly turn.

4 Fire breaks forth sometimes we see,
When men are not aware,
So shall thy wrath surprize the Earth
When men secure are.

5 Like to the writing with the hand
On proud *Belshazzar*'s wall,
So when thou dost give the Command,
Sinners shall tremble all.

6 Fire breaks forth oft times i'th' night,
When men are fast asleep,

Which

Which does poor people ſtrangely fright,
And ſorrows on them heap.

7 So in the night of ignorance,
Whilſt Men lye on their beds,
They hear the cry of *Fire, Fire,*
Juſt burning o're their heads.

The Second Part.

1 A fire alſo conſumes amain,
It famous Cities ſpoyl;
So thou wilt deſolations make
Of Sinners who are vile.

2 Can ſtubble ſtand before fierce flames,
And not conſumed be?
Then may proud wicked Ones likewiſe
Secure themſelves from thee.

3 None can abide thy dreadful wrath,
There is no way to fly;
For thou wilt them deſtroy, O God,
As ſtubble fully dry.

4 Some fires may be quenched quite,
But thine will always burn;
Thy wrath, O Lord, eternal is,
It never will be gone.

5 Fire torments moſt cruelly
Such who into't are caſt;

So will thy wrath all Enemies,
Which they shall feel at last.

6 Tremble, you vile and wicked Ones,
Consider what you do;
On you this fire soon shall seize,
And burn for ever too.

7 But all ye Saints rejoyce and sing,
God is to you, ye see,
A fire to warm, and to give light,
By which you quickn'd be.

8 Ah! happy such behold therefore
The difference between
A wicked and a godly Man,
And praise the Lord agen.

HYMN 14.

Deut. 33. 27. *Underneath are the everlasting Arms.*

1 THou art our Arm of Help, O God
Shall we thy mercy see?
An Arm stretch'd out of the thick Cloud,
To strenghen such as we.

2 How usefull is an Arm to us,
The body to defend?
So is thy love and power, Lord,
On which we do depend.

3 The

3 The Arm bears up and does ſupport
Such who moſt feeble be;
Thy weak and feeble Saints alſo,
Are, Lord, born up by thee.

4 The Arm the Body does protect,
And ſave it from all harms;
So thou doſt us defend and ſave
By thy Almighty Arms.

5 We with our Arms embrace our Friend,
And hug ſuch we do love;
We by thine Arms of power and grace
Embrac'd are from above.

6 Thy Arm, O Lord is very ſtrong,
The vileſt Soul can'ſt ſave:
Not ſhortned, but very long,
Thy help let Sinners have.

7 Wo, wo to them, this Arm of thine
In wrath is laid upon;
But happy ſuch who it upholds,
Thrice happy ſuch a one.

8 Remember Saints when you are low,
Whoſe Arms are under you;
And ſing God's praiſe continually,
Who will Salvation ſhow.

HYMN 15.

Pſal. 84. 11. *The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield..*

1 THe Lord he is our Sun and Shield,
Our Buckler and Safeguard;
And hence we ſtand, and will not yield,
Though Enemies preſs hard.

2 Like as a Shield the blow keeps off
The Enemy lays on;
So thou keeps off all hurt from us,
And ſaves us every one.

3 Let Foes ſtrike at us as they pleaſe,
On the head, or the heart;
This precious Shield which we do uſe,
Secureth every part.

4 From Sin, from Satan, and the World,
No Dart we need to fear;
Since thou art ſuch a Shield to us,
O God, and Saviour dear.

5 Our Shield, and our great Reward,
To thee all praiſe be given;
Who wilt thy ſaving-help afford,
Until we come to Heaven.

HYMN 16.

Pſal. 46: 1. *God is our Refuge.*

1 O Holy and Eternal One,
Thou art a Refuge ſure;
Help us to fly to thee alone,
Whoſe Mercies do endure.

2 A Refuge ſtrong thou art, O Lord,
Help us to fly to thee:
Shall we take hold of thy bleſt Word,
And ſafe for ever be?

3 O Lord we bleſs and praiſe thy Name,
There is a Refuge found;
For us who are purſued hard,
This is a joyful ſound.

4 O Souls, then ſee with ſpeed we pray
To Jeſus Chriſt to fly,
Leſt th'Avenger, through delay,
O retake you, and you die.

5 The way is eaſie to find out,
All ſtumbling blocks are gone;
O haſte with ſpeed, and look about,
Dangers are coming on.

6 God like a Refuge does give eaſe,
And fortifie the Mind;
When horror does on others ſeize,
Security we find.

7 This Refuge never will us fail,
All others will not do;
God never will leave us so frail,
But present help will shew.

8 Of every sin let us get clear,
Yea, freedom from each guilt;
To Christ by Faith let us adhere,
To wash away all filth.

The Second Part.

1 O Lord to thee, to thee we fly,
A dismal day's at hand;
But if we leave iniquity,
In safety shall we stand.

2 Under thy Wings with speed we pray
Hide us, Lord, every one;
Then safe shall we be day and night,
Till all the trouble's gone.

3 And we will thy praises sing forth,
And lift thy Name on high;
And also triumph on earth,
Whilst others howl and cry.

4 All glory unto God, that we
Have such a hiding-place;
Always shall we rejoyce in thee,
when we behold thy face.

PART

PART II.

SACRED HYMNS

To the Praise of Jesus Christ:

In which his transcending Excellencies are set forth.

HYMN 17.

Heb. 12. 24. *To Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant.*

1 A Breach most sore there was between
Poor Sinners, Lord, and thee;
Before the Fall nought then was seen
But perfect amity.

2 But Man, by breaking thy just Law,
Is now become thy Foe;
And as thou dost him loath and hate,
So he doth thee also.

3 The carnal Mind is enmity
Against the holy God;
And in us all (Lord) naturally
Like enmity abode.

4 But thou in mercy and great love,
Through wisdom infinite,
Hast found a way wrath to remove,
And Sinners to unite

5 Unto

5 Unto thy self in lasting bonds
Of precious grace and peace,
'Tis done by Christ, our blessed Lord,
In him thy wrath does cease.

6 He is that Days-man who lays hold
On both, that so he might
Thee reconcile unto our Souls,
And us to thee unite.

7 He brings thee, Lord, down unto us,
And carries us to thee;
And thus is he dear and precious,
Yea, all in all is he.

Second Part.

1 Thy honour in Each Attribute
He sought to glorifie;
Yet did his undertakings suit
Our wants all to supply.

2 In ev'ry thing to such degree
Due glory thou dost gain;
And we relief unto the full
Through him, Lord, do obtain.

3 In him Justice and Mercy meet,
And gloriously do shine;
Both equally in splendour fit,
As both alike divine.

4 As Mediator he was, Lord,
Exactly qualify'd;

Most

Most wise and just, yet merciful,
That so he might divide

5 An equal part in a right way
Unto each party, so
God might be just, yet Justifie,
And pardon Sinners too.

6 To God he is a Friend most dear,
Nay, of so near a-kin,
His express Image he does bear,
Yet we may say agen,

7 To us he is related too,
Our nature he did take;
From hence he knew well what would do,
An equal peace to make.

Third Part.

1 Lord, thou wast the offended One,
Whom we had grieved sore;
Thou chose Christ to this work alone,
And cancell'd the old score.

2 In him thy Soul well pleased is,
Who did thy wrath appease;
'Tis he who reconciles us too,
And does our burthens ease.

3 Such who accept of terms of peace,
As offered they be
By Jesus Christ, the breach will cease
Between that Soul and thee.

4 But if the terms refused are,
There will be no Appeal
Allowed such at the last day,
They must thy vengeance feel.

5 Come in, ye Sinners, then with speed,
O see to him you fly!
For he to you his hand must lend,
To slay that enmity

6 That's in your heart's which change he must,
If ever you receive
Those terms which are agreed on,
Our precious Souls to save.

HYMN 18.

Heb. 7. 22. *So much was Jesus made Surety of a better Testament.*

1 WE once, O Lord, concerned were
In a commerce with thee;
Before we fell, no need was there
Of any Surety.

2 But we run out, and wasted all,
Which was a mighty store;
And, ah! our credit is so gone,
Thou wilt trust us no more.

3 Unless 'tis so, a Surety's found,
We must in Prison lye;
And bear thy dreadful wrath, O God,
Unto eternity.

4 Christ

4 Christ therefore, Lord, thou didst find out,
No Friend had we to bring;
All good therefore which we receive,
Doth from thy bowels spring.

5 Ah! he this work did undertake,
And hands for us did strike;
And such a Surety, O Lord,
For us O thou didst like.

6 Who faithful was, and able too,
Even all our debts to pay;
And all our sins thy word does show
Upon him thou didst lay.

7 Unto thy blessed Covenant
Ah! he did put his hand;
And in our stead laid down his life,
As thou gav'st him command.

8 'Twas thou Lord Christ who in our room
To th' Father didst engage
To satisfie his justice, and
His wrath for to assuage.

9 O what great Love and Grace is here
Thou knowest very well;
Thou must pay all, and our sins bear,
Which would sink us to Hell.

HYMN 19.

The Second Part, set after the Sacrament.

1 BUt thou wast able to sustain
That heavy weight of sin;
And for our Souls didst life obtain,
And righteousness bring in.

2 'Twas from the worth and dignity
Which in thy Person lay,
Thou didst God's justice satisfie,
And all our debts defray.

3 Thou being God as well as Man,
Thy Merits have such worth,
As a compensation full to make,
And liberty bring forth,

4 For us who did in Prison lye,
Being bound with cruel bonds,
Which none could loose assuredly,
But thy own blessed hands.

5 By that one single payment, Lord,
Laid down when thou didst die,
Relief to us thou dost afford,
Who dead in sin did lye.

6 For as poor Debtors we were all,
So Criminals were too;
And death deserved great and small,
Condemn'd in law also.

7 And

7 And thou as Surety for us,
Gav'st up thy self to die;
And in our stead, Lord, thou didst thus
God's justice satisfie.

The Third Part.

1 And now the Covenant stands sure
In Christ's most blessed hands;
All good for us he did procure,
Which in him firmly stands.

2 And thus he did engage for those
That given to him are;
And therefore all that God hath chose
Shall Crowns of Glory wear.

3 What grace and favour now is this,
That Christ the Just should die,
That we unjust and guilty ones
Might live eternally.

4 Let Men take heed how they despise
Such soveraign grace and love,
'Cause 'tis mysterious in their eyes,
And also far above

5 Depraved Reason to conceive,
That such who guilty be,
Should by another's righteousness
From sin and guilt be free.

6 All praise and glory unto God,
And to the Son therefore;

And

And to the Holy Ghoſt let us
Sing praiſe for evermore.

HYMN 20.

Matth. 25. 6. *Chriſt the Bridegroom of o Souls.*

1 THou mighty King, whoſe glories ſhi
A ſecret didſt diſcloſe
Unto that bleſſed Son of thine,
Which was for to diſpoſe

2 Of him, in a ſweet Marriage ſtate,
And unto him likewiſe
All things about it didſt relate,
Who quickly caſt his eyes

3 Upon our Souls, for we were thoſe
With whom he fell in love;
And whom for him the Father choſe,
Who nothing had to move

4 His dear affections, for alas!
We loathſom were to ſee;
And were in a moſt diſmal caſe
Through our iniquity.

5 But yet thy love it was ſo great,
A Journey didſt thou take
From Heav'n to Earth, that ſo thou might
A Marriage with us make.

But ah! what didſt thou ſuffer firſt
Before this could be done;
or we were Caſt, Lord, for our Lives,
And Condemn'd every one.

And thou couldſt never us obtain,
Nor with us marriage make,
Unleſs to free us from that pain
Didſt die, Lord, for our ſake.

And this thou didſt moſt readily,
All praiſe unto thy Name;
We purchas'd were with thy dear Blood,
And ſo thine own became.

The ſecond Part.

The glorious Bridegroom.

O what a choice, Lord, haſt thou made!
Are ſuch vile ones as we
nto thy lovely boſom laid,
And joyned unto thee?

Are we eſpous'd to ſuch a Prince,
The King of Heav'n and Earth?
Who has o're all preheminence,
Whoſe glories thus ſhine forth.

Angelick Nature didſt paſs by,
And ſet thy tender heart
On ſuch as we: O let us cry,
Thou lovely, lovely art.

4 Yet ah! how long was it before
Thou couldst make us to yield?
We were so dark, but now, O Lord,
Thou, thou hast won the Field.

5 Let us our selves give up to thee,
As overcome with love;
And comfort us continually
With Cordials from above.

6 Ah! at this door our joys come in,
This is the blessed spring
Of all true good; for having thee,
We have, Lord, ev'ry thing.

7 And if Communion we enjoy,
And find thy comfort sweet,
Our Souls shall sing, and raise thy praise,
Whilst we lye at thy feet.

The Third Part.

The praise of the sacred Bridegroom.

1 Praise in the highest, joys betide
These sacred Lovers dear;
The holy Bridegroom and his Bride
Most glorious do appear.

2 Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs
Who see how they do shine
On Eath beneath, let all Mens Tongues
Sing forth his praise divine.

3 If ſullen Man refuſe to ſpeak,
(Since Heaven and Earth combine,)
Let Rocks and ſtones their ſilence break,
And ſing his praiſe divine.

4 Ah! 'twas this ſacred Bridal Knot
To tye thou didſt deſign;
O let ſuch love ne're be forgot,
Such ſacred love of thine.

5 Ye holy Seraphims above,
O haſte and come away,
Who do admire Jeſus love,
Sing ye his praiſe each day.

6 With Saints on Earth your joys divide,
With ſpeed O do ye come;
Earth ne're produc'd ſo fair a Bride,
Nor Heaven a Bridegroom.

7 Whoſe Feet are like to burning Braſs,
Whoſe Eyes a flaming Fire;
Who bringeth mighty things to paſs,
Sing to him, him admire.

The fourth Part.

1 Our hearts the praiſes muſt expreſs
Of *Juda*'s glorious Lion;
The ſweet and fragrant Flower of Jeſus
The bleſſed King of *Zion*.

2 To him that on the Throne doth ſit,
Oh 'tis his praiſe alone

That

That we will ſing: O it is fit
We praiſe the holy One.

3 Our hearts and tongues ſhould all rejoy
(Angels in conſort ſing)
Aloud with a melodious voice,
Praiſe ye our glorious King;

4 Whoſe Head is whiter than the Snow
That's driven with the Wind;
Whoſe Viſage like a flame doth ſhow,
And doth all things confin'd.

5 And yet he unconfined is,
O magnifie him alone;
What Lover is there like to this,
Sing praiſe to th' holy One.

6 Let's raiſe his Name who hath reveal'd
His ſweet eternal love;
Who by his ſtripes our Souls hath heal'd
Now is enthron'd above.

7 Let trumps of praiſe aſcend on high,
Let them be loudly blown;
So that an Eccho pierce the skie
Of praiſe to th' Three in One.

The fifth Part.

1 If Saints neglect this duty ſhould,
Or to ſing be averſe;
Sure rugged Rocks and Mountains would
God's Praiſes ſoon reherſe.

2 Th

2 The twinkling Stars that day and night
Do their long circuits run:
The Moon too in her monthly flight,
Also the glorious Sun.

3 All these do through the Universe
God's blessed praise make known;
How can the Saints be then averse,
To sing to th' Holy One.

4 Let every Saint on Earth rejoyce,
O therefore let them musing, [choice,
Since Christ hath made them his sweet
Let them praise their dear King.

5 Especially all you who be
Filled with joy, raptur'd in bliss;
Who can say, My Beloved's mine,
And I am also his.

Sing this as the Hundredth Psalm.

HAil glor'ous Prince, the precious Air
Eccho's Praise to th' illustrious Pair!
Let no dark Clouds of Night obscure
This blessed Day, but thus endure:
Let Mortals now in Consort sing
Anthems to th' Eternal King:
Nor Frosty, nor scorching Heat of *June*,
Ne're put thy Singers out of Tune.
Hail glorious Prince, whose matchless love
Brought thee from thy high Throne above

To court thy Spouse in a poor dress,
Yet was thy Glory ne'r the less:
Though thou wast treated with disdain,
Yet Angels waited on thy Train;
Shepherds thy joyful Welcom sing,
And Wise Men do their Oblations bring
Blessed Espousals our Freedom bought,
A Match that our Redemption wrought.
Hail glorious Spouse, blessed in him
That Crowns thee with Heav'ns Diadem
Behold an unparallel'd story,
A Slave advanc'd to lasting glory;
A Virgin fetter'd in her sin,
Once vile, but now glorious within;
From base estate, a Queen of Honour,
And peerless Beauty put upon her:
Since words can't do't (Conceptions weak)
Our Joys in Extasies let's speak.

Heb. 1. 3. *Who is the express Image of his Person.*

1 IN thee the Father shines most clear,
And such who do thee see,
The Father may behold likewise
His Known, O Lord, by thee.

2 Thou dost him clearly represent
Unto our very sight,
Whose express Image, Lord, thou art
Most glorious and bright.

3 Such

3 Such whom the Father never saw,
To them thou dost him show;
All his perfections are in thee,
What further would we know?

4 Thou dost, Lord, represent to us
God, whom we cannot see;
He dwells in light inaccessible,
Which can't approached be.

5 Thou brings him to our minds and sight,
Whereby we may conceive
Of his eternal glory bright,
And clearer knowledge have

6 Of him, and also him adore
In thee, and by thee too;
But after all we must confess
We little see or know.

7 All praise and glory unto God,
And Christ, in whom doth shine
All glories which the Father hath,
Most sacred and divine.

HYMN 22.

Mat. 9. 12. *They that are whole, need not a Physician, but they that are sick.*

1 THou, Lord, the good Physician art,
Who knowest very well

All the diseases of our heart,
And also hast such skill,

2 That thou dost know what 'tis likewise
Will ease us of our pain;
Nay, perfectly so cure us,
We sick shan't be again.

3 And thou wast authorized too,
The Father licens'd thee;
And did appoint thee to this work,
Physician of Souls to be.

4 And thou approved hast been oft;
The works which thou didst do,
Did witness bear to thy great skill,
Authority also.

5 Thou know'st our constitution sins,
And from whence they proceed;
The cause of each disease within,
And how we may be freed

6 From the curst Plague, Contagion great
That reigns in every part;
No member's free, nor faculty,
But rages most i'th' heart.

7 There, there the curs'd venom lyes,
But thou canst fetch it out;
And make a perfect cure too,
Of this we have no doubt.

The second Part.

1 But it is true, no medicin's found
Which, Lord, can do us good,
So as to make us whole and sound,
But our Physician's Blood;

2 And therefore thou didst pour it forth;
Thy precious blood was shed,
That we might it apply by Faith,
And also be cured.

3 For all our hearts, Lord, naturally
So hard and stony are,
Till softned with thy blood, we see
They can't thy Image bear.

4 Nought will dissolve the Adamant
And flinty heart we know,
But precious blood which from thy wounds
Most plenteously did flow.

5 But such who never sick were made,
Or did their sickness see,
Are never like thy help to have,
Nor cure find of thee.

6 Thou first does make us see our sin,
And then when we do cry,
Thy *Oyl and Wine* thou dost put in,
Which heals us presently.

7 But some don't love to feel the pain,
But would slight healed be,

And have their sores but skinned o're,
Such Souls are left by thee.

8 For each *dead Member* off must go,
Right-eyes be pulled out;
Or else the soul and body too
Shall go to Hell no doubt.

The Third Part.

1 Thou all Physicians dost excell,
They can't all Persons cure;
But there is none but thou canst heal,
Yea, heal O Lord for ever.

2 They do it likewise for their gain,
But thou dost all in love;
And poor wast made for us, O Lord,
Who rich was once above.

3 To make us sound and whole at heart,
And heal our souls for ever,
Thou didst with all thy riches part,
And grievous pains endure.

4 The dead to life they cannot raise,
But this, Lord, thou dost do;
And hadst not thou, Lord, qaickned us,
We had been lost we know.

5 They cannot bless Physick they give,
Neither know the success;
But all that Means which does us good,
Lord, thou to us dost bless.

The fourth Part.

1 Other Physicians Men send to,
We did not send for thee;
But freely didst thou come to us,
That we might healed be.

2 O let us then love thee, O Lord,
And let poor Sinners cry;
And come to thee, thou wilt them heal,
And cure presently.

3 But let them not the time delay,
Neither false Med'cines use,
Which may perhaps through a mistake
Seem to afford some ease.

4 And since, Lord, thou hast heal'd our souls,
And cured hast each sore,
Let's sing thy praise, with all in us
Praise thee for evermore.

HYMN 23.

Heb. 9. 16. *For where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the Testator.*

1 LOrd Christ, thou the Testator art
Of the *New Testament*;
And hadst much Goods to give away,
Thou to this end was sent:

2 And full of thoughts thou wast also
How of them to dispose; [know
But some there were which thou didst
Thy Father long had chose

3 To be the only *Legatees*
Who unto thee were dear;
And unto them thou didst *bequeath*
All things that thou hadst here

4 Below on Earth, and all above;
They Heirs are made indeed
Of all the Riches of both Worlds,
What more, Lord, can we need?

5 *All things were given* unto thee,
Thou art thy Fathers *Heir*;
And we with thee *Joynt-Heirs* are too,
So much beloved are.

6 The time drew near that thou must die,
And die thou didst likewise;
But first didst make thy Will, O Lord,
Which in thy Gospel lyes.

7 And that is thy *last testament*,
For thou wilt make no more;
And by thy blood confirm'd it is,
And that, Lord, o're and o're.

8 And for a Sign the *Sacraments*
Thou didst likewise ordain,
That we might see thy true intent,
And never doubt again.

The second Part.

1 The *former Will* didst disannull;
For it was weak we see,
Since *nothing perfect it could make,*
'Twas took away by thee.

2 Thou the *Testator* being dead,
(Yet didst revive again,)
Thy Will must not be altered,
Upon eternal pain.

3 Each Precept as by thee 'tis left,
With care we must observe;
And from thy *will and testament*
We Lord, must, never swerve.

4 If Angels should this thing attempt,
They cursed then must be;
Let Men then tremble who have done
This great iniquity.

Nothing must added be thereto,
Nor nothing from it took;
Then wo to such; What will they do,
Who have thy Word forsook?

6 And thy *last Will and Testament*
Gives right and title too
Unto thy Saints of all grace here,
And glory, Lord, also.

7 Like a *Testator*, thou hast nam'd
The Persons who shall have

The great Poſſeſſion that's above,
Or who 'tis thou wilt ſave.

8 They are all ſuch whom God did give,
Dear Saviour unto thee;
Who ſhall in time on thee believe,
Yea, and new creatures be.

9 O then let's ſee if we are ſuch,
And ſweetly let us ſing;
For who is able to conceive
What comfort hence does ſpring.

HYMN 24.

Cant. 2. 9. *My Beloved is like a Roe, or young Hart.*

1 LIke as a Hart has a quick ſight,
So thou art quick to ſee;
All wants that do attend thy Saints,
Lye open unto thee.

2 Their dangers too thou doſt perceive
All things before thee lye;
And help from thee we all ſhall have,
And that moſt ſpeedily.

3 And like a Hart art quick to hear,
Although we do but groan;
The ſmalleſt ſigh comes up to thee,
It pierces does thy Throne.

4 Thou

4 Thou loving art unto thy Spouſe,
Thou doſt exceed the Hind;
Moſt dearly doſt thou tender her,
And bear her in thy mind.

5 And as a Hart is ſwift to run,
And can the Mountains climb;
So thou art ſwift to help thy Saints,
And all wilt in good time.

6 No oppoſition Men can make,
Or greateſt difficulty
Can thee obſtruct; for they relief
Shall have moſt ſpeedily.

7 Let's therefore ſing, and alſo ſay,
Be thou like a young Hart;
O haſte, dear Saviour, come away,
Thy bleſſing to impart.

HYMN 25.

Joh. 10. 9. *I am the Door.*

1 A Way is found to happineſs,
Heaven is a lovely place;
Thou art the Door, O Lord, alone
Through thee we ſee God's face.

2 All good lyes hid in God above,
Like to a Houſe of ſtore;
And ſuch who would go in and eat,
Muſt enter by this *Door*.

3 All true Men enter the right way,
They at the *door* go in;
No *Pardon*, *Peace*, but 'tis by thee,
Nor *cleansing from our sin.*

4 We in thy Church ought all to dwell,
Bring in more souls and more
By thy Example, Doctrine too,
Thou art the only Door.

5 All praise and glory unto God
Let us now sing again;
For shewing to us the right Door,
And bringing of us in.

HYMN 26.

Isa. 41. 1. *Behold my Servant*, &c.

1 LOrd Christ, thou like a Servant wast,
Whilst thou did here remain;
Such hard work was allotted thee,
As put thee to great pain.

2 'Twas hard work to redeem thy Church,
Thou sweat'st great drops of Blood;
Never did any Man sweat such,
'Twas only for our good.

3 Hard work it was to war and fight
Against those cruel foes,
Which sought our ruin day and night,
But thou layest on such blows,

4 That

4 That all infernal spirits yield,
Sin, World and Death also
Thou hast o'recome, and won the field,
This does thy power show.

5 'Twas hard to die, that was thy work,
And more must yet be done;
Thy Temple build, and Vineyard plant,
Fell to thy lot alone.

6 Servants are of inferiour rank,
Thou didst thy self deny,
And didst not reputation seek,
'Twas great humility

6 VVhich thou was pleased then to show;
Thy Fathers honour sought,
And unto him great honour too
Thou by thy work hast brought.

The second Part.

1 'Twas not to *do thy will* alone,
But his who did thee send;
In ev'ry thing, *O holy One,*
Thou dideſt condescend.

2 Thou hast *to wages a just right,*
As other Servants have;
Hence crowned art with glory bright,
And more than that dost crave.

3 The souls of all thine *own Elect*
Thy *wages* are also;

VVithi

VVith grace they must be all bedeck't,
And crown'd they shall be too.

4 The *Heathen's thine Inheritance,*
Possession thou must have
Of all the Earth, in God's good time
The same thou shalt receive.

5 *Because thou didst thy soul pour forth,*
God to thee will divide
A portion with th' Kings o'th' Earth,
To bring down all their pride.

6 They at thy feet their *Crowns* shall lay,
And to thee *bend their knees*;
The Scepter thou alone shalt sway,
And chop down all high Trees.

7 And though a Servant, yet a *Son,*
And faithful was and true;
And nothing thou hast left undone,
VVhich to thee he did shew.

8 But all things plainly didst declare,
Even *all thy Father's will,*
VVhich in thy word's left very clear,
That we it might fulfill.

The Third Part.

1 O let us now learn of thee, Lord,
And be of the same mind;
And humble Servants all become,
Then shall we comfort find:

2 And of thy ſervice never be
Aſham'd; for if we are,
Thy face with comfort ſhall not ſee,
But wrathful frowns muſt bear.

3 Thou in thy Father's Houſe, O Lord,
For ever doſt abide;
We from thy lips muſt take God's Law,
The glory not divide

4 Betwixt thy ſelf and *Moſes*, who
Is turned out of door;
Ah! him we muſt not hearken to,
But to thee evermore.

5 This let us do with greateſt care,
Since thou ſo faithful art;
And every thing haſt left ſo clear
To every thinking heart.

6 Thy praiſes therefore we will ſing,
And ſet thy glory forth,
Who though a Servant, yet art King,
Yea, King of Heaven and Earth.

HYMN 27.

Rev. 7. 14. *He is King of Kings*, &c.

1 THou art a *King in Dignity*,
And of moſt noble birth,
Deſcended from the Lord moſt high,
The God of Heaven and Earth.

2 And

2 And thou also *proclaimed* art
By Men and *Angels* too,
To be the only Potentate
Before whom all must bow.

3 God's Spirit did thee King anoint,
To reign for evermore;
And to this office thee appoint,
When out God did it pour

4 Abundantly, to such degree
That none before thee had;
And like a King with Sovereignty,
Lord Jesus thou art clad.

5 *All power unto thee is given*
As Mediator, to
That all on Earth and Heaven must
Yield all obedience to.

6 Thou hast thy *Laws*, and 'tis by them
We must be rul'd alway;
And such who will not own thee King,
Thou wilt destroy one day.

7 Adore, and see ye reverence him,
All ye who live on Earth;
Obey his Laws, Saints sing his Praise,
And set his Glory forth.

The second Part.

1 He's King of Saints and Nations too,
He in our hearts must reign;

And

And ſway the Sceptre there alone,
All Rebels muſt be ſlain.

2 The *tyrant ſin* you muſt give up
To his victorious ſword;
Leaſt countenance to any luſt,
None of us muſt afford.

3 But he a larger Kingdom hath;
For he ſhall ſoon poſſeſs
All Kingdoms which are thro' the Earth,
With peace he will them bleſs.

4 This power to himſelf he'll take
In ſpite of Earth and Hell;
And haughty Monarchs he will ſhake,
And tyranny expell.

5 Thou, like a King, doſt honour give,
Yea, titles which are high;
For ev'ry Subject's made by thee
A Prince in dignity.

6 A Kingdom too thou haſt in ſtore
For every one of them;
And they ſhall reign for evermore,
O're ſuch who did contemn

7 Theſe faithful Servants who to thee
Sincerely did adhere;
And they, when thou O Lord doſt come,
Shall Crowns of Glory wear.

8 Sing praiſes therefore, O ye Saints,
Sing praiſe unto our King;
And make the fame of Jeſus Chriſt
Throughout the Earth to ring.

HYMN 28.

Rev. 5. 5. *The Lion of the Tribe of Juda hath prevailed*, &c.

1 LOrd Jeſus thou art like a *Lamb*,
Moſt weak and innocent;
Yet like a *Lion* art alſo
To ſuch who don't repent

2 Until the time thou doſt awake,
And riſe up to the prey;
Then vengeance on them thou wilt take,
And them in wrath wilt ſlay.

3 Thy Majeſty is full of dread,
And with thy awful frown,
As Lions do, ſo wilt thou roar,
And tear great *Babel* down.

4 A Lion is the King of Beaſts,
And alſo very ſtrong;
That thou art King of all the Earth,
They all ſhall know e're long.

5 Thou like a Lion wilt revenge
The injury done to thine;

And

And righteously retaliate
On such who did design

6 The ruin of thy chosen ones,
Whom they have sadly spoyl'd;
For thou hast heard their bitter groans,
Whilst Foes have them revil'd.

7 Therefore ye Sinners now submit,
That you may favour find;
And throw your selves at Jesus feet,
To mercy he's inclin'd.

8 If you before this Lion do
Your selves now prostrate lye;
Your great humility do show,
You'll find his clemency.

The Second Part.

1 When th' *Lion roars* all *Beasts do quake*
Which in the Forest be;
When out of *Sion* Christ does roar,
All tremble will you'll see.

2 What will become of Murtherers,
Who have destroy'd the earth,
When inquisition's made for blood,
And thy wrath breaketh forth?

3 Ye Saints of his, by Faith and Prayer
Do you this *Lion rouze*,
To save poor *Sion*, and to tear
To pieces all his Foes.

4 And now ye wicked wretches all
Who don't this Lion fear,
But think his Lamb-like nature's such,
No *Lion* he'll appear;

5 You'll find er'e long his clemency
Will into fury turn;
And will not then regard your cry,
Whilst you in Hell do burn.

6 But all ye Saints rejoyce and sing,
This Lion's on your side;
'Tis for your sakes he will arouze,
And soon the prey divide.

7 And i'th' mean while he able is
To save you and defend,
And full of bowels is to you,
And so will be to th' end.

HYMN 29.

Heb. 7. 26. *For such an High Priest becometh us.*

1 THou art a Priest, Lord Christ, w
The Father did thee call; [know
And consecrated thee likewise,
'Twas he did thee install.

2 Into this place and office great
Thy self to glorifie,

As our High Priest thou didst not seek,
Lord, 'twas not in thine eye:
But hadst a lawful call thereto,
By him who had the right
For to confer Priesthood on thee,
'Twas pleasant in his sight.

4 God did thee then anoint also
With Oyntment all divine;
And Priestly Robes did put on thee,
Which gloriously do shine.

5 Thy work it was, and thine alone
To offer Sacrifice;
'Twas with thy Blood thou didst attone
for our iniquities.

6 They daily Offerings did bring,
But none could wrath appease;
But from thy one sweet Offering
God's justice thou dost please

7 To such degree that he does cry,
He's pacify'd for ever;
And all that do unto thee fly,
They pardon'd are besure.

The Second Part.

1 It is thy *Lips that Knowledge teach*;
The Law too we must have [reach
From thy own Mouth, whose words can
Our precious Souls to save.

2 Thou

2 Thou of *Uncleanness art to judge,*
The *Plague of Leprosie,*
When in the Head it does appear,
Thou knowest perfectly.

3 When sin in the affection's found,
And cursed enmity
Is in the mind, thou dost pronounce
Their plague i'th' Head to lie.

4 'Tis thou, Lord Christ, whose work it is
Thy people all to bless;
Which thou dost do by *turning them*
From sin and wickedness.

5 Thou blessest them with grace and peace
These blessings are indeed;
Those who are blessed, Lord by thee,
From Death and Hell are freed.

6 Thou, as the *High Priest* did of old,
Enter'd the Holy place;
So thou didst enter Heaven it self,
Fill'd full of precious grace.

7 And 'twas by blood thou didst go in,
That Blood of thine most dear;
And hast attonement made for sin,
And therefore dost appear

8 Before the Throne of God most high,
Having redemption gain'd,
Which last will to eternity,
Such blessing hast obtain'd.

The Third Part.

The Prayers of Saints like a Perfume
Come up to God above;
As being offer'd, Lord, by thee,
Whose *Incense* he doth love.

2 They offered the *Bodies of Beasts*,
Which could not satisfie
God's justice, neither could that Blood
Our Conscience purifie.

3 And therefore thou (and once for all)
Didst offer up thy Blood;
And by that one Offering hast thou
Procur'd our lasting good.

4 No Priest hast thou for to succeed,
No Offering more for Sin;
For if we needed any else,
Thine had not perfect bin.

5 Let *Romish Errours* then be loath'd,
Of a Successor vain;
Let *Antichrist* with shame be cloath'd,
Who would Christ's glory stain.

6 Now let us bring true contrite hearts,
That is a Sacrifice
That God through Jesus Christ does love,
And very highly prize:

7 And

7 And unto him let's offer up
Both Prayer and Praise each day;
And on the Merits of his Blood
Our selves for ever stay.

8 And also to our High Priest sing
With grace in all our hearts;
Whose precious Blood is that one Spring
Of all good he imparts.

HYMN 30.

Joh. 10. 11. *I am the good Shepheard.*

1 THou art a Shepherd, and thy Shee
Are all most dearly bought;
Most safely thou wilt them all keep,
The lost ones shall be sought.

2 Into green Pastures we are led,
Most blessed Lord, by thee;
And there are we most choicely fed,
Well water'd also be.

3 Thy Sheep to purchase thou didst die,
What Shepherd was so good?
None never loved his Sheep so,
To buy them with his Blood.

4 A Fold, and a sweet resting-place
Thou dost also provide,
To shadow us from scorching heat,
And to refresh our mind.

5 Thy

Thy voice let's hear, and *follow thee,*
A Stranger's voice let's know ;
nd them forsake, the right way take,
Where the old Flock did go.

And to our Shepherd we will sing,
When we thy Mark can see
n us is set, from thence will spring
Joy to eternity.

HYMN 31.

Joh. 14. 6. *I am the way.*

HE that would some choice thing attain,
Or to a place would go ; [
way for him some must explain,
And he the way must know.

We, Lord, would find the way to bliss,
Where does thy Father dwell ;
No Habitation like to his,
His favour does excell.

How shall we take up our abode
In him whom we should love?
How shall we find the way to God,
And come to him above?

The way was barr'd up by our sin,
Another's opened ;
Thou art the way, by thee must we
For evermore be led.

7 And unto him let's offer up
Both Prayer and Praise each day;
And on the Merits of his Blood
Our selves for ever stay.

8 And also to our High Priest sing
With grace in all our hearts;
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How shall we take up our abode
In him whom we should love?
How shall we find the way to God,
And come to him above?

The way was barr'd up by our sin,
Another's opened ;
Thou art the way, by thee must we
For evermore be led.

5 By thy sweet Life, and by thy Death
And by thy Doctrine too,
Thou art the way, none else on earth
Is there for us to go.

The Second Part.

1 There is no way to God most high,
But only Lord by thee;
No other Name whereby we sav'd,
O Lord, can ever be.

2 As thou the Mediator art,
And didst attone for sin;
And thy own merits dost impart,
The way in thee is seen.

3 As thou a Priest for us didst die,
A King o're us to reign;
And as a Prophet us to teach,
We see the way most plain.

4 The way of pardon and of peace,
And to be justify'd;
The way to union with our God,
It is by thee who dy'd.

5 If we would have eternal life,
Thou art the way thereto;
'Tis not by our own righteousness,
Though some that way do go.

6 No 'tis by thee, by thee alone,
Thou art the way, O Lord;

'Tis

'Tis by thy merits, on them to reſt,
Thy grace do thou afford.

7 And we thy praiſes will ſing forth,
And in the way rejoyce;
Nay ſing again melodiouſly
With a moſt chearful voice.

The Phird Part.

1 This is the *good old way* we know,
Who ever ſaved were,
'Twas in this way they all did go,
None elſe did God prepare.

2 Yet 'tis a new and living way,
Prepared 'twas by blood;
O walk in it, don't go aſtray,
The way is very good.

3 Moſt ſafe and eaſie to the ſoul
Who does on Chriſt depend;
And in the way we do each day
Meet with our deareſt Friend.

4 Sweet company beſides alſo,
Who do each other love;
For none can in this ſtreight way go,
But thoſe born from above.

5 We in the way find all things cheap,
Our charges all are born;
And other bleſſings thou doſt heap,
Rouze up and do not mourn.

6 Ye drooping Souls, you have a Guide
Who never will you leave;
And will defend you on e'ry side,
If unto him you cleave.

7 Besides you are now almost come
Unto your journeys end;
Behold you are in sight of home,
Your pace O therefore mend.

8 Cast off your loads, O come away,
And sing as you do go;
Sing praise to Christ continually,
From whence all blessings flow.

HYMN 32.

1 Cor. 10. 4. *And that Rock was Christ.*

1 THe *Rock of Ages* Lord thou art,
On thee we do depend;
Upon this Rock let us be built,
And then let *Rains descend*:

2 Let *Floods* rise high, and let *Storms* beat
We shall securely stand,
Whilst others Fall, Lord, will be great,
Who *build upon the Sand*.

3 O in this Rock let us be hid,
And then we will not fear;

Thou

Though Seas do ſwell, and Waves do roar,
And dangers great are near.

4 In this ſweet Rock we Honey find,
And living Waters flow;
This Rock likewiſe does Jewels ſweat,
Here's golden Mines alſo.

5 This Rock is high, mount up with ſpeed,
You *Canaan* may eſpy;
If you by Faith aſcend this Rock,
To you it will ſeem nigh.

6 Here let us dwell, the ſhadow's good
For ſuch who weary be;
The hungry ſoul here may have food,
And be from dangers free.

7 Then ſing ye praiſe unto your Rock,
No Rock is like to this;
The Rock of our Salvation great
A Sanctuary is.

8 Do not forſake your Rock be ſure,
O ſing continually;
Our dwelling-place it is ſecure,
Praiſe him that dwells on high.

HYMN 33.

Zech. 13. 1. *In that day there shall be a Fountain opened*, &c.

1 THou art a Fountain, Holy One,
The Head of ev'ry Spring;
All fulness is in thee alone,
To thee we therefore sing.

2 A Fountain full of grace and peace,
Nay it does overflow;
Its waters run, and never cease,
The like's not here below.

3 A vent is made, and it does run,
And sends its waters forth;
The streams this way and that way turn
To water the dry earth.

4 All the low places do receive
These waters evermore;
On humble souls who do believe,
Thou dost thy blessings pour.

5 Into these Valleys thou dost send
Thy precious streams amain;
Those Meadows well are watered,
Yea, watered again.

6 Like as the Sun is full of light,
And Waters fill the Sea;

So

So art thou full of goodneſs, Lord,
So is that grace in thee.

7 How many Veſſels haſt thou fill'd
Since firſt the Fountain run!
And many thouſands more wilt fill
Before that thou haſt done!

The Second Part.

1 All Souls of Saints that ever were,
Who did true grace poſſeſs,
Were fill'd by thee, and yet we ſee
There's ne're a drop the leſs.

2 Great Veſſels, Lord, thy Churches be,
Yet all theſe thou doſt fill;
A gracious meaſure they all have,
According to thy will.

3 A bigger Veſſel we eſpy
Thou empty wilt anon;
And fill it full of grace likewiſe
Before that thou haſt done.

4 This Veſſel, Lord, is the whole Earth
That now abounds with ſin;
Thou wilt it empty o're awhile,
And fill it full agen.

5 Nay, thou wilt *turn it upſide down*,
As ſome their Veſſels do;
To empty it of wickedneſs,
Which now aboundeth ſo.

6 And then the earth with knowledge shall
As Seas with water swell,
Be filled, Lord, and that by thee,
As Holy Writ does tell.

7 And well it is thou hast so much
Water of life in thee;
For all our Vessels empty are,
Besides they likely be.

8 Nor is there any other Well
Our wants for to supply;
We must unto this Fountain come,
Or else our souls will die.

Third Part.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Of water stand in need;
But none is there to be found out,
But what, Lord, does proceed.

2 From thine own self, and now O well
Unto thee we will sing;
O mighty Sea! and Fountain deep!
And every lasting Spring!

3 With Saints of old we'll sing this Song,
And say, *Spring up O Well*;
And send thy water forth, and now
Refresh thy *Israel*.

4 Here we may wash, and healed be,
And cleansed from our sin;

Here

Here we may drink who thirſty are,
And never thirſt agen.

5 O come unto the Fountain now!
O haſte and come with ſpeed!
Behold 'tis open, come away,
Theſe waters you do need,

6 Before the Fountain is ſeal'd up,
Or God the ſtream does turn;
O come ye Sinners, waſh your ſouls!
See how the waters run!

HYMN 34.

Col. 1. 18. *He is the Head of the Body, the Church.*

1 THou holy Son of God moſt high,
'Tis thou who art the Head
Of Angels, whoſe great dignity
Moſt famouſly is ſpread.

2 Ye glorious Seraphims above,
And Principalities,
Moſt willingly do Chriſt adore,
In whom all fulneſs lyes.

3 Thou art the Head of human race,
The Head of every Man;
The Head too of thy Church alſo,
Thy glory no tongue can

4 Set forth according to thy worth,
Most great in dignity;
And of such high and noble birth,
All Beings dost outvie.

5 'Tis by thy glorious influence
The body is sustain'd;
As thou hast the preheminence,
Thou hast all glories gain'd.

6 Each member is supply'd by thee,
And held in sacred bonds;
And nourish'd are continually,
And under thy commands.

7 The governing part lyes in the head,
In it our glory lies;
And if the head be once strook off,
The body straitway dies.

Second Part.

1 And since thou liveſt evermore,
From hence also we know
Thy body and each member shall
For ever live also.

2 All praise and glory therefore we
Ascribe unto our Head;
All reverence belongs to thee,
By whom we're governed.

3 But one head can the body have,
And if it should have two,

It

It would a frightful monster be,
All mortal Creatures know.

Now curſed *Babel*, look thou to't,
And weigh it well therefore;
For ſince thou haſt a new Head got,
Thou art an errant Whore.

HYMN 35.

Joh. 1. 36. *Behold the Lamb of God.*

1 HAil, bleſſed Lamb, thou Lamb of God,
So *harmleſs* and ſo *meek*;
Thy glory great O we would raiſe,
Thy honour always ſeek.

2 *No ſpot nor blemiſh* was in thee,
But yet, Lord, thou waſt ſold
For a poor price, who's worth can't be
Computed nor be told.

3 Sold and deliver'd up alſo
Into the Butchers hands;
Who mangled thee inhumanly
Who Heaven and Earth commands.

4 A Sacrifice thou didſt become,
Thou willing waſt to die;
And meekly as a Lamb is dumb,
Thou took'ſt it patiently.

The Second Part.

1 No Lamb so innocent as thou,
Nor none so lovely are;
And in a bosom thou didst lye,
With whom none can compare.

2 The best of all the flock above,
The chief of all below:
Behold him then, and fall in love
Ye would if you did know

3 The worth of him. and the great need
You have of precious food:
By Faith you must on this Lamb feed,
And also drink his blood:

4 Or else you shall be sure to die,
His Flesh is meat indeed;
So is his Blood: O will you try?
There's nothing more you need.

5 Ye who do eat his Flesh shall live,
And never shall ye die;
His Flesh and Blood to you does give,
Take it then thankfully,

6 And sing unto the holy Lamb,
Sing Praises now therefore:
O praise him that he hither came!
Sing Praises evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 36.

Zech. 3. 8. *I will bring forth my Servant, the Branch.*
Zech. 6. 12. *He shall grow out of his place, and shall build the Temple of the Lord.*
Zech. 6. 13. *Even he shall build the Temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory, and shall be Priest on the Throne,* &c.

1 A Root as God, as Man also,
A *Branch* here called art;
Which does thy humane nature show,
To whom God did impart

2 All fulness of the Deity
It in this Branch appears;
Most precious Fruit we do espy
This Branch for ever bears.

3 The Branch is of the self-same kind
With the Root of the Tree;
The self-same nature we do find
That *Abraham*'s Children be

4 Of, thou didst take, that so thereby
We might assurance have,
That every way thou fitted art
Our precious souls to save.

5 A Branch partakes too of the Sap
Which in the Root does lye;

So

So in the Virgins Womb was fed
Thy bleſt Humanity.

6 I'th Branch or Branches of the Tree
Its glory does ſhine forth;
So 'tis in thee that *David*'s Race
Its greateſt glory hath.

The Second Part.

1 Let *Hereticks* who do deny
Chriſt of the Virgin took
His ſpotleſs, pure humanity,
Aſhamed ever look.

2 And let us all ſtand in amaze,
Whilſt we behold and ſee
How God our humane nature has
Made one with th' Deity.

3 Now let us ſing unto the Man
Called the *Branch*; for he
Shall grow and flouriſh in ſuch ſort
That never did a Tree.

4 For he upon the Throne does ſit,
And all the glory bear;
And alſo ſhall God's Temple build,
And make its beauty rare.

HYMN 37.

Act. 3. 22. *A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you.*

1 A King, a Priest, and Prophet too,
Thou art, O Lord indeed;
As Mediator art also
We such a one did need.

2 Thou art God's mouth, to people all
God hath in these last days
Spoken to us, 'tis thou dost call,
And speak too, many ways.

3 A Prophet speaks not of himself,
But as inspired;
So God gave thee the Commandment,
As we have often read.

4 What thou shouldst speak, and what make
From thee he nothing hid; [known,
By thee to us all things are shown
Which God commanded did.

5 The Prophets did thy Kings anoint,
So such likewise receive
From thee the holy Unction do,
Who truly do believe

6 Prophets were to teach Gods good Word
In all uprightness too;

So

So thou doſt teach us all, O Lord,
Yea all things we ſhould do.

7 Yea what, and how we ſhould believe,
And how depend on thee;
And how to walk, (who Truth receive,)
That ſaved we may be.

The Second Part.

1 The Prophets ſhewed things to come,
And ſo haſt thou likewiſe,
Not only in the World that's now,
But when the Dead ſhall riſe.

2 How it ſhall go with thy Saints here,
Thou didſt to them make known;
And how in glory they'll appear,
When Sinners are o'rethrown.

3 And he who doth not unto thee
In every thing adhere,
And do whatever thou doſt ſay,
Thy angry frowns muſt bear.

4 O hearken to this Prophet then
In whate're he does ſay;
Fear leſt you be all undone Men
In the laſt diſmal day.

5 And ye who be the Saints of God,
Keep to his Word be ſure;
Then may you ſing, for you ſhall be
Happy, happy for ever.

HYMN

HYMN 38.

Rom. 14. ult. *Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, make no provision for the flesh,* &c.

1 WE naked once were all, O Lord,
And loathsom were to see;
Our shame was seen, and vile within,
Till cloathed were by thee.

2 'Tis true, Lord, once in ancient time
We gloriously were clad;
Our beauty was then in its prime,
Not long we so abode,

3 But we were, Lord, beset with Thieves,
Who tore our Robes away;
And in our blood and nakedness
We a long season lay.

4 But thou in mercy didst pass by,
And with us fell in love;
Though nothing in us could'st espy
Affections great to move.

5 Our souls thou didst in the first place
Most graciously wash clean;
And then didst cloath us with thy grace,
Ne're braver Robes were seen.

6 These

6 These *Garments* first by thee were bought,
They cost thee very dear;
And by thy Spirit they are wrought
Most curiously and rare.

The Second Part.

1 No Needle-work was e're so fine
Bespangled with Gold,
As is the Robe of Righteousness
To all who it behold.

2 Thus is thy grace compared, Lord,
With which thou dost adorn
The Souls of thy most blessed Saints,
Whose Garments once were torn,

3 And nothing had to cover them,
But filthy Rags so vile,
That thou our Image didst contemn,
Since we thy own did spoil.

4 Thus by our Garments we are known,
And those who han't them on,
Thou wilt, O Lord, never such own,
But bid them to be gone.

5 'Tis thou hast made the difference,
We were ill cloath'd as others,
But these have not the preference,
None like our Elder Brother's:

6 Ay, that is rich, O Lord, indeed,
Without leaſt ſpot or ſtain;
'Tis that keeps off all fiery darts,
And clean it will remain.

6 But theſe much comfort to us bring,
And keep us alſo warm;
We need not fear no pricking thing,
Cold can't do us much harm.

The Third Part.

1 They ever do their faſhion hold
Moſt beautiful and fair; [old,
They make all look young when they're
Such to thee lovely are.

3 The longer we theſe Garments wear,
The better they would be;
For the long uſe of godlineſs
Makes us ſhine ſplendentlie.

3 Our Garments then let's not defile,
But have them always on;
For we muſt wear them every day,
Until our lives are done.

4 And then ſhall we, Lord, cloathed be
With immortality;
In Robes that ſhine like to the Sun,
Unto eternity.

5 Come

5 Come Sinners then, ah! will you buy
Some Cloaths to cover you?
Most rich they are assuredly,
Come, let your own Rags go.

6 What is Morality to Grace?
Even like a filthy thing:
Get those Robes on, and take your place
'Mongst Children of the King.

7 Ye Saints don't you provision make
To satisfie your lust;
But put on Christ, your Garments take,
Because you ready must

8 Be all, the Bridegroom to attend;
He comes, he comes, sing praise;
Your Lamps now trim, he will descend,
Make haste without delays.

HYMN 38.

Joh. 2. 2. *We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.*

1 O Lord we have a mighty Cause,
And still it does depend!
Ah! we have broke all God's just Laws,
Wilt thou our Souls befriend,

2 To take in hand our Cause to plead?
Thou art our Advocate;

We

VVe dare not, Lord, lift up our head,
Our Case for to relate.

3 But thou ally'd art to the Judge,
And for our Souls didst die;
The Merits of thy Blood may'st urge,
To thee we all do fly.

4 Thou legally art call'd to th' Barr,
And hast thy Father's Ear;
Alas we all so loathsom be,
VVe dare not there appear.

5 In our own persons; he is just,
And we must guilty be;
We righteousness all therefore must
Have only, Lord, of thee.

6 Thou never didst miscarry yet
On what thou took'st in hand;
Our Enemies do thou defeat,
That sentence do demand.

7 Hast thou not paid our Debts, O Lord?
Read our Discharge we pray,
And that will comfort now afford,
And this most doubtful day;

8 Is not all paid? Can Justice see
Just ground for to deny
Our true Acquittance, Lord, in thee
VVho didst him satisfie?

The second Part.

1 Our Cause, Lord, thou didst undertake
Without the hopes of fee;
And this does us most chearful make,
We hope we now shall see

2 An end put to that bitter strife
Which has been long between
Our God and us; alas, our life
In jeopardy has been.

3 O blessed Lord, we do perceive
Our Cause it does go well;
For he who doth on thee believe,
Shall never go to Hell:

4 But he shall live eternally
In joy and happy bliss;
Our Advocate has won the day,
What love is like to this!

5 Thou in our stead was pleas'd to die,
Who Criminals all were,
The Law for us didst satisfie,
No errours can appear:

6 No superseding of our suit,
Our Foes can't it remove;
For thou as Judge in chief shalt sit
In the high Court above.

The Third Part.

1 There's no Appeal from that high Throne,
Our Cauſe being carried there;
If Conſcience ſhould bring Charges on,
Yet there we all ſtand clear.

2 For though ſin does in us abide,
It in us ſhall not reign;
And we have Jeſus on our ſide,
Who will waſh us again.

3 But hear us once again; O Lord,
Shall we our pardon ſee,
And know that we are juſtify'd,
And peace have all with thee?

4 How ſweetly then, Lord, ſhall we ſing,
No cauſe have we to doubt;
Therefore we'll leave our Cauſe with thee,
And ſing thy Praiſes out.

5 But O ye Saints take heed of ſin;
But if that ſin you do;
An Advocate with God there is,
Who pleads always for you.

6 And now poor Sinners will you fly
To him with care and ſpeed?
This Advocate for you does plead,
Who for your Souls did bleed.

7 Though

7 Though you no money have at all
To carry on the Suit;
Yet he will be your Advocate,
If to him you submit.

HYMN 39.

Joh. 6. 50. *I am the Bread of Life.*

1 THou art the Bread of Life, O Lord,
Bread is a blessed thing;
Some Bread to us do thou afford,
Shall we lye here starving,

2 When in our Father's House there's store,
And we have nought to eat?
Remember us, think on the poor,
A little broken Meat!

3 Ah! some small Crumbs, Lord, let us have,
Which from thy Table fall;
A bit of Bread we humbly crave,
Or we shall perish all.

4 Bread is the stay and staff of life,
'Tis Bread will do us good;
Fill us, O Lord, with holy strife,
Till we attain this food.

5 Bread is ordain'd to an high end,
The life of Man to save;

From

From Heaven, Lord, thou didst descend,
That our poor souls might st have.

7 That blessing's great; ah! life is sweet,
Lord, we must eat or die;
And therefore beg now at thy feet,
Some Bread do not deny.

The second Part.

1 Bread pleasant is unto the taste,
To souls who hungry be,
This property also thou hast,
O it it is found in thee.

2 What can taste sweeter than thy love?
O come poor souls and try;
That Bread which came down from above
Is set before your eye.

3 By Faith you must this Bread behold,
And you by Faith must eat;
Without true Faith you have been told
It is (alas) dry Meat.

4 Bread does renew the strength of Men
Who ready are to faint;
O then on Christ let's feed agen,
Eat Bread poor drooping Saint.

5 On Christ rely, don't look within,
On Jesus do depend;
'Tis he has made an end of sin,
To him God does thee send.

6 Bread is the best of earthly things,
A morsel is worth Gold;
From Christ all blessings to us spring,
His worth none can unfold.

7 Bread is a portion for the poor,
O let us haste away;
But see you come to the right door,
There may ye feed each day.

8 But what is common Bread to this,
Which soon does putrifie?
Oh feed on this, none like it is,
Eat and ye shall not die.

9 All praise to God, and Christ the Lord,
Who Bread to us do give:
O sing his praise, Saints, all your days,
Eat, and your souls shall live.

HYMN 40.

Mal. 4. 2. *The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing under his wings.*

1 THere is a Sun, there is but one
To light the Universe;
Beside thy self, O Lord, there's none
Who can enlighten us.

2 Thou art the Fountain of true Light,
Nay, all light is from thee;

As

As thou art God omnipotent,
Cloathed in Majesty.

3 All light of grace which Saints receive
From thee, Lord, does it flow;
Few Men who in this world do live,
Alas, are lighted so.

4 What clearer is there than the Sun?
O what can brighter shine?
Thy glory, O most holy One,
Exceds, it is divine.

5 Most splendant rays do sparkle forth,
Which dazles every eye;
Thy beams are brighter than the Sun
That shines so gloriously.

6 Thou art the Soul of all the World,
By thee all Creatures live;
All things together would be hurl'd,
If life thou didst not give.

7 We see the Earth and Heaven too,
Thou dost uphold them all;
If thou should'st once let go thy hold,
Together down they'd fall.

The second Part.

1 Thou like the Sun communicates
Thy glorious influence
Of grace and goodness to thy Saints,
Thou hast preheminence.

2 What a dark world would this be
Were there no Sun to shine?
What darkness, Lord, ah! should we see,
Had we no beams of thine?

3 'Tis thou that dost expell away
Dark vapours of the night;
Thick mists and fogs they all do fly,
When thou appear'st in sight.

4 Most pow'rfully dost thou expell
The darkness that's within;
And makes the soul in light to dwell,
By vanquishing our sin.

5 Thou mak'st a sweet and lovely day
When once thou dost arise;
And dries up th' filth that in our way
Did lye before our eyes.

6 'Tis thou who makes a lovely spring;
Those things which seemed dead,
When thou draw'st near are flourishing
And forth their glories spread.

7 Without thy influences, Lord,
Thy Veg'atives can't grow;
Till thou dost life to us afford,
No fruit from us can flow.

8 Let all who on the earth do dwell,
Sing with a chearful voice;
The praise of Jesus let them tell,
And in this Sun rejoyce.

The Third Part.

1 OLord, until that thou dost shine,
No heat within have we;
All spiritual warmth's from beams of thine,
All true joy is from thee.

2 The Sun does heal as well as warm,
And when thou dost arise,
We need not fear no kind of harm
From inward enemies.

3 For thy sweet wings fresh healing brings,
Our hearts to mollifie;
And to those Souls who feel Death's sting,
A plaister dost apply.

4 According as the matter is
On which the Sun does shine;
So doth it always operate,
So do those rays of thine

5 To one whose heart thou hast made soft
Thy word a savour is
Of life unto life, but to some
Savour of death 'tis.

6 The Sun doth ripen things we see
To bring the harvest on;
So we are ripen'd, Lord, by thee,
And for thee, every one.

7 Thus do thy glories, Lord, appear,
By these things we may know

VVhat rare perfections in thee are,
And from thee also flow.

8 Therefore thy praises we will sing,
Enliv'ned with thy rays;
And will exalt our glorious King.
Until we end our days.

HYMN 41.

Rev. 22. 16. *I am the Root and Off-spring of* David.

1 THou art the Root from whence we [sprung
Who are thy chosen ones;
Till we were grafted into thee,
We were like to dry bones.

2 The Root of Grace and Nature too
Art thou we do espy;
Not only Man, but God also,
We never will deny

3 The top-stone of thy glory great:
All things by thee were made,
And at thy word at the last day
They all again shall fade.

4 Ah! in this Root what sap is there?
The branches shall be fed;
Come drooping Saints be of good chear,
Lift up with joy your head:

5 You

5 You grafted are in such a Root
Whose vertue's infinite;
Can you want grace, why do you doubt?
Such souls God does unite

6 To Jesus Christ; they all shall have
From him all fit supply;
And unto them, for their support,
He nothing will deny.

7 Christ is our Head, Christ is our Root,
Christ is our Life also;
Christ is your Food, our Sun, our Strength,
What have you now to do

8 But live unto his holy name,
And sing his praises forth?
O raise his glory and his fame
Whilst you do live on earth.

The Second Part.

1 The Root it does the Body bear,
And every Branch therein;
Most safe thy Churches Members are,
And so have ever been:

2 Because by thee they are sustain'd,
Thy Tree shall never fall;
It can't be dug up by the root,
Our life is hid from all.

3 Like as the root is hid i'th' earth,
And life does center there,
Even in the Root; so we by Faith
Lord see how safe we are

4 In thy own self; none can hurt thee,
Nor can they stop the course
Of that sweet Sap that feeds our Tree;
A blessed intercourse

5 There is between those souls of thine
And thy own self, O Lord;
We'll never fear what Foes can do,
If sap thou dost afford.

6 Let us in thee well rooted be,
Our Root is very sound;
If we enjoy true unity,
Our Fruit will much abound.

7 Because that thou dost always live,
Thy Branches shall also;
Thou unto us thy life dost give,
Thy grace does overflow.

8 Ye righteous in the Lord rejoyce,
His holiness proclaim;
Be thankful with your hearts and voice,
And sing of his great fame.

HYMN

HYMN 43.

Mal. 3. 1. *The Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come up into his Temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant whom ye delight in,* &c.

1 HEav'ns glorious Embassador
Is come, is come, be glad,
Who blessed news brings from afar,
How can ye more be sad?

2 He represents the person clear
Of the most mighty King;
And blessed news he does declare,
And tydings with him bring.

3 His Commission great has sealed been,
His journey long has took:
He's come, he's come we say agen,
Him for whom you did look.

4 And terms of peace poor Sinners now
May have, which easie be;
Before the dreadful God then bow,
And leave iniquity.

5 The white Flag of Mercy is out,
The Banner is display'd;
Come Sinners now and look about,
And longer been't afraid.

7 Gods wrath is o're in Jesus Christ,
If to him you do flye,
You shall not bear eternal wrath,
O then on him rely.

8 Among the gods, O Lord, is none
With thee to be compar'd,
Thou peace extends, O holy One,
The like hath not been heard.

The second Part.

1 Nay more than this, Christ comes to treat
About a Marriage too:
His love to Sinners, O 'tis great,
For he makes known to you

2 That glorious, high and blest'd design
Of the Great God above,
Which is to take that soul of thine
Into contract of love.

3 Behold the mighty Prince of Peace,
Whose glories does excell;
He looks on you, and loves you so,
That he with you would dwell.

4 O cast your eyes on him with speed,
Come Virgins fall in love,
Don't take another in his stead,
Whose 'ffections in him move

Towards

5 Towards such souls as yours, alas,
Though ne're so vile within;
If once this thing does come to pass,
He'll take away your sin.

6 Then look to him by Faith and Prayer,
O cast a single eye,
And close with him this very day,
He with you will comply.

7 Now let's sing and praise the Lord,
VVho did Christ Jesus send,
To proclaim peace, and love afford,
Praise him world without end.

The Third Part.

1 Hark, hark, the Trumpet sounds, look out,
The Embassador of Heav'n
Proclaims a peace, without all doubt
Attendance must be given.

2 Lay down your arms, his terms are good,
O cease this wicked war;
You have too long, alas, withstood
Heav'ns bless'd Embassador.

3 He will not wait on you always,
If you do not comply,
You will e're long see bloody days,
For all of you must die.

4 VVhilst you oppose such mercy great,
VVhat wretches are you all;
You summon'd are to th' Judgment Seat,
O great will be your fall,

5 If quickly now you don't submit,
He's ready to be gone:
O loath your selves, lye at his feet,
From all your folly turn.

6 The bloody Flag you soon shall see
Put forth in dreadful wrath;
If still his call rejected be,
No place for you on Earth,

7 But you to Hell with vengeance must
Be turned every one;
And from God's presence be accurst,
Ah this now think upon;

8 And say you have a gracious call,
And happy you may be,
If you lay hold on Gospel-terms,
A pardon you shall see.

A HYMN 44.

Heb. 1. 2. *Whom he hath appointed Heir of all things.*

1 IN regions of approachless light
There sits th' eternal King;
VVhereon

VVherein mixt joys with love unites,
From whom all riches ſpring.

2 There doſt thou ſit on thy high Throne,
And all ſubject to thee;
Yea, and all worlds, Lord, are thine own,
And what elſe there can be.

3 A Son thou haſt alſo brought forth
(VVho is thy only Heir)
Begotten long before the Earth
Or Heavens did appear.

4 He is thy joy and hearts delight,
By whom all things were made;
He always ſtands in thy own ſight,
VVhoſe glories ne'r ſhall fade.

5 And as he makes thy heart full glad,
So all perfections meet
In him who is with glory clad,
VVhoſe love is ever ſweet.

6 He is thine Heir, into his hand
All things, Lord, thou haſt given,
That ſo he might have ſole command
O'r Earth and alſo Heaven.
7 He's cloathed with ſuch dignity,
Has ſuch a glorious name,
That he's above each Monarchy,
There's none dares once lay claim

8 To his Titles; each Seraphim
Do readily submit;
The Cherubims do worship him,
And fall down at his feet.

The Second Part.

1 'Tis Christ, and only Christ does bear
Thy likeness in each thing;
Thy express Image doth appear
In this our glorious King.

2 'Tis thou, bless'd Jesus, who dost raise
Thy Father's House so high;
The stress of all on thee he lays,
Of his whole Family.

3 In thee all treasures hidden are
Of grace and wisdom too;
And all because thou art his Heir,
From thee all riches flow.

4 Thou portions therefore dost give forth
To all given to thee,
Who witness do all the new birth,
And Sons adopted be;

5 And so made Heirs, and shall possess
With thee a glorious share
Of that eternal blessedness
Of which thou art the Heir.

6 All things were thine as thou art God,
But unto thee are given

(As

(As thou the Mediator art)
By the great God of Heaven.

7 O how art thou, Lord, honoured,
Who would not fall in love
With thee whose glories thus are spread
Below, also above.

8 O happy choice ye Saints have made,
Who marry'd have the Heir;
Soon ye shall the possession have,
And glorious all appear.

9 Then never doubt of all supply,
Ye precious Saints of his;
He will you no good thing deny,
What happiness like this.

10 O then with a melodious voice
Together do ye sing,
Since he has made of you his choice,
Praise ye the glorious King.

HYMN 45.

Rev. 1. 5. *And from Jesus, who is the true Witness.*

1 O Holy God, we thee adore,
Who glorious truths makes known;
And that of them we might not doubt,
But stedfastly them own.

2 A glorious Witness thou hast sent,
Who from thy bosom came,
And he himself also does say,
I the true Witness am.

3 But what dost thou, O blessed Prince,
Bear witness now unto?
Ah! 'tis of that eternal love
Which from the Lord does flow.

4 And of that great and good design
Of saving each poor soul,
By Blood and Merits Lord of thine,
Who do upon thee roul;

5 And know in thee all truth is found,
Who the *Messia* art;
And that grace does in thee abound
To each believing heart.

6 To the true Witness now above
We ought therefore to sing,
And always to admire his love,
From whence all comforts spring.

The Second Part.

1 A Witness faithful, Lord, and true;
He sometimes others brings
As witnesses with him to shew
And open divers things.

2 The holy Prophets we do find,
Who were, O Lord, of old,

Bear

Bear witness, and were of one mind,
Thy Record to unfold.

3 And God the Father from on high,
With an amazing voice
Did record bear assuredly,
Whose witness is most choice.

4 The Spirit also bears record
These three agree in one,
And testifie to every word
Delivered by the Son.

5 The Miracles which Jesus wrought,
They also witness bear
To whatsoever he made known,
Or did to us declare.

6 Then tremble ye who wicked be,
Escape ye never shall,
If ye believe not Christ is he,
With vengeance you shall fall:

7 And in your sins you all shall die,
This the true Witness said;
But all ye Saints rejoyce and sing,
For all your debts are pay'd.

HYMN

HYMN. 46.

The Third Part.

1 A Witneſs muſt his witneſs bear
Unto the Truth; nay he
Muſt the whole truth likewiſe declare
In all ſimplicity.

2 And nothing but the truth muſt ſpeak,
And ſpeak it plainly too,
A true deciſion clear to make,
All this, Lord, thou doſt do.

3 Whatever is a truth of God,
VVhich we ought to obey,
In thy *New Teſtament* 'tis found,
VVe all the ſtreſs muſt lay

4 Upon thy faithfulneſs: O Lord,
Canſt thou a truth paſs by,
'Not witneſs to it in thy VVord,
Or let it darkly lye

5 Therein conceal'd, when 'tis a thing
Of ſuch a great concern,
That Men do ſay with greateſt care
Each Soul is bound to learn?

6 Or if they don't it ſtrictly keep,
To Judgment they muſt come:
Nay threaten ſuch who it neglect
VVith an eternal doom.

7 Ah!

7 Ah! let them bluſh with greateſt ſhame,
VVe to thy VVord appeal,
VVho the true VVitneſs art, and know
Thou didſt no truth conceal.

The fourth Part.

1 Now when a thing does doubtful lye,
And Men cannot agree;
VVhen what one ſays, others deny,
VVe preſently ſhould flee

2 To thee the true and faithful One;
If to that very thing
No witneſs thou haſt plainly born,
Away we muſt it fling.

3 Art thou the only VVitneſs, Lord,
To ev'ry Truth divine,
And not one word for ſuch a thing
Out of that mouth of thine?

4 And yet can that a truth be thought,
They other VVitneſs bring;
They call for *Moſes*, he is brought
To witneſs to this thing.

5 And thus they, Lord, do thee degrade,
Or do invaluate
The Higheſt VVitneſs e're was heard,
Or Matters did relate.

6 *Moſes* was not for evermore
VVithin the Houſe to be;

He

He spoke on Earth, but thou from Heaven,
No Law-giver but thee,
7 Lord, can we own, since all power is
To thee alone given;
And all thy Laws they are firm as
The Ordinance of Heaven.

The Fifth Part.

1 No Tabernacle here's for him,
Appears to every one
Whose eyes are open, if they look
They'll find that he is gone:

2 None, none but Jesus does remain,
What can there be more clear?
God calls to us too out of Heaven,
Him only now to hear.

3 Besides, if *Moses* should come in,
Their Cause he'd give away;
He never gave that Law to them
Who live i'th' Gospel day:

4 'Twas given unto *Israel*
When they in *Horeb* were;
Not to their Fathers, but to them,
Doth eminent appear; *Deut.* 5. 1, 2, 3.

5 To Jews and Jewish Proselites,
Or all within their Gate;
But not to them without their Church
Did that at all relate.

6 The truth, as 'tis in Jesus, we
Ought only to receive;
And such who do not, we may see
Themselves they do deceive.

The Sixth Part.

1 A Witness ought for to be one
That is indifferent,
Not byassed to either side,
Therefore God has thee sent

2 To be a Witness in our Case;
To us thou art of kin;
And equally related art
Likewise too unto him.

3 We therefore have no cause at all
Against thee to except,
But on thy witness stand or fall,
If Cast, we must subject

4 Unto the Judge of Heaven and Earth,
We silent all shall be,
If thou against us dost come forth,
And cast we are by thee.

5 Unto the truth witness to bear
Thou cam'st, Lord, from afar,
And wilt against Sinners appear
When they come to the Barr:

6 At the last day if they are found
In bonds of unbelief,

Or

Or have their hearts false and unsound,
They'll tremble like the Thief:

7 Against the false Professor thou
Wilt then thy witness bear,
And with notorious Sinners then
They shall of Judgment share.

The Seventh Part.

1 All thy whole mind and counsel is
Either by thee or thine
Own blest Apostles plainly known,
There is no truth divine

2 But it in Precepts may be found,
Or Presidents to lye;
For both these are our rule, and of
Equal authority.

3 A Witness ends each doubtful case
Which long sometimes depend;
So thou wilt also very plain
Each doubtful matter end.

4 A Witness doth his witness give,
If it be just and true
To righteousness, to nndeceive
Such which before he knew

5 To be false Men, and wittingly
The matter would evade;
But so their evidence does try,
A stop to all is made.

6 So thou, O Lord, to righteouneſs
Thy witneſs doſt bring in,
That all falſe Souls who are deceiv'd
By Satan or by ſin,

7 Shall be convinc'd, and ſilent be
By thy own faithful word;
And all their fooliſh Pleas they'll ſee
No help will them afford.

The Eighth Part.

1 Thou, Lord, doſt ſay there's life in thee
For all who do believe;
And that all ſuch ſhall certainly
Free pardon then receive:

2 Nay more than this we do eſpy
Thou doſt bear witneſs too,
That all who don't repent truly,
To Hell at laſt ſhall go.

3 And if Men are not born again,
Whoever, Lord, they be,
They under wrath ſhall all remain,
And not God's Kingdom ſee.

4 Thou, Lord, a Witneſs art for thoſe
Who unto truth adhere,
And with thee do ſincerely cloſe;
But ſuch that Rebels are,

5 And thy Record do not receive,
Againſt all ſuch we know

Thou

Thou wilt thy dreadful witness give,
And then to Hell they go:

6 But yet this witness joy does bring
To such who godly be;
Ah! he will keep you to the end,
That glory you may see.

7 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost therefore,
Be glory, honour and renown
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 47.

Isa. 9. 6. *His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,* &c.

1 THy name, O Lord, is wonderful,
And wonderful thou art;
We stand amaz'd and wonder do,
And so does ev'ry heart

2 That hath a saving sight of thee,
They all are in a maze
Whilst they behold thy majesty,
God does to glory raise.

3 Thy *Name, O that is Wonderful,*
So is thy Nature too;
Thy Saints do marvel, well they may,
For Angels wonder do;

4 They

4 They ſee with ſtrange aſtoniſhment:
Should Heaven and Earth combine
To ſearch out thy perfections great,
Them can they never find.

5 To ſuch degree as, Lord, in thee
They glorioufly do ſhine:
6 Strange was thy Birth, all Saints on Earth
Cry thou art all divine.

6 All praiſe and glory now therefore
We unto thee do ſing,
And do reſolve yet more and more
To magnifie our King.

The Second Part.

1 Is't not a Wonder a Woman,
As Holy Writ does ſay,
Should in ſuch ſort compaſs a Man,
Who with Man never lay?

2 To ſee him whom the World did make,
Of a poor Virgin born!
To ſee him who was God moſt high,
Left like to one forlorn!

3 To ſee the Heir of both the Worlds
In a baſe Manger lye;
And Bleſſedneſs it ſelf to be
Doomed to miſery!

4 To ſee the Ancient of all days,
A Babe of a day old!

To see one Person God and Man
The wonder doth unfold!

5 He that the Heir of all things was,
Whom Angels honoured,
Is now so mean and poor that he
Has no place to lay's head.

6 Unto thy name so *Wonderful*
Be glory now therefore;
O let us look and wonder still!
Yea, wonder evermore.

The Third Part.

1 The wonders of thy Life were much,
Strange wonders in thy Death;
The wonders of thy Blood are such,
It all astonish'd hath.

2 Thy Power's great and wonderful,
Strange wonders in thy Love;
Great wonders we do see below,
But stranger are above.

3 Let's look, and love, and wonder still,
Till we are ravished;
Our hearts with grace, Lord, do thou fill,
So shall thy fame be spread

4 By us: And whilst we wonder do,
Let's think upon that day
When greater wonders out will flow
To do all sin away:

5 And

5. And when to the great wonderment
Thou wilt in glory come,
With all thy mighty Angels too,
To carry us all home,

6 Then ſhalt thou be admired
By all thy Children dear,
And they with thee (as it is ſaid)
In glory ſhall appear.

HYMN 48.

Iſa. 9. 6. *Wonderful, Counſellor.*

1 A Counſellor, ye and the chief,
Moſt wonderful art thou;
For we do ſee (for to be brief)
All things, Lord, thou doſt know.

2 None underſtand all Rites and Laws
But, Lord, thy ſelf alone,
And ſoon canſt thou find out what flaws
There is in any one.

3 All ſecrets of State is with thee,
Thou know'ſt thy Father's Will,
And agitates all things below
With ſtrange and wondrous skill.

4 'Tis thou muſt counſel give to us,
Thy counſel it is good,

But woe be unto all those souls
Thy counsels have withstood.

5 O then for counsel, Lord, let's come
To thee continually,
And to thy praise sing all our days
Until we come to die.

The Second Part.

1 A matter, Lord, of sharp contest
Betwixt two Parties were,
And God hath thee alone invest
To make the matter clear.

2 Man stands charged by the great God,
As worthy is to die
For Treason, which notorious is
Against his Majesty:

3 But there's a Friend from Heaven come
Who in our stead does say,
That he will bear the Sinners doom,
And all his debts defray.

4 Now will it stand in sacred Laws,
'Tis thou our Counsel art,
Can Justice find, Lord, any flaws?
Thy judgment now impart:

5 Will it hold good i'th' Court above,
That guilty Sinners may
This way be freed? Can this remove
And take their guilt away?

6 Can God be juſt, and yet forgive?
O bring thy ſenſe now in!
Can we acquittance, Lord, receive,
And pardon'd be of ſin

7 By righteouſneſs another wrought,
And death which he did die?
Can guilty Man from guilt be freed?
Can that him juſtifie?

8 To end this Cauſe thou didſt come here,
The Matter's left to thee;
And thou doſt ſay the Sinner's clear
This way, and ſo ſhall be.

The Third Part.

1 Lord he that doth on thee rely,
And union does obtain;
And to thy righteouſneſs does fly,
He's freed from every ſtain

2 Of ſin and guilt in ſight of God,
And juſtify'd is he,
Though on his ſoul may lye a load,
Becauſe he cannot ſee

3 That pardon and that freedom yet
That's in thy ſelf alone;
But pores on his iniquity,
Which he finds is not gone

4 Off his own Conſcience, but does feel
'Body of ſin and death;

Yet thou to him this truth does seal,
That he a pardon hath.

5 Wherefore thy holy praises great
All Ages shall record;
Thy people shall give thanks to thee
For evermore, O Lord.

The Fourth Part.

1 We are about a great Estate,
An assurance fain would have;
The way to us do thou relate,
Thy counsel we do crave:

2 The Title's good, that's not the thing
We do enquire about,
But how to settle it on us,
And lasting Deeds sue out,

3 That none us disinherit may,
Thy counsel give, O Lord!
O shew to us the ready way,
According to thy Word!

4 'Tis thou must seal to us the Lease,
O let it be for ever!
Thy Spirit is the Seal, let us
The same of thee procure.

5 Lord, let the Title firmly stand,
Unto thy Servants thus
Confirm the matter took in hand,
That grace may shine in us.

The Fifth Part.

1 We charged with ſad crimes all are,
Such miſdemeanors vile,
If thou doſt not the matter clear,
Our comforts they will ſpoil.

2 The Law and Conſcience both agree
To lay, Lord, at our door
The higheſt Treaſon that can be:
Call thou the matrer o're,

3 Acquit us of this fearful charge,
Thou able art ro plead
The Meris of thy Blood at large,
Thereby 'tis we are freed.

4 O when our Cauſe is good, 'tis thou
That on our ſide doſt ſtand;
No bad Cauſe thou we well do know
Wilt ever take in hand.

5 O 'tis a bleſſed thing indeed
We intereſt have in thee;
No counſel ſhall we ever need,
If we will ruled be.

6 To the high Court thou doſt belong,
There thou chief Counſel art;
And thou wilt ſave us from all wrong,
And good advice impart.

7 Ye righteous in the Lord rejoyce,
His holineſs proclaim;

Be thankful, and with heart and voice
Praise ye his glorious Name.

The Sixth Part.

1 Into the presence of the King
Thou hast admittance, Lord,
And nothing doth he hide from thee;
Nay more, at thy own word

2 What e're we ask, or is our suit,
If we do but believe;
If it be things thou dost think fit,
We shall the same receive.

3 Thy counsel it shall stand we know,
What Enemies design
Thou quickly canst quite overthrow,
And save that Church of thine.

4 And now all you that counsel need,
Repair unto this Friend,
His counsel ne're reject be sure
Which to you he does send.

5 O buy of him that precious Gold,
(White Rayment then get on,)
And blessed Eye-salve, to behold
This glorious, lovely One:

6 And by his counsel be you led
Until you come to die,
Then shall you sing with crowned heads
Unto eternity.

HYMN

HYMN 49.

1 Cor. 3. 11. *Another Foundation can no Man lay, but that which is already laid, which is Jesus Christ.*

1 WE have, O Lord, a House to raise,
And would have it stand sure,
And never know the least decays,
But firm abide for ever:

2 And that we might thus build our souls
Thou the Foundation art;
Here build we must our House, O Lord,
The whole and ev'ry part.

3 God hath himself in mercy great
This sure Foundation laid,
That so to build our hopes on thee
We might not be afraid.

4 Thy Church on this Foundation is
Most firmly built also;
From hence it is that Men cannot,
Nor Devils it o'rethrow.

5 A Foundation's laid by knowing Men,
Some skilful Architect;
But this Foundation thou hast laid,
As wisdom did direct.

6 Yea, th' wisdom of the Trinity
I'th' Council held above;
And mercy was, Lord, in thine eye,
'Twas bowels did thee move

7 To bring this Stone, so choice and pure,
Beyond the rarest Gold,
To lay us a Foundation sure
Most glorious to behold.

8 To the Foundation now therefore
We will together sing,
To raise the praise for evermore
Of God and Christ our King.

9 'Twas deeply layd in thy Decree,
No bottom can be found;
So deep, Lord, all thy counsels be,
We in them, Lord, are drown'd.

The second Part.

1 What kind of House thou didst intend
To build, we may perceive
If the Foundation we observe,
And not our selves deceive,

2 It is a Precious-stone we see,
No Jasper is so rare,
And all the Building ought to be
As precious, lovely, fair.

3 All Gold and Silver, Precious-ſtones,
No Wood, Hay nor Stubble;
And living ones they muſt be all,
Believers meek and humble.

4 As the Foundation doth uphold
The whole Fabrick;
Thou doſt bear up each Stone, O Lord,
All Members to thee ſtick:

5 Each Soul thou doſt unite to thee
In ſure bonds of Love;
O there's a bleſſed harmony
'Mong Saints born from above.

6 Without this ſafe Foundation, Lord,
No Building's there at all;
If any do not on thee build,
Their Souls and hopes will fall:

7 Yet ſhall the Juſt in thee rejoyce,
Who truſt, Lord, in thy might;
They ſhall Praiſe ſing with mind and voice
Whoſe hearts with thee are right.

The Third Part.

1 Other Foundations may decay,
Or Men may dig them down;
But this doth ſtand like to a Rock,
It can't be overthrown.

2 Let Devils do whate're they can
They can't it undermine:
Art thou built here, O happy Man!
Great safety shalt thou find:

3 Here build your Faith, your Hope, and all
Your Comforts too likewise;
Then let Winds blow, ye never shall
Fall by your Enemies.

4 But woe to such who lay aside
This precious Corner-stone, [pride,
And build on works through their great
Their hopes will soon be gone.

5 All build do on the Sands besure,
Or no Foundation have,
Who don't true Faith of God procure,
Their precious Souls to save.

6 O blessed *Sion* thou art strong,
For God hath founded thee
Upon a Rock, that none can wrong,
Thou ruin'd canst not be.

7 The Gates of Hell shall not prevail,
So firmly thou dost stand:
Ye Saints, how can your courage fail
Too on the other hand.

8 Come sing with joy to Christ therefore,
And on him do depend;

The

The Top-stone and Foundation's he,
O sing world without end.

HYMN 50.

Matth. 23. 37. *How often would I have gathered thy Children together, as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings.*

1 THy Bowels unto Sinners, Lord,
Is shewed by the *Hen*,
Who in her care of all her young
Doth far exceed some Men.

2 How will she fly into the face
Of such who would destroy
Her pretty Brood! she can't endure
They should them once annoy.

3 But ah! thy bowels far exceed
All Creatures here below;
For thou for Sinners, Lord, didst bleed,
Compassion great to show.

4 The *Hen* herself to weakness brings
Whilst of her young takes care,
How does she scratch and strive each day
To feed them here and there?

5 But, Lord, thou brought'st thy self so low
That we might all be fed,

That

That in the grave a while didst lye
After that thou wast dead:

6 And as a *Hen* does cluck and call
According to her kind,
Thereby to save her Chickens all
From Kites, which she does find

7 Do often of them make a prey,
So dost thou call and cry
To Sinners, whilst it is to day,
Whom thou dost, Lord, espy

8 To be in danger by their sin
And Devils many ways;
Nay, thou dost call and call agen
Full oft, for many days.

The Second Part.

1 The *Hen* stands ready and prepar'd,
Hov'ring her mournful wings,
And never is she satisfy'd
Till under them she brings:

2 So thou dost spread thy Arms, O Lord,
Poor Sinners to bring in,
And bids the weary come to thee
Who laden are with sin.

3 O then come in ye Sinners all
Under Christ's wings with speed,
He will receive you great and small,
And nothing shall you need.

4 And

4 And O how safe are you his Saints!
Under his wings you lye;
Then fear no hurt from outfard Foes,
Nor inward Enemy.

5 They who are wise will certainly
In mind these things record,
And so they will with ease espy
The kindness of the Lord.

HYMN 51.

Mal. 3. 3. *He shall sit as a Refiners fire.*

1 THou like as a Refiner doth
The Gold and Silver try,
We had much dross until thou didst
Our Souls, Lord, purifie.

2 Into the Furnace we were cast,
Which oft is very hot;
'Tis not our Grace i'th' least to waste,
But filth which we have got.

3 Afflictions like as fire doth
The Gold rarely refine,
Purge all our Souls, and we thereby
More gloriously may shine:

4 But Dross will not the Fire bear,
So some, Lord, cannot stand

Before

Before thee when thou doſt riſe up
To ſcourge them with thy hand.

5 The fire makes the Gold more ſoft,
So by Afflictions we
More plyable, O Lord, are brought
To yield and bend to thee.

The Second Part.

1 Gold when 'tis triy'd, 'tis pure made
By the Refiners art;
So by afflictions thou doſt, Lord,
More holy make each heart.

2 From hence we may the reaſon ſee
Why God afflictions brings,
And clearly alſo may diſcern
What profit from them ſprings.

3 We fitted are hereby, O Lord,
For our own Maſter's turn,
Who golden Veſſels will make us
Before that he has done.

4 When you refin'd by tryals are,
What cauſe have you to ſing,
And praiſe the Lord that ever he
Did you in's Furnace fling.

HYMN

HYMN 52.

Exod. 19. 4. *I bore you on Eagles wings.*

1 THe Eagle is the King of Birds,
Ah! who is like to thee
Who is so strong? or hath an Eye
So quick, and far to see?

2 Like to an Eagle thou dost mount,
Or didst ascend on high,
Not only up unto the Clouds,
But far above the skie:

3 And as the Eagle thou dost bear
Upon thy blessed Wings
All thy poor Saints, and they hereby
Forget all earthly things;

4 They soar so high sometimes, O Lord,
Born upon Wings of Love,
That Earth to them seems a small thing,
They dwell so high above:

5 And as the Eagle's way's not known
Who mounts up in the Air,
Ev'n so thy love and wisdom both
Most deep and hidden are.

6 O fly ye Saints your selves to hide
Under Almighty Wings,

And

And safe you'll be whate're betide,
When God sore judgments brings.

7 O see Christ's care, and do not fear,
But sing his Praises forth;
His grace and love's beyond compare,
None like him here on Earth.

HYMN 53.

Heb. 2. 10. *To make the Captain of our Salvation perfect through sufferings.*

1 THou art our Captain-General,
Thy Commission sealed is;
Rouze up ye Soldiers great and small,
No Captain like to this.

2 Thou hast the power given thee
To raise a mighty Host,
And thou beats up to bring them in
Daily from every Coast.

3 'Tis thou dost nominate who shall
Have office under thee,
And they Commissions have likewise
Who rightly entred be.

4 Thou hast thy Soldiers names set down
In thy own Muster-roll,

Within

Within the bleſſed Book of Life
Is written every Soul:

5 And out of that ſweet Book of thine
They ſhall not blotted be,
If they are ſuch thy Father hath
Lord Jeſus given to thee.

6 Unto our Captain General
A new Song let us ſing;
For he that Captain is in Chief
Is our God, and our King.

The ſecond Part.

1 Thou doſt, Lord Chriſt, thy Soldiers lead,
Before them didſt thou go;
All Foes by thee are vanquiſhed,
Thou didſt triumph alſo

2 Over them all moſt glorioufly,
And perfect now art made,
Has Captive took Captivity,
We'll never be afraid,

3 But ſtand unto our Arms always,
No Quarter we will give;
If thou art with us all our days,
Few Enemies ſhall live.

4 Let us be well diſciplined,
And very skilful be,

And in right paths and foot-steps tread,
And truly follow thee.

5 No Captain doth his Men advance
To such high dignity;
For each shall have preheminence
To sit on Thrones with thee.

6 O then let us lift up our head
O happy *Israel*,
Christ's Banner over you is spread,
Your glory shall excell.

The Third Part.

1 Thou giv'st the Word too of Command,
What 'tis that we must do;
But never bidst us still to stand,
Nor backward for to go.

2 We never must, Lord, wheel about,
Nor be as once we were;
But forward march with courage stout,
Without all dread or fear.

3 Let's take Example, Lord of thee,
Resist ev'n unto Blood
Before yield to iniquitiy,
Which has us oft withstood.

4 'Tis thou hast power to cashier
All such thou dost not like,

If

If any false-hearted appear,
Their names out thou wilt strike.

5 No Warriers like to thee in fight,
Thy power and thy skill
Are both of them ev'n infinite,
Who then engage thee will?

6 If any should, woe to them all
If once thou draws thy Sword,
And in thy wrath on them dost fall,
They die shall then, O Lord.

The Fourth Part.

1 Come in, come in, and list your selves,
You shall have present pay,
Your Souls shall be with grace well stor'd,
Your charges to defray.

2 'Tis th'ready way to become great
And rich, will you come in?
The Trumpets sound, and Drums do beat
To war against your sin.

3 Will you be on our Captains side?
Ah! if you still stand out,
His Sword e're long will you divide
VVith them that turn about:

4 For if Deserters there be found,
Better not to be born,
His wrath to such will so abound,
To pieces they'll be torn.

5 Ye Saints your Leader follow close,
And see that you do keep
To the Company you have chose,
And from them do not slip.

6 Lest you Deserters should be thought,
Keep then your place be sure [brought,
In that same Truth to which you're
Lest wrath you do procure.

HYMN 54.

Rev. 22. 16. *I am the bright & morning-star.*

1 THe Morning Star it does appear,
The day approaches now;
See how Christ shines! how lovely, fair!
O cast your eyes, see how

2 His light does sparkle brighter still,
The day will quickly break,
And until then he guide us will
I'th' way that we should take.

3 None is so glorious in our sight
As the sweet Morning-Star;
Ah! thou out-shines it, art more bright
Than all the Angels far.

4 The *Morning-Star*, that name is sweet,
So is that name of thine;
O with thy glorious beams let's meet,
For they are all divine.

5 In

5 In Winter 'tis the Morning-Star
Is so delighted in;
How good's thy Light, whilst we do find
The Clouds and Night of Sin!

6 The Morning Stars did all rejoyce
When this Star did arise;
O let us with the Churches sing
His lasting praise likewise.

HYMN 55.

Rev. 16. 15. *Behold I come as a Thief.*

1 YE Saints about you look with speed,
Christ's coming does draw near;
O watch with care, and take great heed,
As a Thief he will appear:

2 Not like a Thief unrighteously
To do Men any wrong,
But unawares most suddenly,
Though many think 'tis long.

3 Like as a Thief comes in the night
When people are all still,
And puts them all into a fright,
So thy dread coming will

4 Surprize the Earth, and all who sleep,
How will they quake with fear!

O Sin-

O Sinners then will cry and weep
When thou, Lord, dost appear:

5 Then will they seek some place to hide
Themselves from the great God;
But though they can't his wrath abide,
Yet will they find no shroud

6 Nor cover which can shelter them
From his most angry frown;
For vengeance shall their Souls consume,
And quickly bring them down.

7 The coming of a Thief you may
Prevent by taking care,
But, Lord, thy coming to prevent
No way at all is there.

8 But will he come, and quickly too?
Ye Saints rejoyce and sing,
Your glory then will overflow
Like to lasting Spring.

HYMN 56.

Hag. 2. 7. *The desire of all Nations shall come.*

1 THere is enough in Christ to fill
All Nations of the Earth;
The Nations never will be still
Until he shall come forth.

2 Som-

2 Some in all Nations long for peace,
Therefore desire thee;
And wars, O Lord shall never cease
Until the Prince they see.

3 The Nations long for some great thing,
Their desires are for good;
And all true good from thee does spring,
Though not well understood.

4 All Nations now desire thee not,
Yet some do in each Land;
And all the Earth for thee will thirst,
And yield to thy command.

5 All those who see of thee a need,
Know the necessity
They have of help, their Souls do bleed
Until thee they do see.

6 O then Lord Jesus come away,
We know thou didst appear
Already once, but do not stay,
Again lets see thee here.

HYMN 57.

Isa. 9. 6. *Prince of Peace*, &c.

1 IN thee, O Lord, true peace is found,
Our peace O thou didst make,
Which

Which lasting is, and shall abound
In thee, and for thy sake.

2 Thou hast the power of a Prince,
Nay Peace thou canst command;
O're War thou hast preheminence,
Canst stop it with thy hand.

3 If thou dost once but speak the word,
Peace we shall have within;
By thy own Spirit thou canst, Lord,
Destroy each cursed sin.

4 Thou to our Souls sweet peace dost give,
Thy Church has peace from thee;
How happily do all such live
Who filled with it be!

5 The Nations, Lord, will ne're have peace
Until thou dost appear;
Thou wilt make Wars, O Lord to cease
Far off, and also near.

6 Blest'd days of peace will be e're long,
We therefore, Lord, will sing,
And quickly shall too a new Song
Unto our glorious King.

HYMN

HYMN 58.

Act. 10. 42. *He that was ordained of God to be the Judge of the quick and Dead.*

1 HE's come, he's come, the Throne is set,
The Trumpets sound aloud,
Behold the thousands at his feet,
O see the mighty crowd.

2 Great is this day, great is the throng,
Millions of millions stand;
And all that thought this day was long,
They are on his Right-hand:

3 But O the millions, millions who
Are on his Left-hand plac'd,
Ah, see how they now tremble do!
How wan, and how pale-fac'd

4 They now appear! Ah, now they see
Their folly, but too late!
They now with grief tormented be
To see their woful state!

5 The Trumpet sounds exceeding high,
The Cherubs clap their wings;
O hear the Saints melodiously
With all the Angels sing!

6 But hark, the Books are called for!
Ah, Christ is on the Throne!
The wicked now how do they cry!
O hark how they do groan!

HYMN 59.

The Second Part.

Sing this as the 25*th.* Psalm.

1 THou, Lord, art the high Judge,
Most righteous art also;
And all the world must judged be,
And their rewards have too.

2 Impartially proceed
Wilt thou in that great day,
And every Man's Indictment read,
And hear what they can say.

3 The honour of the Lord,
The mighty God above,
Thou seekst to raise, and now thou wilt
All doubts of Men remove.

4 Now all the works of men,
And thoughts of every heart
Shall unto Judgment come, and then
Shall all have their deserts:

5 The

5 The Books shall open be
Of Law and Gospel too,
And Conscience shall be call'd upon
To charge, or clear also.

6 All deeds of darkness shall
Be brought unto the light;
For nothing can be hid at all
From the great Judge's sight.

7 O think upon this day,
And for it now prepare;
For quickly Christ will come away,
Who will no Sinners spare.

The Third Part.

1 How dreadful is a righteous Judge
To such who guilty be!
But none like thee, O holy One,
Cloathed in Majesty.

2 Thy Countenance how will it shine
Much brighter than the Sun;
All wicked ones will weep and pine,
And see themselves undone:

3 Conscience will in that dreadful day
The guilty Sinner fright,
And all his deeds before him lay
Done by him day or night.

4 None shall be suffer'd there to speak
Or answer for his Friend,
But every one must for himself
His own state recommend :

5 The Witnesses shall be call'd in,
And many will appear,
And God himself he will be one,
Who all things knows most clear.

6 Conscience also shall called be
His witness in to give,
Who next to God all things does see,
And knows how Men do live.

7 Angels likewise both good and bad
Their Evidence may bring,
Who quick inspection always had
Of Men in every thing.

The Fourth Part.

1 No mercy then for guilty ones,
The Judge will be severe ;
Christ will not mind the Sinners groans,
Who wicked have been here.

2 This is the only time of Grace,
'Tis now Men must repent,
When that day comes, there is no place,
Although they may relent.

3 The Wicked shall the Sentence hear,
Depart ye cursed all;
And being bound up hands and feet,
In flaming fire must fall:

4 And ever there too shall they lye,
The fire can not go out;
And their worm never more shall die,
Which will be sad no doubt.

5 O then poor Sinners lay to heart
Your folly, to Christ fly;
And leave thy sins, whoe're thou art,
For that day draweth nigh.

The Fifth Part.

1 O Sing ye Saints, you have a Friend
Who for you will appear
If you are faithful to the end
Whilst you do now live here,

2 Christ, when he comes, will clear you all,
And wipe all tears away;
And ye shall sing, and triumph shall
In glorious array:

3 Ye shall the happy Sentence hear,
O Come ye blessed Ones,
The blessed of my Father dear,
And take your glorious Crowns.

4 This being so, ye Saints break forth
And say, *O Come away,*
O blessed Judge of Heaven and Earth!
O haste, and do not stay.

HYMN 60.

Mat. 22. 11, 12. *And he said unto him, Friend, how camest thou hither, not having on a Wedding-garment?*

1 OF Garments there's necessity,
Since sin at first came in;
We needed none when Innocent,
We naked were by sin:

2 So a righteousness we must have all,
Sinners all naked be;
We lost our Cloaths by *Adam*'s Fall,
Must now be cloath'd by thee.

3 A Garment covereth our shame,
Sin is a filthy thing;
Thou to hide it, Lord, hither came,
Thy Robe's a covering.

4 Thy Righteousness is that Robe too
Which hides all filth within;
Such shall no shame for ever know,
Who have no stain of sin.

5 Thy Righteousness is spotless, pure,
And thou dost it impute
To us, O Lord, we have it sure,
And well it doth us suit:

For nothing but this Garment could
Make us accepted be;
None justified ever shall
Without it be by thee:

7 But every one that hath this on
They justified are,
And therefore let Believers sing
Who this rich Robe do wear.

The Second Part.

1 A Garment must exactly fit
Such who do put it on;
Thy Righteousness alone is it
That suits each gracious One.

2 In every case the Law has all
It can desire to have,
And Justice says she never shall
More of Believers crave:

3 It suits so well in each degree,
And Saints also do find
It suits them so, nothing can be
Exacter to their mind:

4 For it does with God's wisdom suit,
And cloaths our souls and heart;
And hides all our deformities,
Nay covers every part,

5 From head to foot, so that such seem
To have no spot at all;
It gloriously does fit all them,
Be they great ones or small.

The Third Part.

1 A Wedding-garment is a sign
Of joy and sweet delight,
And so that righteousness of thine
Is, Lord, in our own sight:

2 In it we do rejoyce always,
'Tis this which makes us glad;
Such may rejoyce well all their days
Who are so bravely clad.

3 A Wedding-Garment 'tis also
Richly Embroidered,
No Princess e're was cloathed so
That King did ever wed:

4 It shines bespangled with Gold,
And such who have it on
The King with joy does them behold,
And loves to look upon.

5 How

5 How may we then continually
In Jeſus Chriſt rejoyce!
And ſing to him melodiouſly
With heart and chearful voice!

The Fourth Part.

1 All who did unto Weddings come
Amongſt the Jews of old,
Muſt all have Wedding-Garments on
The Bridegroom to behold:

2 So ev'ry Soul who cloath'd is not
With Chriſt's bleſs'd righteouſneſs,
Shall be aſham'd at the laſt day,
And then be quite ſpeechleſs.

3 This Garment ſerves for every uſe,
And cannot get a ſtain;
We need not fear the leaſt abuſe,
It ſaves from hurt and pain:

4 'Tis Armour-proof unto the heart,
Its worth is infinite,
It ſaves us from each fiery Dart
Of Satan's, day and night.

5 O then poor Sinners will you ſee
This Garment to obtain?
'Twill cover your iniquity,
And leave in you no ſtain;

6 That in God's sight you shall appear
*Lovely to look upon;
Without it you undone all are,
And perish shall each one:

7 But let the Saints rejoyce and sing,
For their infirmities
Are all past over by the King,
Though many evils lies

8 Open to them, whilst inwardly
They on their sins do pore,
But shortly all their sins shall fly,
And seen be never more.

HYMN 61.

Col. 3. 11. *But Christ is all in all*, &c.

1 AH what art thou, Lord Jesus, then?
What can we speak or shall?
Thou art unto all godly Men
Even their *all in all.*

2 Thou all in first Creation wast,
All things were made by thee,
And all things for thee too were made,
Whatever, Lord, they be.

3 And thou all things dost now uphold,
Of all things dost dispose;

Thou

Thou wast before all things of old,
And dost all things disclose.

4 Thou Heir also of all things art,
All things are given thee;
And all things dost to such impart
Who call'd and chosen be.

5 The substance of all shadows too
The Antitype, likewise
Of all the Types we read of do,
Who would thee then not prize?

The Second Part.

1 IN our Redemption thou art all,
Thou didst attonement make;
Thou purchas'd grace for great and small,
All have it for thy sake.

2 In our Election thou art he,
From whence to us it springs;
And also we were chose in thee,
Which so much comfort brings.

3 In Satisfaction we do find
Thou all in all art; so
'Twas in thy own Eternal Mind
Grace on us to bestow.

4 According to thine own purpose
We all too called be,

Grace

Grace never had took hold on us
Had it not been through thee.

5 In Justification thou art all,
For 'tis in thee alone
VVe righteousness have since the Fall,
Besides thine there is none.

6 In Sanctification thou likewise
Art all in all, O Lord;
In thee alone this Blessing lies,
And by thy Holy VVord

7 And Spirit we are all made clean,
New habits from thee flow;
And all that ever wash'd have been,
To thee they owe it do.

The Third Part.

1 Lord, our Acceptation is in thee,
O thou beloved One;
No Soul shall e're accepted be,
But through thy Blood alone:

2 And all in our Salvation then
Thou art in every thing,
Thou hast the Author of it been,
And grace from thee does spring.

3 By thee we all are quickned,
And rais'd to life again,
VVho in our sins all once lay dead,
But now in life remain.

4 And

4 And in Regeneration
Ah! thou art all in all;
We are renewed by the Son,
?Tis thou who dost install

5 Each Soul in that high dignity
That waits on the new birth;
We were begotten, Lord, by thee,
And by thee are brought forth.

The Fourth Part.

1 In ev'ry Ordinance also
In which we should be found
O thou art all; for we well know
Grace in thee doth abound.

2 The Sacraments do hold thee forth,
And witness bear to thee;
And we by one to see by Faith
Thou nail'd was to the Tree;

3 Thy Body broke, and Blood was shed;
In Baptism we do espy
Thou in the Grave wast covered,
But long thou didst not lye:

4 But as the Body raised is
That cover'd was all o're,
So thou wast raised unto life,
And diest now no more.

5 In Prayer and Preaching thou art all,
What do we preach save thee?
'Tis on thy Name we also call,
And for thy sake have we

6 Whatever we do need or want,
We by thy Spirit cry,
And through thy Incense ev'ry Saint
Receives a full supply.

7 What is there more? What can we do,
But in the great'st amaze
To stand and think, and evermore
Sing forth thy worthy praise.

HYMN 62.

Christ all from the Father, to the Father, with the Father.

Sing this as the 100*dth.* Psalm.

1 LOrd, from the Father thou art all
And to the Father art the same,
And with the Father; when we call
We have all things, and in thy Name

2 All from the Father thou didst take,
Which to us thou art pleas'd to give;

Thou

Thou cam'ſt our Souls alive to make,
We from thy ſelf that life receive.

3 Thou to the Father the way art,
The truth and life are all in thee;
Unleſs thou doſt thy help impart,
The bleſſed Father we can't ſee.

4 All with the Father art beſure,
Thou haſt always thy Father's Ear;
Thou Favour with him doſt procure,
When we to him thro' thee draw near.

The Sixth Part.

1 Now let all People on the Earth
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice,
Whoſe love was ſuch to bring thee forth,
But chiefly let thy Saints rejoyce.

2 The Lord to us is good indeed,
'Tis he new Creatures did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his ſheep he doth us take.

3 O enter now his Houſe with praiſe,
Approach with joy his Courts likewiſe,
Praiſe, laud and bleſs his Name always,
For this is comely in his Eyes.

4 For why the Lord our God is good,
His Covenant it ſtandeth ſure,
'Tis ratify'd by Chriſt's own Blood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

HYMN

HYMN 63.

The Seventh Part.

Who make Christ their all.

Sing this as the 25*th.* Psalm.

1 LEt us make Christ our all,
Let's see we him do love;
To us let all things seem but small,
Let's value him above

2 House or Land, Husband, VVife,
Or Children who are dear;
Nay him esteem far above Life,
And unto him adhere:

3 Deny all for his sake,
Exalt him evermore,
Then shall we him our *all* so make
VVe never shall be poor.

4 Let's live to him always
By whom we all live do,
VVithout him let not one soul rest
As pleas'd with things below:

5 To him let's give all praise,
His glory not divide,
For God did him to glory raise,
To bring down all our pride.

6 On

6 On Ordinances do not reſt
VVithout you him enjoy;
Let him by us be ſo confeſt,
Let what will us annoy;

7 Yet hold him faſt be ſure,
Let all go for his ſake,
And him let's love for evermore,
O thus your *all* him make!

HYMN 64.

The Eighth Part.

We muſt make Chriſt our all.

1 WE muſt make Chriſt our *all*,
'Cauſe God o're all is he;
And God doth him ſo high extoll,
All to him bend their Knee.

2 'Tis he who ſuffered
All things too for our ſake,
And all our Foes has conquered,
Your *all* him therefore make.

3 He all our works hath wrought
VVithout and too within;
VVithout his ſtrength we can do nought
'Gainſt Devil, VVorld, nor Sin.

4 Nothing's of any worth
VVhen to him 'tis compar'd ;
To make him *all* God brought him forth,
A Body him prepar'd

5 To do all things for us,
If him therefore we have,
VVhat is there more that is precious
That we of God can crave.

HYMN 65.

The Ninth Part.

1 CHrist is the VVord, in whom is life,
'Tis he shall have the glory ;
Life to the Dead, the truth of Types,
The truth of ancient story.

2 Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King,
A Prophet that's all Light,
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,
A King full of delight.

3 Christ's Manhood is a Temple where
The Holy God does rest ;
Our Christ he is our Sacrifice,
Our Christ he is a Priest :

4 Our Christ he is the Lord of Lords,
Christ is the King of Kings ;

Christ

Christ is the Sun of Righteousness
With healing in his wings:

5 Our Christ he is the Tree of Life,
In Paradise he grows, [heal,
Whose Fruits do feed, whose Leaves do
Ah! Christ is *Sharons* Rose:

6 Christ is our Meat, Christ is our Drink,
Our Physick, and our Health: [Crown,
Our Peace, our Strength, our Joy, our
Our Glory, and our Wealth.

7 Christ is our Father, and our Friend,
Our Brother, and our Love;
Our Head, our Hope, our Surety,
Our Advocate above.

HYMN 66.

The Tenth Part.

1 CHrist is the Shepherd of his Sheep,
Christ is our Mediator;
Christ is the Root, Christ is the Branch,
Christ is our Testator.

2 Christ is the holy Lamb of God,
Christ is our Physician;
Christ is the Way, Christ is the Door,
The Life of ev'ry Christian.

3 Christ is God's great Embassador,
Christ is the only Heir;
Christ is the bright and Morning-Star,
Christ is beyond compare.

4 Christ is the Foundation sure,
Christ is the Corner Stone;
Christ is the Witness and the Truth,
Christ is the holy One.

5 Christ is a bundle of sweet Myrrh,
Christ is the Apple-Tree;
The Lilly of the Valley too,
Christ he is *all* to me

6 Th' Captain of our Salvation,
And Christ is the true Vine;
And Christ is our Counsellor,
In Christ all glories shine.

7 Christ is our Heav'n of Heav'ns,
Our Christ what shall we call?
Christ is the *first*, Christ is the *last*,
Thus Christ is *all in all.*

The End of the Second Part.

PART

PART III.

Containing

Sacred Hymns of Praiſe

ON THE

Glorious Excellencies of the Holy Ghoſt, Or Third Perſon of the bleſſed Trinity.

HYMN 67.

Joh. 14. 16. *But I will pray the Father, and he ſhall give you another Comforter.*

1 LOrd we thy People here on Earth
Do meet with great ſorrow;
Tho' each Soul knows what now he hath,
Yet knows not what to morrow

2 May him befall; Afflictions are
Oft great, and may encreaſe;
Both from without and from within
We meet with little peace.

3 A Comforter, O Lord, we want,
O ſend us one we pray
For to ſuſtain each drooping Saint!
O ſend him ſtrait away!

4 Thou

4 Thou told'ſt us, Lord, thou wouldſt ſend
To live with us for ever, [one
And thou didſt, Lord, aſcend thy Throne
His preſence to procure.

5 The Holy Ghoſt, O it is he!
Our comfort in him lyes!
There's none elſe, none can have we
Beſides to ceaſe our cryes.

6 We know, O Lord, he able is
To ſpeak unto our heart;
For troubles he, whate're they be,
Can joy to us impart:

7 And willing he is always too
His helping-hand to lend;
He loves us dear, and will appear,
We han't a ſweeter Friend.

The Second Part.

1 Thy Spirit, Lord, is in thy ſtead
Sweet comfort to afford,
And of him we do ſtand in need
I'th' abſence of our Lord.

2 He viſits us, and oft does grieve
To ſee our Souls ſo ſad,
And in our troubles doth relieve
Us, though our caſe be bad.

3 He ſearches and does try our hearts
To find our ſorrows out,

And

And ſtrives all cauſes to remove,
And ſo joy work about.

4 According as he finds our ſtate,
So unto us doth ſpeak;
He does reprove as he ſees cauſe,
Which makes our hearts to ake;

5 But preſently he ſmiles again
When we do ſee our ſin,
And puts a period to our pain,
And brings much comfort in.

6 O he is God, and can't miſtake
The ſtate of any one,
And never will our Souls forſake,
Nor leave us all alone;

7 But if he doth withdraw at all,
It is our Souls to try;
Where e're we be when we do call,
Ah, he is always nigh!

The Third Part.

1 If thy Spirit, Lord, doth ſpeak peace,
We peace beſure have;
He can make all our ſorrows ceaſe,
And in all troubles ſave.

2 All Comforters beſides him be
Unable to relieve,
Inſtead of comfort *Job* did ſee
They did of joy bereave.

3 The best of them we have below
Can speak but to the Ear,
But, Lord, thy Spirit we all know
Can make our hearts to hear.

4 O then let us not grieve him, Lord,
He is our blessed Friend;
If he to us don't help afford,
Our Souls will die i'th' end;

5 But if we are truly sincere,
He will us never leave,
But in our straits he will appear,
And to us close will cleave.

6 O then let us break forth and sing,
We shall have peace at home;
Our sighs shall go, for we do know
The Comforter is come.

HYMN 68.

Joh. 3. 8. *The Wind bloweth where it listeth*, &c.

1 THe Wind, Lord, is invisible,
Its way we can't find out;
No Mortal can thy Spirit see,
Though he does search about.

His motions they most hidden are,
Mysterious in their kind,

That

That thou doſt them oft-times compare
To motions of the Wind.

3 The Wind at thy command doth blow;
Lord 'tis as thou doſt pleaſe,
Thy Spirit moves on us below
To wound, or to give eaſe:

4 According to thy Sovereign Grace
It operates on Men;
Sometimes he doth ſharply rebuke,
Then cheriſhes agen.

5 Like as the North-wind, ſo does he
The Worms and Weeds deſtroy;
Thoſe filthy Vermin which we ſee,
Our Souls ſo much annoy.

6 He tryals and afflictions lays
On us, and does reprove;
And then ſweet Southern-gales diſplays,
Our ſorrows to remove.

The ſecond Part.

1 He like the Wind doth Clouds expell,
And makes a clearer Air;
Our ignorance he doth repeal,
And makes our Sun ſhine clear.

2 He, like the Wind, does ſearch and try,
And pierces ev'ry part,

By which he does discern and spy
The secrets of each heart.

3 He dryes up all our ways so foul,
And makes our paths more clean;
He makes a holy gracious Soul,
Which had most filthy been.

4 His influence and bless'd effects
We oftentimes do feel;
He makes the tender Willows bend,
And mighty Cedars reel:

5 He makes the glory of Man to fade
Like Flowers of the Field,
And throws down houses such have made
Who on the sands do build.

6 He blows oft-times till Rain does fall,
Or Tears do pour amain;
And afterwards we see withall
He clears our sky again.

The Third Part.

1 Men with much care and observance
Do mind how the Winds blow;
So we th' Spirits influence
Likewise should strive to know.

2 Our Souls becalm'd sometimes we see
For want of a fresh gale,
Without thy Spirit move can's we,
Thy Wind must fill our sayl.

3 Some-

3 Sometimes thy Spirit blows ſo ſlow
As if it quite were ſtill,
Yet at ſuch times his work doth do
With ſtrange and wondrous skill:

4 From all which things it doth appear
Th' Spirits Operations
Are ſometimes leſs, and ſometimes more,
He differs in his motions.

5 Let's cry to God who holds the Winds
In his Almighty Fiſt,
Who makes it blow this way or that,
As he himſelf doth liſt;

6 That he would ſend a freſher gale
Upon his Garden ſo,
That our ſweet Fruit may never fail,
But Spices forth may flow.

HYMN 69.

1 Theſſ. 5. 22. *Quench not the Spirit.*

1 O Lord 'tis ſharp, 'tis very cold,
A Fire let us have;
We ſeem benumm'd both young and old,
Thy Spirit we do crave,

2 'Tis that will warm and quicken us
Who are ſo flat and dead;

Shall we lye ſtarving and chill'd thus,
As if all joys were fled?

3 There is in us ſo little heat,
Our Spirits are ſo faint,
O blow thy fire we intreat,
That ſpark in ev'ry Saint:

4 It does give light, and alſo warmth,
Yea 'twill revive us ſo,
That we ſhall mount and high aſcend
Above all things below.

5 Let it conſume and ſeize upon
That Chaff which is within;
O let it burn in every one,
And quite conſume our ſin!

6 Ye Saints take heed ye quench it not,
But let it vehement burn,
And kindle ſo, that every ſin
It may to Aſhes turn.

7 Without this fire we can't work,
Nor any buſineſs do,
Life, motion, and activity,
Always from him does flow.

HYMN 70.

1 Joh. 2. 20. *But ye have an Unction from the holy One.*

1 OUr *wounds do ſtink, and are corrupt,*
Hard ſwellings we do ſee;
We want a little Oyntment, Lord,
Let us more humble be:

2 Thy Spirit will allay our pride,
And bring us to thy feet;
And when that we are ſoftened,
Thy Image on us ſet.

3 This Oyl will heal and mollifie,
O pour it quickly in,
That we may live and never die,
Lord, by our curſed ſin!

4 This Oyl of thine, O it is good
All Poyſon to expell!
It by the vertue of thy Blood
Does heal thy *Iſrael.*

5 Though worſt of Venom in us lye,
And has corrupt each part;
Yet if thou doſt this Oyl apply,
'Twill heal our very heart:

6 And if our face anoynted be,
'Twill make it glorious ſhine,

'Twill ſtrengthen us, and make us fat,
Such is this Oyl of thine.

7 Thy Oyl will not incorporate
With any liquid things;
An Underlin it won't be made,
But to the top it ſprings.

8 O then afford us Oyl we pray
To chear and make us glad,
And we thy praiſe will ſing always,
And never more be ſad.

HYMN 66.

Eph. 1. 13. *After ye believed, ye were ſealed with that ſpirit of promiſe which is the earneſt of our inheritance,* &c.

1 A Great Eſtate is purchaſed,
We would Poſſeſſion have
Of that bleſſed Inheritance,
An Earneſt therefore crave:

2 Was it not purchaſed, O Lord,
For us by our dear Friend?
O then a Pledge do thou afford,
An Evidence to end

3 The Controverſie that doth riſe
Continually within,

If

If we'll believe our Enemies,
Our Title's loſt by ſin:

4 But we a promiſe of it have
From thee who can'ſt not lie,
And therefore now we humby crave
An Earneſt ſpeedily.

5 Like as an Earneſt doth confirm,
And give an aſſurance
Of ſome great purchaſe, even ſo
We all may ſee from hence

6 God's Spirit is unto our Souls
An Earneſt of all good,
Which Jeſus Chriſt did buy for us
With his moſt precious Blood.

7 And as an Earneſt when 'tis given
Doth make the Bargain ſure,
So certain ſhall he have Heaven
This Earneſt doth procure.

The ſecond Part.

1 He that God's Spirit doth obtain
Shall grace and glory have;
For he an Earneſt of it hath
From one that can't deceive.

2 O then come down, O bleſſed Dove,
Abide thou in our breaſt,
To be an Earneſt of God's love,
And quietly we'll reſt;

3 But ceaſe will not, but always cry
With confidence of Soul,
Thou art our God, O ſtrengthen us,
That none may us controul.

4 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghoſt therefore,
Be bleſſing, honour, and renown,
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 72.

Eph. 1. 30. *And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are ſealed to the day of redemption.*

1 O Lord, now we perceive moſt clear
Thy love is great indeed;
Ah we ſhall the Inheritance have
Which thou to buy didſt bleed.

2 Thou wouldſt not, Lord, bought it ſo dear
Had not thy purpoſe been
To make it ſure unto our Souls
In ſpite of World, or Sin;

3 And as for us thou didſt it buy,
And we the Earneſt have,
So now we alſo do eſpy
A *Seal* to us does cleave.

4 We

4 We ſealed are, *O that's a thing*
Which highly's valued,
And great aſſurance doth it bring
Of what is purchaſed.

5 It alſo doth impreſſion make
Upon the wax always;
So we thy Image have hereby,
And ſhall have all our days:

6 But as the wax muſt melted be
Before it can receive
Th' impreſſion of the Seal, ſo we
Are ſoftned who believe:

7 And this doth thy bleſs'd Spirit do,
That holy Fire divine;
His influences this does ſhow,
Thus doth his glories ſhine.

The ſecond Part.

1 And as a Seal ſome ſtrive to change,
Or it do counterfeit;
So Satan, who about doth range,
Does ſtrive our Souls to cheat.

2 A *Seal* is uſed to ſecure
Things ſecret and cloſe, ſo
Thy Saints preſerved are hereby
From Men and Devils too.

3 Now ſee ye who Profeſſors are
That you have melted been,

As soften'd like the wax; have you
Been broken for your sin?

4 Hath any promise been set home
With power on your heart?
Did ever so God's Spirit come
His Image to impart?

5 O what Impression do you find?
Is holiness in you?
Do you now in the Lord delight
More than in things below?

6 Take care you who are sealed Ones
Ye don't the Spirit grieve;
Don't make him sigh with bitter groans,
Since such a Seal you have.

7 O prize him, and unto him live!
He is your dearest Friend;
Due glory see to him you give
Always unto the end.

HYMN 73.

Eph. 4. 30. *And grieve not the holy Spirit of God,* &c.

1 *THe holy Spirit grieve do not,*
Which God to you doth give,
From whom ye have all that rich grace
By which to God we live.

2 *It is the Spirit that renews*
The Souls of every one
That are brought home to Jeſus Chriſt,
Whoſe darkneſs now is gone.

3 *All light and comfort doth proceed*
From his ſweet influence;
'Tis dangerous then him to grieve,
You may perceive from hence.

4 *By him you live, by him you walk,*
Without his help can't we
Do any good; O therefore now
Let him not grieved be.

5 *But bleſs the Lord he's not withdrawn,*
O ſing his praiſes forth,
And live to him as long as you
Do live upon the Earth.

HYMN 74.

Rom. 8. 16. *The Spirit it ſelf beareth Witneſs with our Spirit.*

1 O Lord we have a bleſſed grant
Of an *Inheritance,*
And ſo hath every holy Saint;
And thy grace to advance,

2 Thou doſt to us an *Earneſt* give
Of it to make it ſure,

And

And *Sealed* 'tis when we believe
Unto us too for ever:

3 But that we might by no means doubt
To make it firmer yet,
A *Witness*, Lord, thou hast found out,
Which thou saw'st requisite.

4 Sure 'tis some great and glorious thing
That purchas'd was so dear;
And 'twill eternal comfort bring
To have a title clear.

5 *O let thy Spirit*, Lord, come in,
We'll hear what he can say,
Before we dare once, Lord, attempt
A Claim unto it lay.

6 But since *one Witness* may not do,
And *two* required are,
Let *Conscience* with thy Spirit now
His witness also bear.

The Second Part.

1 Thy Spirit must, Lord, testifie
That we are born again;
Is all sin dead? Let *Conscience* speak
To put us out of pain.

2 *Two* Witnesses, nay such as these
We'll prize, for they are true;
Ah! they will free us from all fear,
Whatever does insue.

3 If they together do agree,
The Controverſie 's gone ;
If we new Creatures truly be,
VVe ſafe are ev'ry one.

4 They'll make us to lift up our head
VVith joy triumphantly ;
All ſorrow will be vanquiſhed,
O then let's ſearch and try

5 By thy own Law ; for *'tis thy Word*
The matter muſt decide ;
Thy *Spirit* from thy *Word*, O Lord,
VVe never muſt divide.

6 O happy Soul, art thou *ſincere*,
Upright *in life and heart* ?
Do both theſe *joyntly witneſs bear*,
That thus alſo thou art ?

7 Then ſing the praiſe of God above,
VVho clears to thee this thing ;
O with the Spirit fall in love,
And praiſe our glorious King.

HYMN 75.

Joh. 7. 30. *He that believeth, out of his Belly ſhall flow Rivers of living water.*

1 VVE of a *River* now *will ſing*,
A *Stream* that ſweetly runs ;
And

And praiſe the high and glorious King,
That he the *Channel turns*

2 This way, to us in theſe *dry Iſles*,
I'th' ſolitary place,
Sweet ſtreams of water doe riſe up,
God doth pour forth his grace.

3 This makes our *Wilderneſs rejoyce*,
It *Sion* doth make *glad*;
And Saints to ſing with chearful voice,
That mourn'd, and were ſo ſad.

4 *This River* ſweetly ſoaks the Earth
VVhere-e're its ſtreams do run,
And plenteouſly he will pour forth
His waters e're he's done.

5 This *River*, O 'tis very deep,
The bottom none can know;
Freſh always doth its waters keep,
And yet they over-flow.

6 Its Banks they are God's holy VVord,
That is his laſting bounds;
Oh! where God doth his Name record,
There are theſe waters found.

7 *Over theſe Banks* it will not go,
Nor ever break them down;
VVhoe're they be who make a breach,
They ſhall be overthrown.

The

The Second Part.

This *River* when it ſwiftly runs
With an *impetuous ſtream*,
It drives the Soul to Jeſus Chriſt,
O there's no ſtopping them:

2 Trees that are planted by its ſide
How ſweetly do they grow?
Like Willows by the Water-courſe
And Drought ſuch *never know*

3 *This River* brings things from *afar*.
The beſt *Navigation*
Is in *this River* to ſet out,
'Twill bring us to Salvation.

4 That Soul which doth imploy himſelf,
And work herein each day,
He ſhall be rich eternally,
And a bleſs'd Scepter ſway.

5 The Waters of this River are
Excellent good to drink;
If thou doſt taſte, thou wilt no more
Upon your ſorrows think.

6 No Wines ſo rare, ne're cou'd compare
With theſe Waters beſure;
And ſuch who do drink of them too,
Ah! he ſhall live for ever.

7 Sing to the *River*, *River* of *God*,
Let *Sion* much rejoyce;
O ſing ye Saints with one accord
To Chriſt with chearful voice.

HYMN 76.

Ezek. 36. 25. *I will ſprinkle clean water upon you.*
Joh. 7. 30. *Out of his belly ſhall flow living water*, &c.

1 THis River flows from God above,
It from his Throne proceeds,
And ſweetly too this way doth move,
It many millions feeds.

2 Theſe Waters purge from filthineſs,
Come waſh and be you clean;
It makes the barren Soul flouriſh,
And ſpread his *Branches green.*

3 It's *cooling* to a *ſweating Soul*
That Satan hunts about;
'Twill quench the *fire of luſts within*,
It does allay our drought.

4 It makes the Seed of Grace to grow,
It mollifies our Earth;
All ſuch its influences know
Who *witneſs* the *new birth.*

5 It

5 It heals the wounded Soul likewiſe,
There's no *diſeaſe within*
But by theſe Waters cur'd have been,
O drink, and drink agen!

6 O come unto theſe Waters ye
Who very thirſty are!
To all that come they are moſt free,
O drink, and do not ſpare!

The Second Part.

1 Do not be fooliſh and miſtake,
To go to the wrong Well;
Theſe Waters 'tis that you muſt take,
Which far, alas, excell

2 All Waters you can go unto;
Ah! would you healed be?
To Chriſt by his own Spirit come,
And ſickneſs ſoon will flee.

3 Ye Fools, what is't that you do drink?
'Tis puddle-water baſe,
It ſtinks, 'tis filthy, God it loaths,
O taſte of his ſweet grace,

4 And ſinful joys will hateful be,
And you will ſpue them up;
Come taſte a little Water: See!
Come try! Take one *ſmall ſup*,

5 And you will ſay God's love, O 'tis
Moſt pleaſant to your taſte!

But

But the chief ſweetneſs is reſerv'd
For us to drink at laſt.

6 O praiſe the glorious God above
Theſe Waters overflow!
Sing praiſe to Jeſus Chriſt our Lord,
And praiſe the Spirit too.

HYMN 77.

Luk. 12. 12. *The holy Spirit ſhall teach you*, &c.

1 WE many things are yet to learn,
Lord, we inſtructions need;
We fain would all thy Truths diſcern,
And from all doubts be freed.

2 Some things be dark, and *hidden* are
That we can't underſtand,
And therefore, Lord, to make them clear
By a moſt skilful hand

3 Thy Spirit haſt ordain'd to be
A *Teacher* unto us,
All praiſe and glory unto thee
For dealing with us thus.

4 He has all knowledge of thy Laws,
And opens ev'ry thing,

And can discover ev'ry flaw
That up may seem to spring

5 VVithin our minds about the way
VVherein we ought to go;
Out of a Book he teaches us
The meaning he does show.

6 He did himself this *Book compile*,
'Twas he who *gave it out*,
And therefore can it *open well*,
And *Answer ev'ry doubt*

7 Unto the ignorant and blind,
If they his counsel take,
God's Kingdom they at last shall find,
And them he'll perfect make.

The Second Part.

1 He doth not teach to go astray
From thy own written VVord,
That's not thy Spirit, nor the way,
VVhich doth not just accord

2 In every thing we sure are
VVith thy New Testament,
Lord, all such Spirits we'll not hear,
By thee they were not sent;

3 Thy VVord it is a sure Rule,
O let thy Spirit come
And witness too't most graciously,
And ev'ry Nail drive home.

4 Let

4 Let all Convictions close abide
Of sin and duty too,
And let us find each promise firm
VVhich unto us doth flow:

5 And we thy Praises will sing forth,
And never go astray,
VVhen in our Souls thy Spirit doth
Tell us this is the way.

HYMN 78.

Mat. 3. 16. *And he saw the Spirit descending like a Dove, and lighted upon him.*

1 DOwn from above the blessed *Dove*
Is come; Ah! shall he rest,
Thou Holy and Eternal One,
VVith me, O in my *Breast!*

2 There let thy Spirit dwell, O Lord,
VVho has a Dove-like Eye,
Most quick to see; before his sight
All things do naked lye.

3 O he is innocent indeed,
Most harmless, and most meek;
VVhoever would from wrath be freed,
His nature they must seek.

All ſuch who are gentle and kind,
Moſt humble in their heart,
This *Dove* infus'd it in their mind,
He did that grace impart.

3 Ah! he is ſwift as any *Dove*,
And quickly can be here;
Though he deſcended from above,
Yet is he ev'ry where.

The ſecond Part.

1 From ſight of thy All-ſeeing Spirit
O whither can we go?
His Eyes do ſearch all places out,
He walketh to and fro

2 *Through the Earth, where can we hide?*
O whither can we fly,
Lord, from thy preſence? 'cauſe thou art
Far off, and alſo nigh.

3 Shall we to Heaven mount aloft?
Lo, thou art preſent there!
Or if we ſhould go down to *Hell*,
Ev'n there thou doſt appear!

4 Yea, ſhould we take us Morning wings,
And dwell beyond the Sea,
There would thy right-hand have faſt hold,
And with us quickly be:

5 Nay,

5 Nay, *if we ſay the darkneſs ſhall*
Yet ſhroud us *from thy ſight*,
Alas! the *thickeſt darkneſs* is
To thee like to the *light*:

Yea, *darkneſs hideth not from thee*,
But *night doth ſhine as day*;
To thee the darkneſs and the night
Are both alike alway.

The Third Part.

1 Thy Spirit's ſwift, he's ſwift in flight,
From him there's none can fly;
VVe ever be, Lord in thy ſight,
Thou canſt us ſoon ſupply

2 VVith all good things which we *do need*,
And could we get thy VVings,
VVe ſhould mount up, from fear be freed,
And hate earth's empty things.

3 Behold he's come, an *Olive-leaf*
VVithin his mouth we ſee;
God's *wrath* is o're, it is aſſwag'd,
O therefore joyful be.

4 Let's ſee *thy face*, and hear *thy voice*,
And taſte thy ſweeteſt love!
O Souls *aſcend*! but O for *Wings*,
The VVings of *Noah's* Dove!

5 Then

5 Then ſhould we fly away from hence,
Leaving this world and ſin, [hand,
And ſoon wouldſt thou, Lord, reach thy
And kindly take us in.

HYMN 79.

Joh. 16. 13. *He will guide you into all truth.*

1 WE Strangers are, Lord in the world,
Ah! 'tis a wilderneſs,
And many crooked ways there are,
We therefore do confeſs

2 We want a Guide who skilful is,
Thy Spirit, Lord, is come,
No Guide like him be ſure there is,
O let him guide us home.

3 Thy Spirit points unto thy Word,
And ſhews where *dangers* lye;
Let's yield our ſelves with one accord
To him continually;

4 And we ſhall all be rid of cares,
And never loſe our way;
He *true Directions* always gives,
We may not go *aſtray*.

5 O well it is for us, O Lord,
VVho *naturally are blind,*
That we have ſuch a Guide as this
To ſtay our *doubtful mind.*

6 Then ſing to him with heart and voice,
No counſel like to his;
He will not leave us till he hath
Brought us to *laſting bliſs.*

The End of the Third Part.

PART

PART IV.

Containing

SACRED HYMNS

Illuſtrating the glorious Excellencies of God's holy WORD, and bleſſed Goſpel.

HYMN 80.

Pſal. 119. 105. *Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light to my paths.*

1 LIght is a *pleaſant thing to ſee,*
Thy Word true Light doth *give,*
Nothing can, Lord, ſo pleaſant be,
'Tis that by which we *live,*

2 *By which we walk,* by which we work,
And all things elſe we do;
All they who are without this *light,*
Don't know whither they go.

3 Thy Word diſcovery, Lord, doth make,
It *manifeſteth things;*
From thence we do our judgment take,
It Knowledge to us brings:

4 What once we were we know hereby
How ſad was then our ſtate;
Sin's filthy nature through it we ſpy,
And it do come to hate.

5 The *way of our Salvation* too
It doth diſcover clear,
And how thou wilt be worſhipped
Whilſt we do all live here.

The Second Part.

1 Who the *true Church* is we may ſee,
If thy good Word we heed;
And by it we the *falſe Church* know,
Which filthy is indeed.

2 All things that needful are, O Lord,
Unto eternal life,
Is plain diſcovered by thy Word,
Which ends all *doubts* and *ſtrife*

3 That is, hath been a long time
Amongſt us here on Earth,
About the Church, and Truth of God,
But this all ſilenc'd hath.

4 Light hath a *clearing quality*,
And by its heat things grow;
And by it too all Fogs do fly,
Such influences flow

5 As doth revive and ſweetly chear
The Soul that drooping lies,

They

They *by thy Word, Lord, quickned are,*
And all their sorrows flies.

6 Light hath a shining quality,
Thy Gospel shines so bright,
That nothing can more glorious be
In all thy Children's sight.

HYMN 81.

Psal. 19. 10. *More are they to be desired than Gold, yea, than much fine Gold.*

1 HOw precious is that Word of thine,
Can *Gold* with it compare,
When 'tis all *sacred*, all *divine?*
No, there is nothing here

2 Like unto it, 'tis of such worth,
A little quantity
Of it exceeds all things on Earth,
Such glories in it lye.

3 Tho' *Gold* doth deck the *outward Man*,
This doth the *Soul* adorn;
Thy *Gospel* is an *Ornament*,
Nay, 'tis thy Peoples *Crown*.

4 Gold doth make Vessels which are rare,
Thy Word and Spirit do
Make *golden Saints* beyond compare,
And *golden Churches* too:

5 Yea, Candlesticks of beaten Gold
Are formed out of it,
Which glorious are, Lord, to behold,
But will be rarer yet.

The Second Part.

1 And as Gold is durable, so
It will the tryal bear;
Thy *Word is try'd, and will abide*
Whilst Heaven and Earth appear.

2 But O what pains do Mortals use
To get a little Gold!
Which when 'tis got, it flyes away,
And it they cannot hold.

3 O then forbear and labour now
For Gold that will abide,
To lasting glory 'twill bring you,
And fill your Souls beside:

4 Which Gold could never do, nor shall,
That cannot satisfie
The Soul of Man, the thing's too small,
It can't its wants supply.

5 True peace and satisfaction is
Only in God above;
His Word receive, and soon you will
Be filled with his love.

HYMN

HYMN 82.

1 Pet. 2. 2. *As new born Babes desiring the sincere Milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.*

1 ART thou a *Babe*, tho' *newly born?*
What is thy Soul's desire?
Dost hunger for *Milk of God's Word*,
And raise thy cry yet higher?

2 As pretty Babes who want the Breast,
How do they cry amain!
Ah! can thy Soul find no small rest
Till thou dost Milk obtain:

3 Then know it is a sure sign
Thou hast a heavenly heart,
And God to feed that Soul of thine
Will his sweet Word impart

4 To thee, that thou *mayst grow thereby*,
O it is very good;
Milk nourishes and feeds the Child
Better than other Food.

5 Stong Meat thou canst not yet digest,
Milk's a Restorative;
God's Word restores decayed Souls,
Nay, makes the dead alive.

6 Milk was a bleſſing choice of old,
And with it *Canaan* flow'd;
Haſt thou God's Word? What Bleſſing [then
Better can be beſtow'd

7 On thee, poor Soul, O prize it much,
And on it always feed,
Twill *ſtrengthen thee*, and *make thee fat*,
And nothing ſhalt thou need.

The Second Part.

1 Ye who are Lovers of ſweet Milk,
Will, will you now make haſte?
O come and buy! this doth excell!
We pray you Friends to taſte.

2 If you were once born from above,
Though but young Babes you were,
You with this Milk would fall in love,
And ſay it taſteth rare.

3 But whileſt your evil nature is
Corrupted thus with ſin,
And glutted are continually
With filthy traſh within,

4 You cannot reliſh this ſweet Food,
Your Mouths are out of taſte,
And therefore you don't find it good,
But want it will at laſt:

5 But you who are God's little ones,
What cauſe have you to ſing,
That you have plenty ſtill of Milk,
And every other thing.

6 O live to God, and ſing again
His bleſſed Praiſes forth,
Who feeds, and doth repleniſh you,
And ſtrengthens all your Faith.

HYMN 83.

Heb. 5. 14. *Strong meat belongs to thoſe that are of age*, &c.

1 SOme of God's Children are grown up
To ſuch maturity,
That they on Meat that's ſtrong can ſup,
In which great vertues lye.

2 *Young-men* and *Fathers* ſome there be
Whoſe ſenſes have been long
In exerciſe, and therefore they
Are ſtronger than the young

3 And *little Babes*, whoſe *Stomach's weak*,
And therefore cannot bear
Nor take in dark *myſterious things*,
Which elder Saints does chear.

4 It argues ſuch diſeaſed be
Who unto years are grown,
If ſuch Meat with them don't agree,
By which Chriſt is made known.

5 More clearly to the Ear and Eye
Than other Doctrins can,
And therefore we ſay preſently
He's a diſeaſed Man.

6 Some baſe diſeaſe on him has ſeiz'd,
He's under ſome decay,
His ſtomach riſes at God's Word,
And puts it quite away.

The Second Part.

1 But like as Meat that's *ſtrong* doth yield
The *better nouriſhment*,
So ſuch who can ſtrong things take in,
Are not ſo impotent,

2 Nor ne're ſo weak as others be,
But harder work can do,
And unto them continually
Does ſweeter comforts flow.

3 Small things do them not ſoon offend,
But ſtrengthned be to bear
Such things that others ſtartle at,
And can't abide to hear.

4 O then ye Saints do you see to't,
Your weakness don't betray,
Who have been long in *Jesus's School*,
Yet stumbling-blocks do lay

5 In your own paths, and others too,
And so expose God's Name
To great reproach, but on your selves
Do bring the greatest shame:

6 But let the strong bear with the weak
In things indifferent,
And let the weak more wisdom seek,
Than from the strong to rent,

7 It is a blessed truth of God
For which the strong contend,
Tho' you being weak do yet not see't,
But may though in the end.

HYMN 84.

Psal. 110. 133. *How sweet are thy words to my taste! yea, sweeter than Honey unto my mouth.*

1 HOw sweet is Honey, and the Comb
In which Honey is found!
But, Lord, thy Word it doth excell,
Its sweetness does abound

2 Beyond all things, though ne're so sweet,
There's nothing can it show,
Nor set it forth unto its worth
Of things which are below:

3 Nothing with it can once compare,
O do but taste and try;
For none but such can ever tell
What good in it doth lye.

4 If you to Honey add such things
Which very bitter are,
The bitterness it doth take off,
Nay sweet it doth appear

5 Unto the taste; so if you do
With great afflictons meet,
If God a Promise gives to you,
The tryal will be sweet.

6 But though Honey so sweet is found,
Yet some do it not love;
So none do find God's Word most sweet,
But those born from above.

The Second Part.

1 For the *full stomach oft doth loath*
The Honey-Comb so sweet;
So carnal's that account God's Word
As poor and sorry Meat.

2 Honey

2 Honey is of a purging kind,
God's Word it purges ſo,
It doth make clean both *Heart* and *Mind*,
The *Life* and *Lip* alſo.

3 O then be like the pretty Bee
Which doth induſtriouſly
From ev'ry Flower ſhe can ſee
Her ſelf ſtore with Honey.

4 And now ye Saints who ſweetneſs find
In God's moſt bleſſed Word,
Sing forth his Praiſe with *joyful Mind*
Joyntly with one accord.

HYMN 85.

Eph. 6. 17. *And the Sword of the* Spirit, *which is the Word of God*, &c.

1 O Lord, we hear *War is proclaim'd*,
And we *engaged are*
To fight with thee, and in theſe VVars,
To take our *proper ſhare*.

2 The Enemy is cruel ſtrong,
And will no quarter give;
And threatens us both old and young,
VVe ſhan't much longer live:

3 Thou

3 Thou didst o'recome him formerly,
He rallies up again
His scatter'd force, and we espy
We fight must or be slain.

4 O let us have thy mighty Sword!
O there is none like it!
If in our hearts we have thy Word,
We'll bring them to our feet.

5 A Sword all Souldiers must have on,
So ev'ry Saint must have
Thy Word to fight with, or else they
Will soon their Souls inslave.

6 A Sword doth not only defend
The Souldier in the Field,
But by it he makes Foes to bend,
And unto him to yield;

7 So doth thy Word, O holy Lord,
Save us, and yet annoys,
All cruel Foes, it brings them down,
Nay them it quite destroys.

The Second Part.

1 It a two edged Sword is too,
It wounds always with one,
And with the other it does heal
Likewise e're it has done;

2 By its ſharp threats it wounds the Soul,
But turn it then again,
It's Promiſes does make us whole,
And eaſes every pain:

3 It will cut off an *hand* or *foot*,
Diſmember the *old Man*;
If we do not *deſtroy his Life*,
We live, Lord, never can.

4 Wounds of a Sword do mortal prove
If once it pierce the heart;
So let thy Word, Lord, hit our ſin,
A mortal wound impart.

5 A Sword doth often fright a Foe,
So that he cowardly
Beholding it, away doth go,
Nay, ſwift perhaps does fly;

6 Even ſo that Soul who hath thy Word
Drawn always in his Hand,
Doth make his Enemies to run,
A Battel will not ſtand.

The Third Part.

1 Thy VVord is a *victorious thing*,
A VVeapon which oft does
Such execution by thy *ſtrength*,
Great Armies it o'rethrows.

2 It muſt be us'd with greateſt skill,
And by a *pow'rful hand*;

'Tis

'Tis by thy Spirit we do kill
All Foes who us withſtand.

3 No Hand but that this Sword can *wield*,
The Spirit gives the blow,
VVe by them *both* do win the *Field*,
And Enemies o'rethrow.

4 The Spirit doth thy VVord explain,
'Twas forg'd and given forth
Even by himſelf, and therefore he
The chiefeſt glory hath.

5 The efficacy of thy VVord,
Does in thy Spirit lye,
It an impreſſion ne're will make,
If he don't it apply.

6 All praiſe do ye give unto God
VVho do its power feel;
Ah! 'tis a Sword that doth excell
The richeſt made with Steel.

The Fourth Part.

1 Ye Saints hold faſt beſure your Sword,
And rather die o'th' ſpot
Than to be cheated of God's VVord;
For ſhould it be your lot

2 It for to loſe, you *naked* are
And will become a prey

Unto

Unto the *bloody Church of Rome*
The very self same day:

3 And see you have skill it to use
When you with Foes do meet,
Or else you never will prevail
To bring them to your feet:

4 And always bless the holy God
Who doth to us afford
The blessed Scriptures of Truth,
Prize it with one accord.

HYMN 86.

2 Cor. 3. 18. *But we all with open face beholding as in a glass*, &c.

1 HOw prone are people generally
To look into a Glass,
But will not look into God's Word
To see their woful case.

2 There may they see how foul they be,
How loathsom in God's Eyes,
Whilst in their sins they do remain,
Like Swine in filthy Sties.

3 A Glass it is a medium fit
Persons to represent,

So

So in thy VVord we may behold
Our God Omnipotent;

4 Therein his rare Perfections shine,
Yea, his *illustrious Face*,
In all his glorious Attributes,
His Goodness and his Grace,

5 VVe in thy VVord may these behold
Beyond what we do see;
Those VVorks of thine, Lord, can unfold,
Or do make known of thee.

6 Here we may see the *Father* clear,
And *Son* in glory shine;
Here doth the *Holy Ghost* appear,
And all alike divine.

The Second Part.

1 A Glass, that's true, doth represent
A Man's own nat'ral Face,
But he away goes, and forgets
VVhat kind of Man he was:

2 So they who only hear God's VVord,
And the same do not do,
The Holy Ghost to such compare,
Which doth their folly show.

3 A Glass is us'd to dress the Head
To put on their Attire;
Come, dress your selves by this rare Glass,
To raise your beauty higher.

4 Here you may see what still you want,
The which you must have on;
Here may you see how fair you be,
That Grace doth sweet adorn.

5 You wanton Ones, for shame leave off
Your evil habits, who
Spend so much time in looking in
Your Glasses; Sinners know.

6 Your Glasses will in the last day
As Witnesses arise
Against you in judgment severe,
Such folly in it lyes,

7 That nothing can more hateful be
Such precious time to spend,
To dress a filthy Head that must
Be eat of Worms i'th' end,

8 Whilst your poor Soul has nothing on
But stinking Rags most vile,
And is neglected and forgot
By you too all the while.

HYMN

HYMN 87.

Deut. 32. 2. *My Doctrine shall drop as the Rain.*

1 LOrd 'tis a *droughty time* we see
With us, alas, *within*,
Our moysture seems all dried up
By Lust, that *fire of sin*.

2 O thou who dost command the Clouds,
Shall now thy *Showers fall?*
Shall Rain pour out on *barren Hearts?*
And Dews distill as small

3 Upon the sweet and tender Herb,
That so the one may be
Made soft with Rain, and th' other
Refreshed be by thee?

4 The Rain falls at thy dread Command
A *Shower here and there*;
'Tis as thou dost, O Lord, appoint
That we of Blessings share;

5 That we enjoy thy *precious Word*,
Whilst others barren lye,
Who hardly have one drop of Rain
Their wants for to supply.

1 The *former Rain* was poured out,
It was a mighty ſhower;
So ſhall the *latter Rain* come down
Before this day is o'er.

2 A little at one time, again
We have a little more;
Thus doth thy Word like unto *Rain*
Refreſh thy *bleſſed Poor*.

3 Rain makes the Earth both freſh & green,
And every thing to grow;
'Tis by thy Word and Spirit, Lord,
We thrive and flouriſh do.

4 There's none can ſtop the Rain that falls,
If thou Commiſſion give,
Thy Word ſhall come upon us all,
Thy Grace ſhall make us live.

5 Let ſin and Devil do their worſt,
Thy Word ſhall not return
Unto thee empty, it proſper ſhall,
For thy Will muſt be done.

The Third Part.

1 Thy Miniſters are like to Clouds
Who do the Rain retain;
Of them thou doſt make equal uſe
To pour it out again.

2 O let us then cry unto God
His Clouds may all be full,
Not empty ones which hold no Rain,
But do deceive the Soul,

3 And pray that we may always have
Rain as we do it need,
That Grace may grow, and in us all
Spring up like to choice Seed,

4 And praise the glorious God above
Who doth such Blessings send;
If we his Mercies do improve,
Our days will joyful end.

5 'Tis a sore Judgment when the Lord
Doth stop the Bottles of Heav'n,
But O 'tis worse when God's good Word
And Blessings are with-helden.

6 We wisk away, our glory fades
When God his Word denies,
Or doth with-hold his Blessings from't,
Both Faith and Hope then dies.

7 O look to God, remember him
From whom your Fruit doth flow!
If you are fruitful, sing his praise,
And live unto him too.

HYMN 88.

Deut. 32. 3. *My Speech ſhall diſtill as Dew.*

1 AS Dew doth inſenſibly fall,
So doth God's gracious Word
Inviſibly op'rate in us,
As we have often heard.

2 How ſweet are Dews unto the Herb,
It makes them richly ſmile;
So doth thy Word bedew oft-times
Thy own true *Iſrael.*

3 It makes our Graces to ſend forth
A rare and fragrant ſcent,
Which doth delight the holy One,
The Lord omnipotent.

4 But Dews will not, Lord, always do,
Mens hearts ſo barren are;
Some ſoaking ſhowers they muſt have,
If any Fruit they bear.

5 All praiſe and glory unto God
Who wiſely orders things,
That as our wants and needs appear,
His Mercies flow like Springs.

HYMN 89.

2 Cor. 4. 7. *But we have this treasure in earthen vessels*, &c.

1. THy Word is treasure very rare,
For we do often see
Thou dost to Gold the same compare,
And things that glor'ous be.

2. It is, Lord, of so great a worth
No Man can comprehend,
Nor Tongues of Angels set it forth,
All Riches does transcend:

3 Ah! such is thy most holy Word,
Through it thy precious love
To us conveyed is, O Lord,
This doth the matter prove

4 That which the best and wisest Men
Esteem'd above all things,
And is the channel that lets in
The joy of divine Springs;

5 And doth enrich the Soul of Man,
And that eternally;
The worth of it there's no one can
Express assuredly.

The Second Part.

1 Some *treasure* that in bulk is small,
Yet doth in worth excell;
Such is thy Gospel, blessed Lord,
Thy People know it well.

2 One Promise is more worth than all
The *Gold* which the World hath;
If thou dost give it, then we shall
Say, What is all the Earth

3 When unto it compar'd it is?
This *Treasure* does delight
The Souls of Saints, and makes them sing
To thee both day and night.

4 It hath such influence on the Heart,
As earthly Treasure here,
That on thy Word we meditate,
Because our hearts are there

5 Where our chief Treasure even lyes,
On that the heart is set,
And hence it is they it esteem
'Bove their necessary Meat.

6 This makes Men great and honourable,
Because much Treasure have;
This also frees from care and trouble,
And does not us inslave

7 To *Dunghil-Earth*, as *Treasures* do,
It raises Souls above
All things that are, O Lord, below,
To joy in thy sweet love.

The Third Part.

1 *Treasure* in *Earthen Vessels* is
Often *laid up* by us,
And we know very well, so 'tis
The Treasure's ne're the worse:

2 Ev'n so altho' thy *Gold* is found
In Ministers so mean,
The worth of it doth still abound,
Though some do not esteem

3 Of it, because the Vessels are
Despis'd; but there's a day
When they shall glorious appear,
And golden Scepters sway.

4 O prize God's faithful Servants then,
Who do inrich your Souls!
O value them above all Men,
And be no longer Fools

5 To grieve them, and to wear them out
By any means, if ye
Would ever, in the Judgment-day
Christ's face with comfort see;

6 For

6 For as you 'steem or dis-esteem
True Preachers of God's Word,
Christ looks upon't as done to him,
Like measures will award;

7 And you whom God doth Vessels make
His Treasure to retain,
See that you seek his Praise always,
And don't his Glory stain.

HYMN 90.

Jer. 23. 29. *Is not my Word like Fire.*

1 THy Word it doth illuminate,
It giveth forth sweet light,
And also from it we have heat,
Our Graces to excite.

2 Thy Word, *like Fire*, doth consume
Our filth and dross within;
What is combustible does waste,
It siezes on our sin.

3 Fire is of an ascending kind,
It mounts things up aloft;
So they mount up in heart and mind,
Who by thy Word are taught;

4 As fir'd are by thy own Spirit,
Thy Word without that, Lord,

Will never burn, nor raise our hearts
(As we have newly heard.)

5 Fire will melt and soften things
That hard are naturally;
'Tis by thy Word and Spirit we
Do with thy Will comply.

6 'Tis that which bends & makes us yield,
And humbles much the heart,
Which naturally was proud and vain,
And too obdurate.

The Second Part.

1 Thy Word it quickens and revives,
Like Fire it does chear;
It consolates and makes such warm
Who to it do draw near:

2 For they who to it will not come,
No profit can receive;
So such who do reject thy Word,
Their Souls shall not live.

3 Fire will penetrate and pierce,
There is no secret place
Within the Soul, but thy Word will
Most quick and swiftly pass.

4 It doth the very *Thoughts* discern,
Nay it divides between
The Soul and Spirit of a Man,
To sever both from sin.

5 And Fire is uſed to lay waſte
Houſes where Rebels hide,
Ev'n ſo thy Word doth quite conſume
The Houſe of Luſts and Pride.

6 Man with vain hopes a *Houſe* doth raiſe,
And vaunts himſelf each day;
But when thy Word doth ſieze on him,
His Houſe conſumes away.

7 All his *vain hope* he had before,
It is conſum'd and gone,
And a *new Temple* up is rais'd
For the moſt holy One.

The Third Part.

1 Take heed, ye Sinners, you don't quench
God's Word, that *fire within*;
Nor leſſon not its burnings if
You would not die in ſin.

2 If you will ſin and have your Luſts,
Whatever Preachers ſay,
Then down to Hell be ſure you muſt,
When Death takes you away.

3 Ah! there's *another Fire* know,
If this your filth don't waſte,
Into Eternal Fire then you
Shall all be thrown at laſt.

4 Consider is't not better far
That sin consumed be,
Yea, all beloved sins and lusts,
Than damn'd eternally.

5 You that do find the work's begun,
That there's a spark of Fire
Kindled in your Souls, O let it burn,
And raise its flames up higher!

6 O 'tis, Soul know, a *sacred spark*,
'Tis *Fire* all divine!
And God be sure has kindled it
In that poor Soul of thine.

The Fourth Part.

1 Consider God's design herein
Is to soften thy heart,
And to cement thy Soul to him,
And Saving-grace impart:

2 And if it should be quench'd in thee,
It lyes not in thy power
To kindle it, and God in wrath
May also give thee over,

3 And never more renew that work,
But let thee quite alone,
In all thy sins to take thy swinge,
Until thy Soul is gone.

4 But ye who are the Saints of God,
As this is *Fire divine*;
So let Devils strive and do their worst,
It in thy Soul shall shine;

5 Though not always to such degree
Your sin it deaden may,
And therefore see you careful be
To cherish it each day;

6 And sing God's praise continually,
Who makes the Fire burn,
And pray that he would blow it up,
Till all your work is done;

7 And also cry unto the Lord
This Fire to kindle round about,
And sweetly burn in ev'ry place,
And never be put out.

HYMN 91.

Jer. 23. 29. *Is not my Word like a Fire, and like a Hammer, to break the Rock in pieces?*

1 ROcks they are hard to work upon,
Yea, 'gainst a mighty Hand;
The hardest Flint or Pebble-stone
Whole, long it cannot stand.

2 If thou, O Lord, art pleas'd to take
The *Hammer up and ſtrike*,
Thou wilt *Impreſſion quickly make*,
Though none can do the like.

3 There's none can break our flinty Rock
Beſides thy ſelf alone;
Alas, our power is too weak
To break ſuch hearts of ſtone!

4 What can the *Hammer* do, O Lord,
Thou the great *Agent* art;
The *Inſtrument*, that is thy *Word*,
O ſmite upon the heart,

5 And make it yield! and *ſquare* it then
For thy own *bleſs'd deſign*;
Thy *Image* on it, Lord, cut out
Moſt holy and divine;

6 And fit it for thy *building* too,
O ſet it in its place,
And life infuſe into it ſo
That it may ſhine with Grace.

The Second Part.

1 O let it be well *poliſhed*,
And it alſo *unite*
Unto thy *building*, there to be
A *Jaſper-ſtone* moſt bright,

2 That

2 That it may ſuit and well agree
With the *Foundation-ſtone*,
Which is of Gold, no Diamond
More glorious ever ſhone;

4 And then ſhall we, when thus we be
Into thy *Building* laid,
Have cauſe to ſing unto our King
By thy eternal aid.

4 This *Hammer* of thy bleſſed Word
Muſt drive the *Nail* quite home,
Or elſe Convictions will not ſtick
Whenever they do come:

5 The Precept, Lord, will not abide,
Nor Promiſe faſt'ned be;
Nor no Conviction laſt in us,
Until *drove home* by thee:

6 But ſince we find they faſten'd are,
Let us ſing forth thy Praiſe;
And ſince thy *Word* ſo precious is,
Let us its Glory raiſe.

HYMN 92.

Hymns *on the Divine Authority of the Sacred Scriptures.*

1 THe ſacred Scriptures are *ſublime*,
Although *myſterious* be;
Their Matter ſhews they are divine,
Nay, their divinity

2 Is ſeen by what they do treat of,
Or unto us make known,
There we do read of great *Jehovah*,
The *high* and *lofty One*,

3 Of his dread *Eſſence*, nature pure,
And of the *Unity*
Between the *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*,
Or *holy Trinity*;

4 There do we read of his great works
Who did this World frame;
How out of nothing by his Word
All things at the firſt came.

5 There we may ſee and *wonder* too
How *infinite Wiſdom* ſhone
Th' glorious compact made between
The Father and the Son,

6 In finding out, and bringing in
A way for to unite
Justice and *Mercy*, that so they
Might equally shine bright.

7 Here *Justice* doth with *Mercy* meet
Like an *endeared Brother*;
And *Mercy* doth *God's Justice* greet,
And both do kiss each other.

8 From hence ye may see cause to sing
Th' Eternal One's high praise
(In bringing in of *Jesus Christ*)
With thankful hearts always.

The second Part.

1 Th' *Antiquity of Scripture* shew
That they are most divine;
For *no Writings* did the World know
So soon as they did shine.

2 This was the *first* and *chiefest* Book
That e're was made or pen'd;
O therefore love in it to look,
Though you can't comprehend

3 The *Mysteries* that lye therein
Hid from all carnal Eyes;
Yet since it hath so *ancient* been,
O see these lines ye prize!

4 Their *Royal descent* from God alone
Also does plain appear
By their high *Style* and *Majesty*,
That shines in them most clear.

The Third Part.

1 The holiness which they promote
To such a high degree,
May clearly ev'ry Soul convince
Of their *Authority*:

2 So pure and perfect is God's Word
It silence may all them
Who it oppose, and Saints from hence
It love and much esteem. Ps.119.140.

3 This is the cause wherefore they love
God's Words better than Gold
Or Jewels rich, which are esteem'd
By most who them behold.

4 They see God's *Precepts* are most *just*,
It doth all sins descry,
And ev'ry Lust and false way they
Hate therefore bitterly.

5 Th' admirable and sweet content,
And blessed harmony
That's in the whole and ev'ry part
Shews their divinity.

6 The credit of their Pen-men too,
Whom none could ever charge
With the leaſt forgery or guile,
Doth prove to us at large,

6 That they from God alone proceed,
Who did their Souls inſpire
In writing all they written have,
That Grace we might admire.

The Fourth Part.

1 Their Prophecies accompliſh'd were,
(Which ſhews they are divine,)
Exactly as to time and thing,
To matter and deſign:

2 And the Miracles which were wrought
Theſe VVritings do confirm,
Muſt needs alſo herein be brought,
To ſhew from whence they came.

3 The preſervation they have had
Was ſtrange and marvellous,
And to their truth doth glory add
For to be priz'd by us.

4 The great ſucceſs with which they met
In midſt of bitter Foes,
And how their power has prevail'd,
Their laſting glory ſhows:

5 The World by a few Fishermen,
By this most sacred Word,
Without the help of carnal force,
Were turned to the Lord.

The Fifth Part.

1 The harmony and joynt consent
Of holy Men and good,
And *Martyrs* who seal'd to the Truth
Of them with their dear Blood,

2 Do shew their great veracity,
And may all Men convince
They came from God, therefore we must
Bear up in their defence

3 Against all such who them oppose,
Or count them not divine;
For doubtless in all wise Mens sight
By these their glory shine.

4 The *Evidence* unto the heart
Which to good Men they give
Of God's great love, who doth impart
To all who them receive

5 (In life and power) his Image clear:
Bringing the *old Man* down,
Renewing of their *inward Man*,
So that they can't but own

6 The work which by this Word is *wrought*
On them to be divine ; [*brought*
Thus from these *hints* which we have
Gods VVord doth glorious shine.

7 The very Heathen witness bear
As to Matter of Fact,
Touching such things Scriptures declare
That God and Christ did act.

The Sixth Part.

1 *Berolus*, as *Josephus* shews,
Doth mention *Noah's Flood* ;
And * *Pliny*, with some others, speak
How the most mighty God

2 Did *Sodom* turn by dreadful Flames
Unto a dismal *Lake* :
Of *Moses* and his VVonders too
VVe find the *Egyptians* speak

3 In their Records; yea, the *Chaldeans*
And *Grecians* own the same:
And others shew with what high hand
Israel from *Egypt* came.

4 The Star which at Christ Jesus Birth
To th' VVise-men did appear,

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* *Pliny*, lib. 5. cap. 16. & *Justin*, lib. 36.

Pliny

Pliny and *Calcidius* both
Moſt plain and full declare.

5 But there's no need of Man's Record,
To Men we do not fly;
The witneſs of the glorious Lord
Is full of certainty.

HYMN 93.

Joh. 10. 35. *And the Scripures cannot be broken*, &c.

1 THe Scripture broken cannot be,
Let Men think what they will,
Such, ſuch is their veracity,
God will his VVord fulfill.

2 VVhatever thou, O Lord, haſt ſaid,
Accompliſhed ſhall be;
No Promiſe paſt, nor Threat delay'd,
No Soul ſhall ever ſee;

3 Becauſe they are Diuine we know,
Of ſuch Authority,
That they from thee alone do flow,
VVho will not, cannot lye.

4 Let Saints therefore rejoyce and ſing,
For they from hence may ſee

Great

Great comfort unto them does ſpring
To all eternity;

5 For what thou haſt, Lord, promiſed
To ſuch who do believe,
As 'tis contained in thy VVord,
The ſame they ſhall receive:

6 But wo unto all wicked Ones,
Their doom appears hereby;
For if they live and die in ſin,
In Hell they all muſt lye.

7 All praiſe to thee, O God, alone,
VVhoſe VVord we know ſhall ſtand;
Let all ſuch ſing who it believe,
And yield to thy command,

8 VVho will *do all*, and do *no more*
Than *written they do ſee*,
Theſe, theſe ſhall ſing, and thee adore
Unto eternity.

HYMN 94.

Pſal. 119. 89. *For ever, O Lord, thy Word is ſettled in Heaven.*

1 IN Heaven, Lord, where thou doſt dwell
Thy VVord's eſtabliſh'd ſure,

And shall to all eternity
Fast graven there endure.

2 From age to age thy Truth abides,
As doth the Earth witness,
Whose Ground-work thou hast laid so firm.
No tongue can it express.

3 *Go too* therefore *ye foolish Men,*
Depart from me, Be gone;
For God's good Precepts will obey,
Nay, keep them ev'ry one.

4 What thou hast promis'd, Lord, perform,
Till Death doth seize on me;
Ner'e let my hope abuse me so
As to distrust in thee.

5 Uphold me and I shall be safe
For ought they do or say,
And in thy Statutes pleasure take,
O Lord, both night and day.

6 Thou hast trod such under thy feet
VVho do thy Statutes break;
For nought avails their subtilty,
Their counsel is but weak.

HYMN 95.

Pſal. 119. 8, 9, 10, 11.

1 THy Covenants are very deep,
And full of things profound;
My Soul therefore thy Word will keep
When they are try'd and found.

2 When Men enter into thy VVord,
They find a Light moſt clear;
Tho' Fools, yet they, Lord, ſhall not err
VVhen they to it adhere.

3 The VVord of God moſt perfect is,
His Teſtimony ſure;
Converting Souls, and making wiſe
The ſimple and obſcure.

4 The Statutes of the Lord are right,
And fill the heart with joys;
The Precepts of the Lord are pure,
Enlightning the Eyes.

5 The Fear of God is clean alſo,
And doth endure for ever;
The Judgments of the Lord are true,
And righteous altogether.

6 Yea,

And shall to all eternity
Fast graven there endure.

2 From age to age thy Truth abides,
As doth the Earth witness,
Whose Ground-work thou hast laid so firm.
No tongue can it express.

3 *Go too* therefore *ye foolish Men,*
Depart from me, Be gone;
For God's good Precepts we'll obey,
Nay, keep them ev'ry one.

4 What thou hast promis'd, Lord, perform,
Till Death doth seize on me;
Ner'e let my hope abuse me so
As to distrust in thee.

5 Uphold me and I shall be safe
For ought they do or say,
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The Precepts of the Lord are pure,
Enlightning the Eyes.

5 The Fear of God is clean alſo,
And doth endure for ever;
The Judgments of the Lord are true,
And righteous altogether.

6 Yea,

6 Yea, more than Gold, than much fine Gold
To be embrac'd alway;
The Honey and the Honey-comb
Are not so sweet as they:

7 They are thy Servants Monitors,
How he his life should frame,
And great Rewards is there for them
Who do observe the same.

HYMN 96.

Joh. 5. 39. *Search the Scriptures.*

1 *SEarch the Scripture*, by which ye think
Eternal Life to have;
And those are they that testifie
Of Him that came to save;

2 For what of old was given forth
Was for our learning penn'd,
That we by Scriptures comforted
Might hope unto the end.

3 The Prophecy came not of old
By Man's own private will,
But holy Men of God foretold
By Heavn's inspired skill:

4 Then to the Law and Testament
For they that speak not right,

And

And as this Word doth repreſent,
In them there is no light:
For Scripture, ſacred Verities
Came all by Inſpiration,
Able to perfect and make wiſe,
Through Faith, unto Salvation.

HYMN 97.

The Excellency of the Goſpel.

1 BLeſſed be God that we were born
Under the joyful ſound,
And rightly have Baptized been,
And bred on *Engliſh* ground,

2 Where God moſt gracious doth appear,
And does pour forth his Grace;
The lines are fallen unto us
In a moſt pleaſant place.

3 "We might have been dark *Pagans* all,
"Or veiled like each *Jew*,
"Or cheated with an *Alcoran*
"Amongſt the *Turkiſh* crew.

4 *Dumb Pictures* might we all ador'd,
Like Papiſts in Devotion;
And with *Rome*'s Errours ſo been ſtor'd,
To drink her deadly Potion.

5 We

5 We might have liv'd in shades of night,
And ne're have known good days,
But thou hast sent us Gospel Light
To thine eternal praise.

6 The *Sun* which rose up in the *East*,
And drove their shades away,
Hath sent his Light unto the *West*,
And turn'd our Night to Day.

7 Blessed be God for what we see,
Our God for what we hear;
Sweet News of Heaven, Lord, from thee
Sounds daily in our Ear.

The End of the Fourth Part.

PART

PART V.

Containing

SACRED HYMNS

Setting out and illustrating the transcendent Excellencies of the GRACES of the HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 98.

Mark 9. 50. *Have Salt in your selves.*

1 HOw *unsavoury*, O Lord, are things,
Unless they *salted* be!
And so indeed were all our Souls,
Till *seasoned* by thee.

2 With thy most sweet and *precious Grace*,
That is the *Salt* whereby
We *savory* do become, O Lord,
Thy *Salt*, O then *apply*.

3 *Salt* is of such a quality
That it doth search each part

Of

Of Flesh, that it is laid upon,
So Grace searches the Heart:

4 *The Spirit searches all deep things,*
Yea, the deep things of God;
It will find out what sin in us
Doth still make its abode;

5 And then (like *Salt*) doth purge it out,
'Tis Grace which purifies
The heart and life, there is no doubt
But such, like vertue, lyes

6 In that most precious Grace of thine,
O then let's look and see
Whether we search'd and purged are,
And then sing praise to thee.

The second Part.

1 Salt doth preserve, 'tis evident,
Both Meat and other things,
Else they'll corrupt and quickly taint;
Like Vertue also springs

2 From thy good Grace, 'tis that, O Lord,
Which doth preserve from sin
All graceless Sinners odious stink,
So filthy are within.

3 That all their inward parts corrupt,
And they like Carrion lye,

In

In a vile Ditch, or Common-ſhore,
In their iniquity.

4 But ſuch in whom *Gods Grace* is wrought,
Grace does their *Souls* preſerve
From ſin, in heart, in life, in thought,
Uprightly God to ſerve.

5 Moſt ſweet are they and ſavoury
To God and unto Men,
And all their works they have perform'd
By Grace have ſeaſon'd been.

The Third Part.

1 Salt is of univerſal uſe,
There's nothing Men want more;
Without *God's Grace* there's none can live,
Let them be rich or poor.

2 Such abſolute need have we thereof,
Without it can't live here
A holy life; nor can we ſtand
When Jeſus doth appear.

3 All ranks of Men both high and low,
Both Kings and Peaſants too,
Muſt *ſalted* be with Grace on Earth,
Or down to Hell muſt go;

4 In ev'ry ſtate, where-er'e they be,
By Sea as well as Land,
They Grace do need continually
If ſin they would withſtand:

5 *Our ſpeech, and all that we do ſay,*
Muſt ſeaſon'd be with Salt;
Or elſe our words and breath will ſtink,
And all be good for nought.

The Fourth Part.

1 Salt, *Naturaliſts* do oft declare,
Is good againſt the ſtings
Of Serpents; and does Worms deſtroy
Which from Corruption ſprings.

2 Grace is a ſovereign remedy
Againſt the ſting within;
And kills the Worm of Conſcience too,
The product 'tis of ſin:

3 Sin is a thing moſt venomous,
A ſting it is likewiſe
Of the *old Serpent*, and 'tis worſe
Than what in Royſon lyes:

4 This kills the Soul and Body too,
And poyſons ev'ry part;
And doth corrupt each faculty
Of ev'ry Sinners heart.

5 *Salt* was of uſe under the Law;
For ev'ry Sacrifice
Muſt *ſalted* be, and ſo muſt we
Before *All-ſeeing Eyes*:

6 Yea, ev'ry Prayer and Offering
That's offered up on high;

Your

Your Duties all muſt ſeaſon'd be
With Grace continually.

7 But other Salt, if Meat do ſtink,
It can't it ſav'ry make,
But Grace will ſuch recover who
Moſt filthy ways do take,

8 And in God's Noſtrils loathſom are,
Yet Grace will ſweeten them;
Nay, they will ſuch a ſavour bear
He'll highly ſuch eſteem.

The Fifth Part.

1 But we, alas, do often ſee
Salt loſe its ſavour may;
Or things may over-ſalted be,
If too much on they lay:

2 But Grace in both theſe things excells,
Its ſavour cannot loſe;
Nor can we have of it too much,
Moſt ſavoury are all thoſe

3 Who moſt are *ſalted* with this *Salt*,
O therefore loudly cry
For Grace good ſtore, and do not fear,
God will your wants ſupply.

4 Then ſing forth Praiſes to the Lord
With Grace in all your hearts,
And ſee that you well-ſeaſon'd are
In all your inward parts.

HYMN 99.

Eph. 6. 14. *And having your Loyns girt about with Truth,* &c.

1 TRue Grace, and true Sincerity
Is like a *Girdle* rare,
Which ſome about their *Loins* do love
Continually to wear.

2 Like as a Girdle cleaves to Men,
And doth them compaſs in;
So Grace ſhould cleave unto our Souls,
To keep us from all ſin.

3 We in the bonds of Truth and Grace
Should evermore abide,
And never from God's Grace and Truth
Go back, nor turn aſide.

4 And as a Girdle ſtrengthneth
The Loyns of ev'ry one,
So will this *Girdle* of *Truth* alſo
All ſuch who have it on.

5 If you in the true Doctrine are,
And in ſincerity
Do firmly ſtand in every Truth,
Small weakneſs you'll eſpy

6 To be in you, for ſtrength you'll have,
If that your hearts be ſound;
And every Goſpel bleſſed Truth
Be evermore your bound.

The Second Part.

1 The Souldier in the days of old
His Armour did gird on,
And then compleatly harneſſed
Was he to look upon:

2 So muſt the Chriſtians Armour be
Girt with ſincerity,
What will Mens Faith, or Righteouſneſs,
Or *Hope* elſe ſignifie,

3 If they are not upright in heart,
And Truth is not their bound,
They Hypocrites be ſure will then
(If ſo) at laſt be found

4 To have the *Loyns* well girt, denotes
That Preparation we
Unto the Battel ought to make,
So ready muſt we be

5 For to encounter or engage
With all our cruel Foes,
To have our *Armour girt* with *Truth*,
And then need fear no blows.

The Third Part.

1 Girdling also service denotes,
Let Loyns be girt about;
And let your Lights be shining too,
And let them not go out;

2 That ye may on your Master wait,
Whose coming doth draw near;
Be ready therefore every Saint,
O now your selves prepare!

3 Let ev'ry thing in truth be done,
And Grace the Girdle be;
And then with joy shall ev'ry one
Their blessed Master see.

4 A Girdle is an Ornament,
It fastens all together,
And covers Joynts the Armour hath
That Men cannot tell whether

5 'Tis all one piece, or 'tis in parts,
It doth them so unite;
Thus doth Uprightness us adorn,
That in *Jehovah*'s sight

6 There seems no flaw, nor no defects,
Uprightness covers all;
God doth that Soul who is sincere,
A *perfect* Christian call.

The Fourth Part.

1 Come, art thou low, of mean deſcent,
And of ignoble birth?
Grace covers this deformity,
Its glory ſo ſhines forth:

2 Or art thou lame, or outwardly
May blemiſhes be ſeen?
Yet Grace doth cover this defect,
Thy Beauty's great within:

3 Or art thou poor, and ſo art brought
Unto contempt and ſcorn?
Sincerity doth make thee rich,
Nay more, to be *high born.*

4 May be thy parts and gifts are ſmall,
And hence Men thee diſpiſe?
Sincerity hides this in all,
In this thy Glory lyes;

5 For Grace excells the greateſt Gifts,
Gifts may to *Man* commend;
But Grace commends thee now to God,
And ſo 'twill in the end.

The Fifth Part.

1 *Soul*, haſt thou worſe defects than theſe,
Infirmities within?
Sincerity doth God ſo pleaſe,
It covers all thy ſin.

2 He it eſteems ſo as if thou
Hadſt never broke his Law,
And through Chriſt's Righteouſneſs he doth
In thee behold no flaw.

3 O get this *Girdle* on, ye Saints,
It glitters more than Gold;
It never can beſides be loſt,
And doth its Beauty hold

4 As freſh as 'twas when firſt put on,
O *bleſs'd Sincerity*!
How glorious art thou! how doſt thou
Shine in *Jehovah*'s Eye!

5 See then that ye the *Truth hold faſt*,
And with it *girted* be;
Then no deluſion needſt thou fear,
Nor curſed Hereſie;

6 But the right Girdle take be ſure,
And not the counterfeit,
The true by this you may deſcry,
Chriſt's Truth is ſtampt on it.

7 It with the written Word agrees
Exact in ev'ry thing;
If all Chriſt's Precepts you don't own,
Contempt on you 'twill bring.

8 That Girdle will not hold but break,
Though you may ſeem ſincere

So

So far as you cleave unto Truth,
Yet will at laſt appear
9 A falſe Profeſſor, 'cauſe you have
Some bleſſed Truth withſtood,
Into which you did Light receive,
But not obey it wou'd.

The Sixth Part, with *Pſal.* 117.

1 Each Truth of God, O it is pure,
God's Truth doth make us clean;
It frees our Souls alſo for ever,
Such glory in it's ſeen. *John* 8.

2 Strong is the *Truth* you all will ſay,
This Girdle then is ſtrong;
O buy it, Souls, *whilſt 'tis to day*,
'Twill fit both old and young.

3 God's Saints did ſuffer grievous pain,
Great tortures did endure
Before they would part with the Truth,
Such peace it did procure

4 Unto their Souls who faithful were
Unto the Truth alway;
O it will make you holy, bold
In the great Judgment-day.

5 *Now let all Nations of the Earth*
Their great Creator praiſe;
Nay let the people all ſing forth
His mighty Name to raiſe;

6 *Whoſe Kindneſs's great unto his Saints,*
His Mercies ever ſure;
O praiſe ye him for his bleſs'd Truth
Which doth abide for ever!

HYMN 100.

Eph. 6. 14. *And having on the Breaſt-plate of Righteouſneſs,* &c.

1 O Lord, we Souldiers are, and we
Muſt fight, or elſe be ſlain;
O let us all well armed be,
For Foes come on amain!

2 And ſince our Enemies do aim
To hit us on the Breaſt,
Thy bleſſed *Breaſt-plate* let's have on,
For that will hold the teſt.

3 'Tis righteouſneſs that will ſecure
Our Souls from ev'ry wrong,
And 'twill alſo, O Lord, endure
As well as it is ſtrong.

4 There's no engaging in theſe Wars
Without a Righteouſneſs;
This *Breaſt-plate* ſcatters all our fears,
Who do thy Name profeſs.

5 A Breast-plate 'tis that doth preserve
The Body's chiefest part;
'Tis Righteousness which, Lord, doth save
Our precious Souls and Heart.

The Second Part.

1 A Breast-plate doth the Souldier chear,
It makes him very bold;
So Righteousness doth make us all
Our Sword with courage hold,

2 And not to fear i'th' day of evil
What any man can do;
Nay we hereby withstand the Devil,
Who doth great malice show.

3 O then, ye Saints, see you maintain
A good and holy life,
And soon thereby you will obtain
An end of all that strife

4 With which you meet from Foes without,
And also from within;
O know it is God's great design
To purge you from your sin;

5 And that you holy should all live,
And hence 'tis you have Grace;
The Seed of Holiness is sown,
And it will grow apace,

6 If under God's ſhinings ye ſit,
And he his Rain doth ſend,
Then will your Righteouſneſs break forth,
And peace will flow i'th' end;

7 And of God's Góodneſs ye ſhall ſing,
And lift your voice on high,
And happy be when God doth bring
You on Death-Beds to lye.

HYMN 101.

Eph. 6. 16. *Above all things take the ſhield of Faith.*

1 FAith is a Grace that God hath wrought
In us who do believe;
If it be ſtrong, we need not care
What Gun-ſhots we receive

2 From *Satan*, who his fiery Darts
Continually lets fly;
Ah! 'tis our Shield to ſave all parts,
Whatever danger's nigh.

3 A *Shield* is turned ev'ry way,
That ſo no Dart may wound;
And we by *Faith*, as with a *Shield*,
Are compaſſed quite round.

4 The

4 The *Will* and *Judgment* it ſecures,
And doth *Affections* keep
Warm unto *Chriſt*, and *Conſcience* too,
It ſaves from drouſie ſleep.

5 A *Shield* preſerves the other part
Of Armour we have on;
So Faith ſecures every Grace;
That hurt be done to none.

6 Chriſt's Righteouſneſs is very pure,
To that 'tis we muſt flee;
And unto us by Faith 'tis ſure,
And this by Faith we ſee.

HYMN 102.

1 Pet. 1.7 *That the tryal of your Faith, which is much more precious than Gold*, &c.

1 BY Faith we do on Chriſt depend
For all that he hath done;
By Faith we do to God aſcend
With many a bitter groan:

2 And we receive what we do want,
When we by Faith do cry;
Faith doth ſuſtain each drooping Saint,
And all their needs ſupply.

3 Gold is a thing that has the Name
Of things that precious are;
For Preciousneſs Faith has the ſame,
With which Gold can't compare.

4 Tho' Gold is precious when 'tis try'd,
Yet tried Faith exceeds
The fineſt Gold, 'tis more in worth,
And does ſupply all needs:

5 'Tis more deſirable far than Gold,
O with it fall in love!
And as hid Treaſure ſeek it do
Of God, through Chriſt above.

6 Gold by the Touch-ſtone muſt be try'd,
So you muſt try your Faith;
No Touch-ſtone but God's bleſſed Word
Is there in all the Earth.

HYMN 103.

1 Theſſ. 5, 8. *And for an Helmet the Hope of Salvation.*

1 HOpe is a precious Grace, O Lord,
And fixed it muſt be
Upon thy ſelf moſt patiently,
No other Hope have we.

2 'Tis not on Gold, nor length of days,
Nor on things here below;

But

But 'tis on Jesus Christ alone,
From whence all Help doth flow:

3 And like a Helmet 'tis we find
That doth preserve the Head;
Hope stays on thee, always our mind,
When we are hard bested;

4 And as a Helmet fearless makes
A Souldier in the Field;
So hope of glory makes us all
Resolve we ne're will yield

5 To Satan, nor to other Foes,
When we with them do meet;
Nor need we fear their cruel blows,
If we have this Helmet,

6 Since we compleatly armed are,
Even from head to foot,
Our head-piece makes us to appear
Both fierce and very stout.

7 This Helmet will us never fail
If that we have it on;
The Soul it is, it doth preserve
Till all our dangers gone.

HYMN

HYMN 104.

Heb. 6. 19. *Which Hope we have as the Anchor of the Soul.*

1 THis World's a Sea, our Soul's a Ship
With raging Tempeſt toſt;
And if ſhe ſhould her Anchor ſlip,
She doubtleſs will be loſt.

2 Thou, Lord, our skilful Pilot art,
Thou know'ſt all Rocks and Sands;
Our Seamen are our Faculties,
Which muſt do thy commands.

3 Faith like a Cable doth appear,
Hope is our Anchor ſure;
And if right caſt, we need not fear
We ſhall each Storm endure.

4 Repentance like a Bucket is
To pump the water out;
For leaky is our Ship, alas,
Which makes us look about.

5 Thy Graces are our bleſſed Fraight,
And Heaven is our Port;
Thy Spirit, Lord, muſt fill our Sails
If e're we bid fair for't.

The

The Second Part.

1 Lord, ſtill the Seas, alas, they ſwell,
And very tempeſtuous are;
Our Compaſs is thy Holy Word,
By that 'tis we muſt ſteer.

2 Lord, thou haſt power o're the Seas,
Let us not calmed be;
And when the Waves do roar and ſwell,
Let's caſt our Hope in thee.

3 Which like an Anchor doth take hold
With *that within the Veil*;
And if right caſt, we may be bold,
Our courage ſhall not fail.

4 We for our *Anchor* have a Rock
That is moſt firm and ſure,
And thou wilt us, Lord, ne're deceive,
But will our Souls ſecure.

5 Let Hope be fixt on Chriſt our Lord,
And on thy Covenant;
Thy Promiſes alſo afford
Relief to ev'ry Saint.

6 Chriſt's Death and Reſurrection too
Our Hope is grounded on;
If thus we caſt our Anchor do,
We ſafe are ev'ry one.

HYMN

HYMN 105.

Cant. 8. 6. *Love is ſtrong as Death, Jealouſie as cruel as the Grave, the Coals thereof are as Coals of Fire,* &c.

1 O Set thine Image on my Heart!
O ſeal it on my Arm!
For Love, like Death, doth caſt its Dart,
And Jealouſie is warm.

2. 'Tis like the Grave, whoſe keen deſire
Nothing can ſatisfie;
The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire
That flame moſt vehemently.

3 Waters can't quench Love's Flames, nor
The ſame can ever drown; [Floods
If ſome for Love would give his Goods,
Deſpis'd is ſuch an one.

4 Lord, bear our Name upon thy Breaſt,
Engrave it on thy Heart,
There let it be ſo ſure poſſeſt
It thence may ne're depart;

5 For Love we find is very ſtrong,
It wounds unto the quick;
Thy preſence, Lord, ſupports our Souls,
Thy abſence makes us ſick.

6 Shouldſt

6 Shouldst thou but seemingly disdain
Our Souls that are engag'd,
Like Fire it would put us to pain,
Whose grief's not soon asswag'd.

The Second Part.

1 O love us then, or else we die;
Is it not thee we crave?
If thou thy Love shouldst once deny,
We soon should find a Grave.

2 Death conquers all, and all submit
Unto his pale command;
So Love brings all unto its feet
Who are therewith inflam'd.

3 The Grave is never satisfy'd,
No more, alas, can he
Who having tasted of thy Love,
Till he enjoyeth thee.

4 But Death destroys and also kills,
But Love doth make alive;
It kills our sin, and we thereby
Do presently revive:

5 But if the Object be deny'd
The Heart is set upon,
We never can be satisfy'd
Until our life is gone.

6 Love so doth flame, and Jealousie
So burns the Heart and Eyes;
The Soul must be embrac'd by thee,
Or be Love's Sacrifice.

7 Whole Seas of trouble cannot quench
Love's everlasting flame;
Let what will come where true Love is,
That Soul is still the same.

HYMN 106.

Col. 2. 12. *Buried with him in Baptism.*

1 LOrd, are we dead? dead unto sin?
Then buried let us be;
Let sin be cover'd, the old Man
Be slain, O Lord, by thee.

2 We have Baptized been, O Lord,
As such who were all dead,
To shew that thou didst lye i'th' Grave,
We all were buried

3 Under the water, whereby we
Do in a figure see,
That as we shew'd how we are dead,
So raised are with thee.

4 None buried are till dead they be,
Those who baptized are

Ought

ought to be dead to ev'ry sin,
To self, and all things here.

Those who are buried, covered are
All over in the Earth;
In Baptism the self-same thing
Must plain be holden forth:

Or else it answers not the end
Of Christ, who did ordain
That glorious Rite, if not so done,
They do the same prophane.

HYMN 107.

Heb. 6. 1, 2. *Not laying again the Foundation of Repentance from dead Works, and of Faith towards God,* ver. 1. *Of the Doctrine of Baptism, and laying on of Hands, &c.* ver. 2.

1 REpentance, when wrought in the *Soul*,
And Faith for to believe,
Then such on Jesus Christ rely,
And truly him receive

2 As their dread Lord and Sovereign
Him always to obey,
And in all things o're them to reign,
And govern night and day.

3 Christ

3 Christ's Baptism is very sweet,
With laying on of Hands,
Our Souls are brought to Jesus's Feet
In owning his Commands.

4 Those Ordinances Men oppose,
And count as carnal things;
We have clos'd with, and tell to those,
From them great comfort springs.

5 Thee, holy Lord, we must obey,
Though Men reproach us still;
Yet let us do what thou dost say,
And yield unto thy Will;

6 And still alone on thee rely,
And not on what we do;
In point of trust we fly to thee,
And let our own works go;

7 And though in minding thy sweet truth
Men do us vilifie,
Yet we resolve, Lord, in thy strength,
To own them till we die.

The Second Part.

1 O Lord, let us not turn our back
On thee whom we do love;
For we do know we shall not lack
Thy presence from above;

2 For thou hast promis'd to the end
To us that will be near,
And be to us a faithful Friend,
Which makes us not to fear

3 Whatever Men or Devils do
In secret place design;
For soon canst thou them overthrow,
And help all Souls of thine.

4 The Resurrection of the Dead
We constantly maintain,
When all those who lye buried
Shall rise to life again;

5 And that the Judgment-day will come,
When Christ upon the Throne
Shall pass a black eternal doom
Upon each wicked one:

6 But all his Saints then joyfully
With bowels he'll embrace,
And Crowns to all eternity
Upon their Heads he'll place;

7 And in the Kingdom shall they reign
Prepared long before,
And also shall with Christ remain
In bliss for evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 108.

1 Cor. 5. 7. *For Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.*

1 O Blessed Lamb of God, shall I
Forget that love of thine!
Thy life, O Lord, thou didst give up
To save this Soul of mine.

2 Most harmless Lamb, and innocent,
When come to a ripe age,
Ah! then didst thou thy life give up
God's anger to assuage.

3 Thy Blood is sprinkled on our Doors,
Or rather on our Hearts,
To shew God hath our sins pass'd o're,
And Mercies he imparts.

5 The Lamb it was roasted with fire,
Thou didst God's wrath sustain;
And on thee we by Faith do feed,
And life thereby obtain.

5 The Lamb was eat with bitter Herbs,
So let us see our sin,
And find it bitter unto us,
It so to thee has been;

6 And so let us thy Praises sing
Whilst thus we feast with thee,
And with one heart exalt our King
In all sincerity.

PART

PART VI.

Containing divers

SACRED HYMNS,

Setting forth

The Nature, Work, Office, and Excellencies of the holy Angels, and the Spirit or Soul of Man.

HYMN 109.

Dan. 4. 17. *This matter is by the decree of the Watchers.*

1 THe holy Angels have a charge
To watch continually;
They do not sleep, but evermore
Have us in their sweet eye.

2 They have a charge to keep us here,
And compass us about,
And warning give oft-times also
When trouble's breaking out.

3 Watch-men are useful in the night,
They dangers do prevent;
So Angels useful are to those
Unto whom they are sent.

4 Was not *Elisha* safe whilst he
Was compassed quite round
With these blest Chariots and Horsemen
Who did his Foes confound?

5 O what are we, most holy God,
That thou shouldst take such care
Of us who so unworthy be,
And sinful Creatures are!

The Second Part.

1 Behold the Angels of the Lord
Do encompass round about
All them that fear him, for their Guard,
To keep all dangers out;

2 For he hath giv'n his Angels charge
To keep thee day by day,
That thou mayst walk abroad at large
With safety in thy way;

3 For they this charge must execute,
And bear thee in their Arms,
Lest ever thou shouldst dash thy feet
Against a stone for harm;

4 For

4 For are they not all Ministers
Sent forth for Edification
In their behalf, that shall be Heirs
Of God's assured Salvation?

5 Ye Saints, behold the Love of God,
And sing his Praises forth;
No wicked Prince has such a Guard
As th' meanest Saint on Earth.

HYMN 119.

Job 38. 7. *When the Morning-stars sang together*, &c.

1 HOw glorious are the Morning Stars!
How doth their glory shine!
Angels most glorious Creatures are,
Yea, holy and divine:

2 They sang together at the first
Jehovah's glorious praise,
And we of them also learn must
To sing to God always.;

3 Nay, with united voices sing
In Consort with much joy,
Since Christ has overcome our Foes,
Who would our Souls destroy:

4 And did they not a second time
Sing unto God on high,
When Jesus Christ our Lord was born?
And yet shall Saints deny

5 This is our work? No, no, it doth
Sharply indeed reprove
Such who would rob the holy God
Of that which he doth love.

6 It is his due, and it belongs
To him as his just Right;
His Praise to celebrate in Songs
Is lovely in his sight.

Psalm 89.

7 Thy Mercies, Lord, then we will sing,
Thy Truth to all proclaim;
The heav'nly Angels sacred Choir
Shall celebrate the same.

8 These never with the Lord dispute,
Nor his Commands contest,
But give attendance at his Throne,
With awful fear possess'd.

HYMN

HYMN III.

Job 38. 8. *And all the Sons of God ſhouted for joy.*

1 SOns in their Father do rejoyce,
Whoſe Off-ſpring all they be,
And hence the Angels lift their voice
In Songs, Lord, unto thee,

2 By whom they all created were,
And on whom they attend,
And from whom all their dignity
Doth unto them deſcend:

3 They cloathed are like unto Sons
With might and glorious power,
And ſerve the Lord moſt willingly,
With greateſt zeal each hour:

4 One part of their ſweet work's to ſing
To God melodiouſly,
And we by them alſo are taught
To ſing continually.

5 Then as God's will is done by them,
Let us do it on Earth;
Like flames of fire let us be,
And ſing God's Praiſes forth.

HYMN 112.

Gen. 32. 1. *This is God's Host*, &c.

1 THe glorious God, the Lord above,
Hath a most mighty Host,
Who have a Prince their General,
Of whom they daily boast:

2 Christ is their Head, he's Head of all
Principalities and Powrs,
And these do keep and save the Saints
From him that Souls devours.

3 This mighty Host and Army's rais'd
Under their Prince to fight,
And one of them hath thousands slain
Of Rebels *in* a night.

4 This Host sometimes does suddenly
Vile Sinners to invade
By Plague and Famine, and by War,
That all are soon dismaid.

5 They slaughtering Weapons have each one,
And Execution do;
And as Commission they receive,
They save, or do o'rethrow.

HYMN 113.

Ezek 1. 6, 10. *And every one had four Faces, the Face of a Man, of a Lion, of an Oxe, and of an Eagle.*

1 THe Face of a Man has majesty,
And shews a Soul doth dwell
In him that hath rare faculties,
In knowledge doth excell:

2 So Angels look with awful frowns
When they in wrath appear,
And are endu'd with wisdom great
Beyond what Mortals are.

3 Th' Face of a Man also denotes
What beauty is in them,
Who are most glorious in themselves,
And so in our esteem.

4 Face of a Lion shews their strength,
A Lion is so strong
That he will turn away from none,
Nor fears he any wrong.

5 Face of an Oxe may signifie
How painful they all be,

And any ſervice patiently
Perform, O Lord, for thee.

6 An Eagle hath a piercing Eye,
And ſwift ſhe is in flight;
The Angels do God's Face behold,
And fly with greateſt might.

HYMN 114.

Pſal. 104. 4. *He maketh his Angels Spirits, and his Miniſters a flaming Fire.*

1 *Angels* as ſwift as Air, as bright
As Flames, with quick *obedience*
To publiſh and effect below [move,
That charge given to them above.

2 As Fire burns and doth conſume,
So th' Seraphims ſignifie
A burning to ſhew what zeal's in them
Who do attend on God moſt high:

3 And alſo how with flaming zeal,
When they from God Commiſſion have,
They do break forth at his dread Word
To kill his Foes, his Saints to ſave.

4 Let wicked ones amazed ſtand,
Who can eſcape a flaming Fire;

Let Saints also do God's Command
With zeal, like to the heavenly Quire:

5 And let them learn likewise from hence
What comfort this to them may bring;
These Angels come for your defence
Swift, like to Flames, or Eagles Wings.

HYMN 115.

Zach. 1. 8. *Behold a Man upon a red Horse, and behind him were red Horses, speckled, and white.*

1 A Horse is strong, and nothing fears,
And swift they are to run,
Angels are cloath'd with mighty strength,
And fly like to the Sun.

2 Horses and Chariots of Fire do
Shew how fierce and agil
The glorious Angels are always
In doing of God's Will.

3 By Horses red thou dost, Lord shew
Those dreadful slaughters they
Do make of Men, when thou bids them
* Go forth with Swords and slay.

* *Ezek.* 9. 2, 4.

4 By ſpeckled Horſes thou mak'ſt known
A mix'd Diſpenſation,
When Mercy mingled is with Wrath
In any ſinful Nation.

5 The white Horſes notes that ſweet peace
Which thou at laſt will ſend;
For Wars on Earth thou wilt make ceaſe
Before the Worlds end:

6 And that in Chriſt's dread Government
He Angels oft doth uſe;
And they are often alſo ſent
To ſhew what next enſues.

HYMN 116.

Prov. 20. 27. *The Spirit of a Man is the Candle of the Lord,* &c.

1 ONce was our Candle lighted, Lord,
And did moſt clearly burn;
But ſoon did Satan blow it out,
And we were all undone:

2 Leſt in the darkneſs of the night,
And were bewilder'd ſo,
That we for want of thy ſweet light
Knew not which way to go.

3 O let our Candle lighted be!
O light it once again,
And by it search to find out sin
Which may in us remain.

4 'Tis thou must light our Candle, Lord,
With th'Fire of thy Grace;
O let it burn and ne're go out
Till we have run our race;

5 That in thy sight we may see light,
And thereby may rejoyce,
And sing thy Praises day and night
With heart and chearful voice.

HYMN 117.

Rom. 9. 1. *My Conscience bearing Witness in the Holy Ghost, &c.*

1 COnscience a Witness is, O Lord,
Of all we do and say,
And such who sin against their Light,
He will the matter lay.

2 Before the Soul, because he knows
The Thoughts of each Man's Heart,
And never will be brib'd by them,
Nor from his Charge depart.

3 How careful ſhould each Perſon be
They do not him offend;
For if God's Word doth ſide with him,
It will appear i'th' end;

4 The Soul as Guilty will be found,
And Caſt too ſhall ſuch be,
And by the Judge Condemn'd alſo
To all eternity;

5 Then wo to ſuch who treach'rouſly
Their Conſcience do abuſe,
Or ſtifle him whom God thinks good
In this great Caſe to uſe

6 Ev'n as a Witneſs for himſelf
In ev'ry Man's own Heart,
To Evidence to Matter of Fact,
And Judgment to impart,

7 As God's true Witneſs, for to clear
Him who would judge aright,
And make it alſo to appear
So in each Man's own ſight.

The Second Part.

1 Then look to it, ye Sinners, who
Your Conſcience ſtifle now;
For he againſt you will be call'd
One day, and make you bow;

2 And though you think to ſilence him,
So that he cannot ſpeak,

Yet

Yet in the Judgment-day he'll rouſe,
And make your hearts to ake.

3 If you live not up to your Light,
Then fear what will enſue;
For when he doth receive more ſight,
He quickly will renew

4 His dread Commiſſion from the Lord,
And you condemn'd ſhall be;
If he accuſes by God's Word,
No help there is for thee,

5 Unleſs thou doſt leave off thy ſin,
To end the bitter ſtrife,
He'll make thee quickly to cry out,
As weary of thy life.

6 But O how happy is the Man
That Conſcience by God's Word
Doth quite diſcharge from guilt of ſin
In ſight of the bleſs'd Lord!

7 From this great Witneſs none can fly,
He will alſo appear
At the laſt day, and will accuſe,
Or otherwiſe will clear.

HYMN

HYMN 118.

The Third Part.

Sing this as the Hundredth Psalm.

1 IF Conscience is become my Friend,
And chearfully doth speak to me,
And I do to his motions bend,
No matter though I hated be:

2 No matter 'tis who doth revile,
If Conscience doth his witness bear
For us, and doth upon us smile,
Most easie will all things appear.

3 If Conscience now doth give us rest,
And from all burthens sets us free,
Again we would not be oppresst
In the old bonds of misery,

4 For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Such inward joy doth he afford,
That nothing can the same unfold,
It so aboundeth in the Lord.

5 'Tis Conscience which with *peecions Food*
Doth feed God's Saints continually;
Its Dainties also are so good,
All other Sweets they do defie.

6 This Banquet laſting is alſo,
'Tis here they feaſt both night and day,
With all ſupplies they meet with do,
And none their joys can take away.

7 'Tis *Conſcience* which doth chearful make
When Saints poſſeſſed are with grief;
And when they ſuffer for his ſake,
He brings them joy and ſweet relief.

The Fourth Part.

1 When Troubles riſe and do encreaſe,
And Sinners to the Mountains fly,
Conſcience to Saints doth ſpeak much peace,
And makes them ſing when they do die.

2 When others do amazed ſtand,
A place of ſhelter, Lord, have we,
And Conſcience will lend us a hand,
That we may hide our ſelves in thee;

3 And in ſafe Chambers lock us up
Whilſt all the Troubles here ſhall laſt,
And free us from the bitter cup
'Till all the indignation's paſt.

4 At Death, and in the Judgment-day,
What would Men give for ſuch a Friend?

All

All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'll find themſelves undone it'th'end.

5 How will ſuch Souls repent too late,
And wofully will howl and cry!
But whilſt ſuch do condole their fate,
Our Souls ſhall ſing continually

6 In joyful Hymns unto our God,
Who has preſerved us from harms,
And ever will protect us ſtill
From Satan's baſe alluring Charms.

The End of the Sixth Part.

PART

nd.

PART VII.

Containing several

SACRED HYMNS,

Setting forth

The Glory of God's CHURCH:

Likewise

Of Afflictions, the Day of Grace;

And of the four last things, *viz.*
Death and *Judgment*, *Heaven* and *Hell*.

HYMN 119.

Psal. 87. 3. *Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God.*

GLorious things are spread abroad
Of *Sion*, far and near,
That blessed City of our God,
Whose beauty is most rare:

2 There is a quiet stream makes glad
The City of the Lord;

His

His presence will secure her peace,
And timely help afford.

3 Her Building is of Precious-stone,
Her Foundation's sure;
No Jasper ever hath so shone
Like it, it is so pure.

4 'Tis God who did this City raise,
And he will it repair,
That it may be to his high praise,
Himself also dwells there:

5 It is his Dwelling-place below,
The Palace of our King;
And all great Kings shall Gifts bestow,
To make her glory ring

6 Throughout the Earth, to such degree
Shall she her beauty spread;
Her glory shall by great and small
Be much admired.

7 Then sing, ye Saints, lift up your voice,
Who do in *Sion* dwell;
What People like unto you are,
O happy *Israel!*

HYMN

HYMN 129.

Isa. 5. 1. *Now will I sing to my Well-beloved a Song of my Beloved, touching his Vineyard,* &c.

1 NOw even will I ſing a Song
To my Beloved dear,
A Song of his own Vineyard 'tis
Which he hath planted here.

2 My Beloved he a Vineyard hath
In a moſt fruitful Hill,
And he alſo fenc'd it about
With care and greateſt skill:

3 He planted it with the choice Vine,
And built a Tower too,
Where he doth dwell, who is divine,
This doth its glory ſhow.

4 A Wine-Preſs too he made therein,
Which Wine pours forth amain,
Of which he doth delight to drink,
Due glory to obtain.

5 'Twas to this end he took ſuch pains,
And ſuch great coſt laid out;
'Twas for his praiſe, and for our good
'Twas planted without doubt.

6 He

6 He gathered alſo out the ſtones
Which did the ſame annoy,
And did preſerve it ev'ry day,
That none might it deſtroy.

The Second Part.

1 And then he looked it ſhould bring
Forth Grapes both ſweet and good,
But ah! it was a grievous thing
If rightly underſtood,

2 That after all his coſt and pains
It ſhould wild Grapes bring forth,
When no Vineyard was like to it
Planted in all the Earth.

3 But hark now what the Lord doth ſay
The Hedge I'll take away,
And alſo waſte I will it lay
To evil Beaſts of prey;

4 For what, alas, could he do more
For it than he hath done!
And doth it ſtill wild Grapes bring forth?
This made his wrath to burn

5 Within his Breaſt, and therefore did
Reſolve for to reſtrain
The precious Clouds that watered it
With ſweet and bleſſed Rain:

6 Or make his Miniſters who preach
His good and holy Word,

Uſeleſs

ſeleſs to it, ſo that they might
To it no good afford.

O then, ye Saints take heed and fear
Leſt you ſhould barren prove;
or if you do, God may from you
His preſence quite remove:

But if that you who are his Church
Bring forth the Fruit of Grace,
He never will deal with you thus,
Your glory to deface.

HYMN 121.

1 Cor. 10. 15. *All baptized into one Body.*
Col. 1. 18. *He is the Head of the Body, the Church.*

1 EV'ry natural Body hath
A Head, and hath but one;
The Head, Lord, of thy Church thou art,
Thou art her Head alone.

2 And all her Members joyned be
To thee in ſacred bonds,
And influence they have from thee,
In thee her glory ſtands.

3 And all Members of the Body are
Of uſe unto the whole,

So

So of some use unto thy Church
Is every gracious Soul

4 Who is a Member of the same;
If any rotten are,
And past all hope of being heal'd,
No being must have there,

5 But off they must be cut with speed,
Lest worser dangers fall;
For one polluted Member may
Even soon corrupt them all.

The Second Part.

1 Wo unto him who shall attempt
This Body to divide,
Or make a Schism, 'tis all one,
With piercing of Christ's side;

2 For O the nearness that's between
The Body and the Head,
Don't cut Christ's Veins, remember well
What once he suffered.

3 O wound him not again, I say,
His Body don't annoy;
If it you mangle, he will you
For evermore destroy:

4 But see that ev'ry one doth seek
To do good to each other,
And pity take continually
Of the poorest Brother.

5 O live in love, and see how near
You to each other are,
And equally your Duties do,
And nothing do you fear.

HYMN 122.

Exod. 3. 2. *And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of Fire out of the midst of a Bush.*

1 THy Church, Lord, in her self is poor,
Like to a Bramble dry;
'Tis, Lord, in thee, in thee alone
Doth all her glory lye.

2 But though a Bush, yet in it thou
Dost dwell for evermore,
And therefore she is not consum'd
Ev'n now as heretofore.

3 This Bush long time on fire has been,
O 'tis a wond'rous sight,
Though in the fire, yet not burn'd,
This may our Souls invite

4 To take a view, as *Moses* did,
O why is this thing so?
Alas, thy Church is dear to thee,
Beyond all things below!

5 O then let all those precious Birds
Who in this Bush are hid,
Sing forth thy praise continually,
And none their Souls forbid.

6 The time of singing, O 'tis come,
Since the sweet Turtle-Dove
Did let us hear, in this our Land,
His voice from Heav'n above.

HYMN 123.

Rev. 1. 20. *The Golden Candle-sticks are the seven Churches.*

1 THy Churches, Lord, are like unto
Rich Candle-sticks of Gold,
In whom shines forth that glorious light
Which Sinners do behold.

2 Those Candlesticks which are so rich
Are seldom to be found
But in the House of a great Prince,
Whose glory is renown'd.

3 This shews the Churches of the Saints
Do, Lord, belong to thee,
Who art the glorious King of Kings,
They useful also be,

4 As Candlesticks in a large House,
In which the Light they place;
And also are for Ornament
Ev'n thus, through thine own Grace,

5 Are all thy Churches here on Earth
Of use, Lord, unto thee,
And unto others, who likewise
Thy Riches in them see.

6 Thy Candlesticks then don't remove,
But let their Light so shine,
That all the Earth may lighted be
Into all Truths of thine.

HYMN 124.

Luk. 12. 32. *Fear not little Flock*, &c.

1 THy Church is like a Flock of Sheep,
Whose number is but small,
Which thou thy self dost always keep,
And wilt preserve them all.

2 Thy Saints, like Sheep, are innocent,
Most harmless, also meek;
If any of them go astray,
'Tis thou who dost them seek.

3 Thou also dost them feed and lead
In Pastures flourishing,

And haſt for them a reſting-place,
Beſides the Water-ſpring.

4 They ſubject are for to get Soyl,
But thou doſt waſh them in
The Fountain of thy precious Blood,
From ev'ry ſtain of ſin.

5 As Sheep are fruitful, ſo thy Church
And Children are, O Lord;
They honour bring to thee, and then
To Men profit afford.

6 Fear not, ye Saints, tho' Wolves abound,
And other Beaſts of prey;
For Chriſt will keep you ſafe and ſound
Unto the Judgment-day:

7 And you the Kingdom ſhall receive,
Rejoyce and ſing therefore;
Keep cloſe to Chriſt, and mind the Flock
Which follow'd him before.

HYMN 125.

Job 25. 6. *The Son of Man a Worm.*

1 AH! what mean and deſpis'd things
Are Worms that crawl on Earth!
Man is a Worm, he from Earth ſprung,
From thence were we brought forth.

2 No, beauty in a sorry Worm,
Man's glory that is gone,
Contemptible is in thy sight,
Each vile and wicked one.

3 What can a Worm do to preserve
It self from hurt or wrong,
That is in danger by each foot?
So we are all day long.

4 We can't preserve our selves one day,
Our Life is but a blast;
And one small sin, if not purg'd out,
May damn the Soul at last.

5 Then do not pride it in your selves,
You to the Worms must go;
For all your beauty soon will fly,
You must corruption know.

HYMN 126.

Job 14. 2. *He fleeth also as a shadow, and abideth not.*

1 ON Earth our days will be but few,
Like as the shadow flies;
Or like unto the Morning-Dew,
Doth pass when Sun doth rise;

2 So do our Days, our Months, and Years,
Make haste to fly away,

Much like the Bloſſom he appears,
Which quickly doth decay;

3 Or like the Flower in the Spring,
Whoſe beauty's very rare;
And as the Birds in Summer ſing,
We may our ſelves compare.

4 The glory of the Flowers fail,
The Summer ends alſo;
The Birds do then themſelves bewail,
And know not what to do.

5 The Bloſſom withers ſoon away,
Like *Jonah*'s Gourd 'tis gone;
So we ſprout up, and ſhall not ſtay,
Our lives will ſoon be done.

HYMN 127.

Rom. 8. 17. *If Children, then Heirs.*

1 IF we are Children of the Lord
By being born again,
Then are we alſo Heirs with Chriſt,
And with him we ſhall reign.

2 He that's an Heir to a great King,
He is a Prince by birth;
And ſo is each true Child of God,
The holy Scripture ſaith.

3 The Heir ſhall the Inheritance
At laſt Poſſeſſion have,
And ſo ſhall all Believers too
The Crown at laſt receive.

4 But as the Heir muſt wait awhile
Until he comes to age,
So muſt we all with patience wait
Till we have run our ſtage.

5 The Heir is likely richly cloath'd,
Whereby it is he's known;
So all God's Saints with holineſs
Are cloathed ev'ry one.

6 The Heir, as the Birth-right of old,
The Bleſſing had always;
So all the Saints chief Bleſſings have,
And therefore ſing God's praiſe.

HYMN 128.

1 Cor. 9. *So run that ye may obtain.*

1 HE that the Prize doth think to have,
Muſt take the greateſt care
To ſet out timely, muſt begin
Before old age draws near.

2 He that would win the Prize alſo,
Muſt know what way to run;

And must hold out, not weary be,
Until the Prize he's won.

3 All weights he must cast off with speed,
And temp'rate also be,
Or else he'll faint, and never will
God's blessed Kingdom see.

4 Such who do run a race, sometimes
Have many Lookers on;
Both Men and Angels view the Saints,
And mind how they do run.

5 They who do run an earthly Race,
Run for some earthly thing;
But ev'ry Saint that gains the Prize,
Shall Crown'd be as a King.

6 O then, ye Saints, run you apace
In ways of Piety;
Gird up your Loyns, and nothing fear,
Look up, lift up your Eye

7 The Prize to see: Ah! 'tis your own,
And when you end your days,
You shall receive it, therefore now
Break forth and sing God's praise.

HYMN

HYMN 129.

Heb. 11. 13. *They confeſſed they were Strangers and Pilgrims on the Earth.*

1 LOrd, we are Pilgrims on the Earth,
As all our Fathers were;
For this is not our dwelling-place,
No 'biding for us here.

2 As Pilgrims go up hill and down,
And meet with troubles do;
So, Lord, thy Saints, while they are here,
Do many ſorrows know.

3 A Pilgrim is a Stranger in
Thoſe places where he lyes,
And therefore is not taken with
Thoſe things which he eſpyes,

4 Or doth behold where he doth come:
What are theſe things to me?
Saith a poor Saint; I muſt be gone,
I better things do ſee.

5 A Pilgrim loves good company,
Don't care to go alone;
So do God's Saints delight in ſuch
Who do Chriſt Jeſus own;

6 And walk with them in the ſame way,
If that they be ſincere,

They prize their precious company,
They helpful to each are.

7 A Pilgrim, when he's come near home,
He greatly doth rejoyce;
O let such Saints whose work's near done,
Lift up with joy their voice.

HYMN 130.

Job 9.34. *Let him take his Rod from me.*

1 LOrd, if we do thy Word transgress,
And against thee offend,
Thou wilt chastise us, more or less,
By tryals thou dost send:

2 But thou wilt not thy love remove,
Thy Covenant is sure;
'Tis but our Souls to try and prove
To make us all more pure.

3 Fathers, we know, have divers Rods,
And as the offence may be,
They lighter or the heavier strike,
And so likewise doth he.

4 'Tis always for our good we know
He puts our Souls to grief,
And thou great bowels, Lord, dost show,
And sends us then relief.

5 O then, ye Saints, don't think it ſtrange
That God his Rod doth uſe,
But bear it, and give praiſe to him,
And mark what next enſues.

6 After he hath you try'd, ye ſhall
Come forth like pure Gold,
And in Afflictions to you all
God will his love unfold.

HYMN 131.

Lam. 3. 2. *And brought me into darkneſs.*

1 *Darkneſs* ſometimes, Lord, doth invade
The Children of the Day; [vade
Yet we ſhould, when we want ſweet Light,
Our Souls upon thee ſtay.

2 The Sun ſometimes is hid from us,
And then with us 'tis Night;
So Darkneſs doth upon us ſeize,
When we have loſt the ſight

3 Of thee, O Lord, if thou art hid,
That we can't ſee thy face;
O then 'tis night, and we bewail
Our ſad and woful caſe.

5 But though dark Clouds do cover us,
And we are in the night;
Yet will our Sun riſe up and ſhine,
And we ſhall have ſweet light.

5 But O how sad and comfortless
Is it i'th' dark to dwell!
But what's the darkness Saints see here,
To th' darkness that's in Hell!

6 Then do not mourn, ye gracious Souls,
Your darkness soon will fly,
And you shall precious Light enjoy
Unto eternity.

HYMN 132.

Isa. 4. 6. *A Covert from the Storm*, &c.

1 SAd Storms and Tempests we expect
Whilst Winter-days do last;
And so do Saints, whilst they are here,
Look for a piercing blast.

2 As by some certain Signs Men know
A Storm is very near,
So do thy Saints, O Lord, likewise
Foresee their troubles here;

3 And therefore should prepare for them
By warning thou dost give,
And carefully their lives amend,
And all more godly live:

4 And also with the greatest care
Haste to their hiding-place

By

By Faith and Prayer get into thee;
For whilſt they ſee thy face,
5 And do enjoy thy preſence ſweet,
They nothing need to fear;
But we, alas, through unbelief,
Aſtoniſh'd often are.
6 But let us know, O Lord, we pray,
That Ship can nevr ſink
In which the bleſſed Jeſus is,
Whatever we may think.
7 In this alſo much comfort lyes,
Thou canſt the Winds command,
And ſtill the Seas, and make a calm
By thy own mighty hand.

HYMN 133.

Pſal. 42. 7. *All thy Floods and Waves are gone over me.*

1 THe Floods, O Lord, the Floods do riſe,
They roar, and make a noiſe;
The Floods break out and ſwell amain,
And do liſt up their voice.
2 There's many Waters we do ſee
That threaten us full ſore;
The wicked rage and ſwell in wrath,
O Lord, ſtill more and more.

3 They all conſpire with one heart
How they may thee withſtand;
Ariſe, O Lord, and take our part,
They are in league and band.

4 The Tents of all the *Edomites*,
The *Iſhmaelites* alſo,
The *Hagarens* and the *Moabites*,
With divers others too.

5 *Gebal* with *Amon*, and likewiſe
Doth *Amaleck* conſpire;
The *Philiſtines* againſt thee riſe,
With them that dwell at *Tyre*.

6 O thou who ſits upon the Floods
To rule and govern all,
Break forth upon thine Enemies,
And give them their laſt fall.

HYMN 134.

The Second Part.

1 ONe grief, and then another doth
Like Clouds their Waters pour;
The Floods of curſed evil Men
Do threaten to devour

2 Thy People all: O Lord, look down!
Rebuke them in thy wrath!
Thou art our hope and our defence,
O ſtretch thine Arm now forth,

And

3 And let them know they are but Men,
And muſt ſubject to thee;
What evil they intend to do,
Let it prevented be;

4 And we will lift thy Name on high,
And them we will not fear,
If thou wilt, Lord, our ſins forgive,
And for our help appear.

HYMN 135.

Heb. 3, 7. *To day if you will hear his voice.*

1 TO day, O hear God's gracious Call,
O don't the time delay!
The morrow you muſt not boaſt of,
'Tis now whilſt 'tis to day.

2 Night is no time to do work in,
And Night will ſoon be here;
O then repent and leave your ſin!
To Jeſus lend your Ear.

3 To Day, whilſt the ſweet Sun doth ſhine,
O hearken to God's Word!
Now whilſt you have the Means of Grace,
Turn ye unto the Lord.

4 The Morning of your Day is gone,
Nay 'tis already Noon;
The Evening too is coming on,
And here it will be ſoon.

5 Your

5 Your Sun begins to draw full low,
And quickly will go down;
Rouze up and do your work apace,
Before your Day is gone.

HYMN 136.

Mat. 12. 20. *A bruised Reed shall he not break, and smoaking Flax shall he not quench.*

1 THat Soul, O Lord, in whom's begun
The blessed work of Grace,
Tho' he may droop, and broken be,
Yet shall behold thy face.

2 The feeble and desponding Soul
That's like a bruised Reed,
Thou wilt, Lord, take pity upon,
And soon supply his need.

3 Altho' he's like to smoaking Flax,
Where little fire is seen;
Yet he shall see that work go on
Which shall destroy his sin.

4 Grace at the first seems to be small,
Which makes the Soul to doubt,
That in him there is none at all,
Yet thou wilt bring him out

Of all his fears, and he ſhall have
A glorious victory,
And triumph ſhall in Songs of Praiſe
To all eternity.

HYMN 137.

1 Cor. 15. 36. *Thou Fool, that which thou ſowest is not quickned, unleſs it die.*

1 LIke as the Seed which Men do ſow
Some time lyes in the Earth;
And then it ſprouts, and we all ſee
A Reſurrection hath.

2 And as the Seed, unleſs it die,
It is not quickened;
So we firſt die, and afterwards
Are raiſed from the dead.

3 Death doth approach, all Men muſt die,
And turn unto the duſt;
The Grave that is the Houſe for all,
And thither go we muſt.

4 Uncertain is the time of death,
'Tis certain all muſt die;
And certain 'tis when death doth come,
Comes in eternity.

5 No Mortal can himſelf deliver
From th' power of the Grave;
And as we die, ſo we are ſure
Another life to have.

The Second Part.

1 The Reiurrection-day will come,
When we ſhall riſe again;

Remember

Remember well the Day of Doom,
And where you must remain;

2 For if in sin at last you die,
To Hell you shall be cast;
But if in Christ you fall asleep,
Your happiness will last

3 For evermore; you shall then be
With Christ and holy Men,
Where you shall with the Angels sing
All praise to God, *Amen.*

4 Blessed are they who in the Lord
At last do come to die;
For as all such from labour rest,
So shall assuredly

5 At the great day, when Christ appears,
Appear in glory bright,
And in God's Kingdom shall henceforth
Shine like the Morning light.

6 Then do not mourn for such who die
In Christ their deareſt Friend;
Their gain is great, of all their grief
There is a final end.

HYMN 138.

1 Thess. 4. 14. *Them that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.*

1 DEath is a sleep, it is a rest
From all our labour here,
And to the Saints it is the best,
And so it will appear

2 They fall asleep in a sweet place,
They sleep in Jesus do;

They

They Union have with him through Grace,
Which death can't overthrow.

3 Death can't dissolve that blessed Knot,
That union doth remain,
And unto Jesus Christ do go,
Death unto Saints is gain.

4 But though the Sinner falls asleep,
His sleep is troublesome;
His Spirits shall no rest receive
Till the last day doth come;

5 But under wrath and dreadful Ire
His Spirit then shall lye;
When death dos come, he feels Hell-fire,
He sleeps in misery.

6 'Tis but one part that taketh rest,
That Sleep too soon will o're,
When God will on Body and Soul
Eternal vengeance pour.

HYMN 139.

Phil. 1. 13. *Having a desire to depart and be with Christ*, &c.

1 DEpart from what? and whither go?
But why art in such haste?
O 'tis because thou well didst know
How sweet Christ's love doth taste.

2 Depart from Earth, and go to Heav'n,
From Saints that dwell below,
To them to whom bless'd Crowns are given,
Who do no sorrow know.

3 Depart from Sin and Suffering,
To go to lasting bliss;

From

From being Poor, to be a King!
What change is there like this?

4 But yet thou must wait till the time
That God prefixed hath;
And then thou shalt depart in peace,
And have the end of Faith.

5 O happy Man, thou art the Lord's,
Let death come when it will:
And he thy precious Soul at last
Will with his glory fill.

HYMN 140.

Psal. 49. 14. *And the Righteous shall have dominion over them in the morning.*

1 THe Morning comes when Night is gone,
The Night is now far spent;
The Resurrection day comes on,
When Jesus shall be sent

2 To call the Dead out of their Graves,
That is the Morning sure
Which will not have another Night,
That Day will last for ever.

3 Thy Sun will rise, and ne're go down
And then thou shalt awake
Out of thy Bed, and have a Crown
That will thee happy make.

4 Thou wast of no esteem on Earth,
But a poor Undersin;
But shalt at last dominion have
When that day doth begin.

5 It will a Morning be in which
No Clouds shall more appear;

Thy

Thy Sun shall rise, and shine he shall
Beyond all shinings here.

6 O wait, ye Saints, then for the Morn!
Look up, it is ev'n day!
Break forth and sing all Saints of God,
Who dwell in House of Clay:

7 Your day doth hasten on apace,
Look up, lift up your Eyes,
The Morning comes when you shall rule
O're all your Enemies.

HYMN 141.

Rev. 20. 12. *And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the Books were opened, &c.*

1 HArk how the mighty Trumpet sounds,
The Judge is on the Throne!
Now joy to Saints shall much abound,
But hark how Sinners groan!

2 Now, now the Books shall opened be,
The Judgment-day is come;
And Christ will judge impartially,
And Sinners shall be dumb;

3 Nothing to say: Ah! no excuse!
All silent, all are mute,
And shall the Sentence now receive,
Which wrath will execute.

4 Rejoyce, ye Saints, for Christ will say,
O Come who are blessed!
Ye blessed of my Father, now
With joy lift up your head,

5 And take the Kingdom long prepar'd
For you: But ah! alas!

The

The wicked then will houl and cry
To see their woful case.

HYMN 142.

Of Heaven.

2 Tim. 4. 8. *Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness*, &c.

1 NO sooner shall the Judgment end,
But Saints shall crowned be,
And shine they shall in glorious Robes
Unto eternity.

2 Then shall we see the blessed One
Who crowned was with Thorns,
Who shed for us his precious Blood,
Whose Heart was broke with scorns:

3 Him whom our Souls so dearly love,
We all shall shortly see
With open face, and shall above
With him for ever be.

4 That Man that here met with disgrace,
We there shall see so bright,
That Angels can't behold his face
For its exceeding light.

5 What gladness will possess our heart
When we shall see these things!
For light and life in ev'ry part
Will rise like lasting Springs.

6 Next unto Christ we shall behold
Saints Souls in glory shine,
Whose Bodies shall be made like his,
All glorious, all divine.

HYMN 143.

The Second Part.

1 EAch Saint ſhall then ſhine more or leſs
In Crowns excelling Gold,
Triumph they ſhall in heavenly bliſs
Amazing to behold;

And each of them in majeſty
Shall repreſent a King;
Yea, Angel-like for dignity,
And ſhall with Cherubs ſing:

3 Immortal are they ev'ry one,
And ſhine like to the Sun;
Their glory alſo ſhall abide,
Their day ſhall ne're be done:

4 Their Bodies which ſometimes were torn,
And Bones that broken were,
For Jeſus's ſake he will adorn
With health and glory fair.

5 They ſhall alſo with Angels then
Joyn in ſweet harmony,
To ſing and celebrate God's praiſe
Unto eternity.

6 This we ſhall hear, this we ſhall ſee,
While raptured in bliſs,
When we with bleſſed Jeſus be;
What happineſs like this?

HYMN

HYMN 144.

The Third Part.

1 OUr Friends that lived Godly here
Shall there be found again;
Ah! we shall meet, and then we shall
Together all remain.

2 This is the place, this is the state
Of all that are sincere,
Which Men nor Angels can relate,
So great's the glory there.

3 Grace here doth tune our hearts and tongues
For heav'nly harmony,
That sing we may with Angels all
Unto eternity.

4 Here run the Chrystal streams of Life
Quite thorough all our Veins;
Grace doth our Souls to God unite,
Like glorious Golden Chains:

We here are made both fit and meet
For that Inheritance,
5 Where we shall reign triumphantly,
And have preheminence.

6 Now that which sweete[illegible] is this,
Our glory will remain;
No end will there be of our [illegible]
When we begin to raign.

7 In hopes of that high glory [illegible]
Break forth, ye Saints, and sing,
And also live unto the praise
Of your most glorious King.

HYM

HYMN 145.

Of Hell.

ark 9. 46. *Where the Worm dieth not, and the Fire is not quenched.*

1 WHen Saints ſhall glorified be,
The Sinners pangs excell;
hen Saints ſhall all in Heaven ſing,
Sinners ſhall houl in Hell.

2 The fooliſh Sinner little thinks
What ſorrows will abound
ithin himſelf, when on the brink
Of *Tophet* he is found.

3 Hell is, alas, beyond all thought
So frightful, and forlorn;
o mortal Creature can relate
The pangs that there are born.

4 God will exclude them evermore
From his moſt bleſſed face:
nd them involve in miſery,
In ſhame, and in diſgrace.

5 God is the Fountain of all Good,
Of Life, of Light and peace;
hey then muſt needs be wretched all
Who are depriv'd of theſe.

6 Unto a dreadful burning Lake
All on a fiery flame
ell is compared; wo to them
Who once do feel the ſame.

HYMN

HYMN 146.

The Second Part.

1 NO light, but darkneſs there doth dwell!
No peace, but horror ſtrange:
Ah! they who once do come to Hell,
Will find a diſmal change;

2 A fiery Lake, a Furnace hot,
A Burning Oven too
It is compared in God's Word,
And thither Sinners go.

3 And further, God to ſhew their ſtate
Who in their ſins do die,
Compares it to burning Brimſtone,
To ſhew their miſery.

4 And as a ſtinking ſteam and ſmoak
Of Brimſtone bad does ſmell,
And blinds the Eyes, and Stomach choaks,
So are the pangs of Hell.

5 To ſee a Sea of Brimſtone burn,
Would it you not affright?
But they whom God to Hell doth turn,
Are in a worſer plight.

6 This burning cannot quenched be,
No, not with Tears of Blood;
No mournful groans in miſery
Will there do any good.

7 O damned Sinners ſee your fate,
The Day of Grace is done;
Repentance now is much too late,
All mercy's fled and gone.

The Second Part.

1 Pet. 3. 19. *The Spirits in Prison.*

Hell also, in another place,
Is call'd a *Prison* too;
nd all to shew the woful case
Of such sin doth undo:

Which Prison, with its Lock and Barrs
Of God's lasting Decree,
ill hold them fast; O how this marrs
All thoughts of being free.

Out of these brazen Barrs may they
The Saints in glory see;
ut this will not their grief allay,
But to them torment be.

Those Chains that darkness on them hangs,
Still ratling in their Ears,
reates within them heavy pangs,
And still augments their Tears.

Thus hopeless of all remedy,
They dyingly do sink
nto the Jaws of Misery,
And Seas of Sorrows drink;

For being fill'd on every side
With helplesness and grief,
eadlong into despair they slide,
Bereft of all relief.

The Third Part.

Hell a bottomless Pit.

And *Hell* also is call'd a *Pit*,
Prepar'd for those that die
he *Second Death*, a term most fit
To shew their misery.

A Pit that's bottomless is this,
A Gulph of grief and woe,

A Dungeon which they cannot miss,
That will them quite undo.

3 Thus without stay they always sink,
Thus fainting till they fail;
Despair they up like water drink,
These Prisoners have no Bail.

4 Here meets them now that Worm that gnaws,
And plucks their Bowels out;
The pit too on them shuts her Jaws,
This dreadful is no doubt.

5 This ghastly Worm is guilt of sin,
Which on their Conscience feeds,
With Vipers Teeth both sharp and keen,
Whereat it sorely bleeds.

6 This Worm is fed by memory,
Which strictly brings to mind
All things done in their Body here,
As we in Scripture find.

7 Their Conscience is the Slaughter-shop,
There hangs the Axe and Knife;
'Tis there the Worm doth them torment,
With most egregious strife.

8 They sooner may drink up the Sea
Than shake off these their fears,
Or make another in one day
As big with brinish tears.

9 They sooner may the Stars account
Than loose their dismal bands,
Or tell the number of their Hairs,
Or number of the Sands

10 Of the Sea-shore, as see the end
Of their sad misery;
O Sinners fear and tremble all!
Think on Eternity.

The End of the Seventh Part. PART

PART VIII.

SACRED HYMNS of *Praise*, on several Occasions:

As they have been sung in several Congregations.

HYMN 147.

Sin laid upon Christ.

1 LO, Christ hath suffer'd for us all
When Enemies we were,
Therefore we will thy Name extoll,
Whose love did thus appear;

2 For we *like Sheep have gone astray*,
And ready were to fall;
And God hath lain the load on thee,
To give rest to us all.

3 Thy precious Praises therefore, Lord,
Sincerely let us sing,
And laud thy Name with one accord,
O God and heavenly King;

4 For all thy *loving-kindness*, Lord,
And for thy *truth* divine;
For thou hast made thy holy Word
O're all thy Name to shine.

5 Help us to praise thee, and to live
Wholly alone to thee,

And not forget from whence doth come
Our present liberty.

6 O shine upon thy Church always,
And bless our joynt-endeavour;
And prosper thou our handy-work
Now and the same for ever.

HYMN 148.

To be sung after the Lord's Supper.

The good Physician.

1 THy love, O Lord, was very great
To such vile ones as we;
Our hearts were once dead as a stone,
But now they quickned be.

2 Slight Balm may heal a slighter sore,
But there's no Med'cine good
Which can to life our Souls restore,
But the Physician's Blood.

3 Lord Jesus when we thee espy,
Though life is almost gone,
We see by Faith we shall not die,
All praise to thee alone

4 Who hast pour'd in Sweet Oyl and Wine
To heal each wounded heart;
O thou wilt heal all Souls of thine,
Who for their sakes didst smart.

5 We therefore will unto thee sing,
And thee always adore;
To him from whom all Blessings spring
Be praise for evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 149.

A *Hymn of Praise* after the Lord's Supper.

The Banqueting-House.

1 HAlleluja let us sing aloud,
Salvation, Glory, Fame,
Be given to the Lord our God,
O glorifie his Name,

2 Who loved us, and sent his Son
For our eternal good,
To wash away our scarlet sins
In his most precious Blood.

3 Into the House of Banqueting
He brings us to be fed,
Love is the Banner flourishing
VVith honour o're our head.

4 Beneath his shadow we are plac'd
VVith joy and true content;
His Fruit is sweet unto our taste,
His VVord and Sacrament.

5 O draw me my dear Saviour then
VVith thy strong Cords of Love,
And we will all run after thee
As fast as we can move:

6 And in thy Name, O Lord, we'll trust,
For that's a Tower strong,
Whither the Righteous oft doth fly
For shelter all day long.

HYMN 150.

Divine Wrath.

1 THe day doth come, and burn it will
Like to an Oven hot;
And all the proud shall be Fuel
Who have the Lord forgot:

2 Nay it begins now to break forth,
And will burn more and more;
On all the wicked of the Earth
God will his vengeance pour.

3 Evil shall slay the wicked Man
For sin which he hath wrought;
And such who hate God's faithful Ones,
Shall quickly come to nought.

4 But all who do fear thee, O Lord,
Thou wilt keep safe and sound;
And such who put their trust in thee,
Thou never wilt confound,

5 But save them in the day of wrath,
The which is very nigh,
When all the wicked of the Earth
In direful Flames shall lye.

HYMN 151.

A Hymn of Praise after the Sacrament.

The Bread of Life.

1 WIth precious Food, Lord, we are fed,
Which we have cause to prize;
Our Table is most richly spread
With choice Varieties.

2 The

2 The harmleſs Lamb moſt innocent
For us is ready ſlain,
And we as Gueſts are hither ſent
To feed on him again.

3 But O what Love and Grace is here!
When we were hungry,
Chriſt's Body, Lord, thou didſt prepare
That for us he might die;

4 For nothing but his Fleſh and Blood
Could our poor Souls ſuſtain;
Therefore, O Lord, thou didſt cry forth,
O let my Lamb be ſlain.

5 O let his precious Blood run out,
For to them it I'll give,
Or elſe they'll periſh without doubt;
'Tis done; Come, eat, and live!

6 Eat, eat, O Friends, on what is good,
And drink abundantly;
The beſt of Heav'n is your Food,
No fatneſs I deny.

7 O Lord, thy Love is very ſweet,
And we therefore do cry,
O feed us with this precious Food
Untill we come to die.

8 And we will ſing thy Praiſes, Lord,
Even both rich and poor;
And to the bleſſed Lamb we'll ſing
Praiſes for evermore.

HYMN 152.

A Hymn of Praise after the Lord's Supper.

Saints die with Christ.

1 ALL glory unto Christ the Lord,
'Tis thy immortal fame
We will sing forth with one accord,
And glorifie thy Name.

2 O blessed God, thou art all Love,
No minute 'scapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above,
In that sweet love we rest.

3 Lord, didst thou die, and do we live?
Hath not grief slain us yet?
Vouchsafe to us thy grace to give,
To live as it is meet.

4 Did thy most precious love to me
Make thee to leave thy Throne,
And mount the Stage of Infamy?
And shalt thou die alone?

5 Lord, let me die, die unto sin,
That death, O let me see;
Be thou the death of sin, O Lord,
Which was death unto thee;

6 And as all fulness is in thee,
O then we pray pour in,
For we are empty thou dost know,
Except it be of sin.

7 And since thou hast, O Holy One,
A Salve for ev'ry Sore.
Let us rejoyce and praise thy Name
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 153.

Luke 13. 10. *Joy in Heaven when Sinners repent.*

1 LOrd, is there joy in Heav'n above
VVhen Sinners turn to thee?
Let this our Souls affections move,
To long till it we ſee.

2 VVhat cauſe of joy then hath that heart
VVho with repenting tears
Unfeignedly cleaves unto thee,
And to thy ways adheres.!

3 Shall holy Angels, Lord, rejoyce
In our ſweet happineſs,
When all the good is unto us,
To them not more nor leſs?

4 In this they act, Lord, like to thee,
Who for our only good
VVas ſacrificed on the Tree,
To waſh us in thy Blood:

5 And ſhall not we now learn of thee
To ſeek the good of others?
And with one heart ſtrive to impart
All comfort to our Brothers?

6 Rejoyce with them that do rejoyce,
This duty let us love;
And then thy VVill we ſhall fulfill
As Angels do above.

7 But what a low and carnal heart
Hath he, whoe're he be,
VVho being full, will not impart
To thoſe in miſery!

8 To pity, and not to relieve,
Doth certainly declare
Such never did God's Grace receive
In truth, nor are ſincere.

9 Acknowledg how you have tranſgreſs'd
Againſt the Lord your God,
And let it be with grief confeſs'd
What By-Paths you have trod;

10 For if we do our ſins confeſs,
Faithful and Juſt is he,
From ſin and all unrighteouſneſs
To cleanſe and ſet us free.

HYMN 154.

Sung after Sermon.

Pſal. 31. 19. *Great Goodneſs laid up, and wrought out.*

1 GReat Goodneſs thou, O Lord, haſt wrought
Who can of it conceive?
And thoſe thou doſt regenerate,
'Tis they do it receive:

2 'Tis they who are delivered
From that forlorn eſtate
They once were in when they lay dead
Under thy fearful hate.

3 'Tis they whoſe Souls united be
Unto thy ſelf, O Lord;
And have Communion too with thee,
And prize thy bleſſed Word.

4 They are alive, and love thee dear,
Thy Image alſo they
Do in their Souls moſt clearly bear,
And taſte of thee each day.

5 They

5 They of Christ's Blood and Merits shall
For certain have a part;
And though they sin, they cannot fall
From thee, Lord, in their heart.

6 Their Souls shall live eternally,
They sing thy praise therefore;
This work being wrought in our Souls,
We'll sing for evermore.

HYMN 155.

A Hymn of Praise after the Sacrament.

A Feast of Fat things.

1 LOrd, thou our *blest'd Physician* art,
Who for our Souls didst die;
Thou dost thy precious Blood impart,
Our Souls to purifie.

2 When sin and sickness did appear,
And nought could do us good,
A Med'cine then thou didst prepare,
To heal us with thy Blood.

3 Thou art, O Lord, our glorious Sun,
Light, Heat and Life's from thee;
And thou upon our Souls has shone,
By which we quickned be.

4 A Banquet rich thou dost provide,
A Table of Fat things;
To feast our Souls, O let us eat
And drink of thy own Springs.

5 The Feast is thine, of thine own cost,
The Lamb is of thy Fold;
It is the best in all the Flock,
More precious far than Gold.

6 No ſpot in him was ever found,
No blemiſh, but all pure;
Yet for us he had many wounds,
Thy wrath he did endure.

7 He drank the bitter of the Cup,
That no wrath might remain,
That we might drink in draughts of love,
And come to life again,

8 And ſpend our days upon the Earth
In joy, through thy ſweet Spirit,
Until we come thy glory great
In Heaven to inherit.

HYMN 156.

Pſal. 31. 19. *Goodneſs wrought.*

1 HOw great is thy ſweet goodneſs, Lord,
Which for us thou haſt wrought
By Jeſus Chriſt, our deareſt Friend,
Who our dear Souls hath bought;

2 That ſo we might that goodneſs have,
His Life he did lay down,
Our Souls from Death and Hell to ſave,
And us with glory crown.

3 And as for us, Chriſt wrought it out,
So in us we do ſee
The Spirit works without all doubt,
That we convinc'd might be:

4 And ſo doth cauſe us for to feel
What unto ſin is due,
The weight of which would make us reel,
And vengeance ſoon enſue.

5 But

5 But 'tis to heal that he doth wound
The Soul, and makes it cry;
And then with speed he doth make haste
A Plaister to apply.

6 None but thy Spirit can convince,
And us for Grace prepare;
And we, O Lord, may see from hence
How helpless once we were.

7 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost therefore,
Be blessing, honour, and renown,
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 157.

Sung after Sermon.

Rom. 1. 6. *The Gospel the power of God.*

1 WE of thy Gospel holy, Lord,
Are not asham'd to own;
Because thy glory shines therein,
And power is made known.

2 Thy Gospel is the means whereby
We, Lord, came to believe,
And in it does great Riches lye,
Which we by Faith receive.

3 Thy Grace in it does glorious shine,
And by thy Spirit we
Are wrought upon, and so made thine,
And union have with thee.

4 What cause have we therefore to sing
That we thy Gospel have,
And praise our God and heav'nly King,
Who strives our Souls to save!

5 Our

5 Our Enemies the Light do hate,
And fain wou'd once again
Suppreſs the Goſpel, as of late;
O 'tis their bitter pain

6 To ſee how Light and Truth breaks out,
But this is, Lord, our joy;
Ariſe and put them to the rout
Who would thy Truth deſtroy:

7 And we thy Praiſes will ſing forth,
And laud thy Name therefore;
O let thy Word ſhine through the Earth
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 158.

The joyful Sound.

1 WHo hath or doth, O Lord, believe
Th' Report which thou haſt given?
Many will hear, but few receive
Th' joyful News from Heaven.

2 The joyful Sound that's ſpread abroad
There's few which it do mind;
For though they have it often heard,
Yet not with hearts inclin'd

3 To that which is moſt truly good
They have no mind at all
But contrar'wiſe deſpiſe thy Word,
And do contemn thy Call:

4 But unto ſome thou doſt make known
Thy glorious power divine;
And theſe are they that thou doſt own,
And calleſt alſo thine.

5 They

5 They do believe, and also fear;
They love and do obey:
They cleave to thee, and are sincere,
And follow thee alway.

6 And them dost thou with Blessings crown,
They sing to thee therefore;
And hence it is thou dost them own,
And wilt for evermore.

HYMN 159.

Psal. 23. 3. *The Sinners Soul restored.*

1 'TIs thou, O Lord, who dost restore
Our Souls which went astray,
And had been lost for evermore
Hadst thou not found a way

2 For to recover us again,
By sending of thy Son;
Under thy wrath we should have lain,
And ever been undone.

3 Our sin and sickness was so sore,
Nothing could do us good;
Nor life unto our Souls restore,
But the Physicians Blood.

4 Our case was sad, woful indeed,
If it we did but know;
Thou therefore sentst thy Son to bleed,
Such bowels didst thou show,

5 That he for us, and in our stead
Thy dreadful wrath did bear,
That of his Flesh our Souls might feed,
Lost strength for to repair.

6 There-

6 Therefore we sing, Lord, unto thee,
And well indeed may they
Who by thy Grace now quickned be,
And set in the right way

7 Unto eternal happiness,
Whose Souls thou dost restore;
They all praise thee, Lord, more or less,
And shall for evermore.

HYMN 160.

The Godly Man's Soul restored.

1 A Godly Man may greatly fall,
But thou, Lord, wilt restore
His Soul again, and so he shall
Stand faster than before.

2 He under sin long shall not lye
Before he doth revive;
And whilst he's down, his Soul doth cry,
And greatly does he strive

3 Against all sin, and it does hate,
And fain would he get clear
Of every sin and evil thing,
To shew he is sincere.

4 But wicked Men do make a trade
Of sinning ev'ry day,
Their hearts are carnal, and so hard,
Sins motions they obey;

5 And in them also it doth reign,
And they in it delight;
Hence under wrath they do remain,
Being odious in thy sight.

6 All praise to God, the Lord above,
We find it otherwise,
That sin we hate, and thee do love,
And thy sweet favour prize.

7 Good Men cannot contented be,
Unless restor'd again,
And thy most precious face do see,
And pardon do obtain.

8 All glory to thy gracious Name
We give to thee therefore,
And do resolve for to proclaim
Thy praise for evermore.

HYMN 161.

Psal. 23. 3. *The glorious restauration of the Soul.*

1 THe Restoration of the Soul
It is the work alone
Of thy own Grace, O God most high,
Which to us is made known.

2 Thy wisdom and thy power divine,
And mercy infinite,
In equal glory, Lord, doth shine
Hereby in all Mens sight.

3 If thou hadst not stretch'd out thy hand
Our Souls thus to restore,
We must have lain in Satan's band,
O Lord, for evermore.

4 But are our Souls restor'd indeed,
And rais'd to life again?
And from eternal death so freed,
Shall never feel that pain?

5 And

5 And shall also preserved be
Unto eternal bliss;
Well may such sing continually,
What comfort, Lord, like this!

6 What ground of joy and gladness's here?
We'll raise thy praise therefore;
For all restored Souls shall sing
To thee for evermore.

The Second Part.

The Sinner's misery, and the Saints glory.

1 Sad was the Loss Man did sustain
By his most dismal Fall;
God's Image marr'd, his Soul deprav'd,
And brought into great thrall;

2 Defil'd, wounded, and naked made,
And dead in sin did lie;
Thus did his glory at once fade
Through his iniquity.

3 Bound in strong Bonds in Satan's Chains
His Eyes put out also;
He wickedly his God disdains,
To him a cursed Foe.

4 For in the mind such enmity
Is there in each vile one;
That they resist thee day and night,
And bid thee to be gone.

5 But yet such Grace didst thou extend
To such a filthy Foe,
As to send Christ, thy only Son,
The Devil to o'rethrow,

6 And

6 And Man redeem with ſtretch'd out Hand,
Thy Image to reſtore;
And heal his wounds, and make him ſee
Who was ſo blind before.

7 Into ſweet Union with thy ſelf
Thou tak'ſt him once again;
And he in thine own Boſom's laid,
Th' Enmity being ſlain.

8 From ſickneſs he's recovered,
From bondage quite ſet free;
He lives again who once was dead,
And dearly now loves thee.

9 Well may this cauſe all Souls to ſing
Who thus reſtored be;
For unto them, Lord, from hence ſprings
Joy to eternity.

HYMN 163.

The precious Promiſes.

1 A Happy Soul, O Lord, is he
Who Union has with thee;
Th' Promiſes to him are given,
Which ſweet and precious be.

2 Lord, when thou giv'ſt thy ſelf to us,
Promiſes are precious;
But never till we did believe,
Could we e're find them thus.

3 All praiſe to God, the Lord on high,
And to Chriſt who did die
To purchaſe for us Bleſſings ſtore
To all Eternity.

4 We

4 We now therefore, O Lord, will ſing
Unto our glorious King,
From whence the precious Promiſes
Of Grace to us doe ſpring.

5 What precious Bleſſings do we ſee,
Who intereſt have in thee!
And ſhall be happy evermore
Unto eternity.

HYMN 164.

A Hymn of Praiſe after the Sacrament.

1 HAlleluja! O happy day
That ever Chriſt was born!
And happy we that e're we ſee
This everlaſting Morn.

2 Bleſs'd be the Lamb that hither came
To be a Sacrifice;
'Tis by thy Blood we have all good,
In thee all Bleſſings lyes.

3 Our Bands to break thou didſt them take,
And with them thou waſt bound,
God's Cords we burſt, thou waſt acurſt
To heal our grievous Wound;

4 For us he dy'd, being crucify'd,
Suſtain'd that cruel death;
Waſt broke with grief, us'd as a Thief,
And gave up his ſweet breath.

5 His Grave was made, and Body laid
With the rich and unjuſt;
His Honour high deſpis'd did lye
All cover'd up in Duſt.

6 Admirable ſight, a love moſt bright,
Never the like was ſeen,
That one ſo high ſo low ſhould lye,
Vile Wretches to redeem.

7 'Mongſt Men, what one wou'd e're have gone
His Son thus to abaſe,
For Enemies that him deſpiſe,
And were in ſuch a caſe.

8 Prais'd be the Lord, prais'd be the Word
And Spirit too therefore;
Sing praiſe will we to the bleſs'd Three,
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 165.

Man's Impotency.

1 HOw weak, O Lord, is ſinful Man,
O how unable's he
To act or do, much leſs to run,
Until he's drawn by thee!

2 We, Lord, have no ſufficiency,
Nor power of our own,
To think ſo much as one good thought,
As of our ſelves alone;

3 But all our whole ſufficiency
Doth from the Lord proceed,
Who works in us moſt graciouſly
Both the will and the deed.

4 O draw us then our Saviour dear
With thy ſtrong Cords of Love,
And then will we run after thee
As faſt as we can move.

5 Shal[l]

5 Shall we by thy own ſovereign Grace
These ſpecial drawings find;
Then ſhall we run our heavenly Race
With a ſweet raiſed Mind.

HYMN 166.

Iſa. 55. 1. Come ye to the Waters.

1 O Come, ye thirſty Souls, and drink;
O Come, do not delay!
Is it not time, can any think,
With ſpeed to come away?

2 O precious Grace and Love divine,
Lord, we adore thee do,
And praiſe that holy Name of thine
From whence theſe Waters flow.

3 Waters of Life, how ſweet are they
To him that thirſteth ſore!
O he eſteemeth them each day,
And loves them more and more.

4 They who of them do drink ſhall live,
Yea, and ſhall never die;
And all that come, may them receive,
Thou wilt not one deny.

5 They heal the ſick and wounded heart
And give ſight to the blind;
There's none ſhall ever be undone
Who do theſe Waters find.

6 All praiſe and glory unto God
We have theſe Waters ſtore;
Let's drink of them and let us live,
And praiſe thee evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 167.

Glorious Light shining forth.

1 NOw Christ is preached unto us,
His glorious Name made known;
The Morning-Star sends forth his light,
Dark Shadows now are gone.

2 The Morning of that long'd for Day
Will soon break forth amain,
When glory great shall fill the Earth,
And Jesus Christ shall reign.

3 'Twill quickly be that we shall sing
A new and pleasant Song,
And shall exalt poor *Sions* King,
For whose sweet day we long.

4 He thar his Soul pour'd forth to death,
And dy'd a Sacrifice,
Will like a Lyon quickly rouze,
And all his Foes surprize.

5 The gracious Lamb that hither came
For Sinners to be slain,
Is worthy of all glory great,
And therefore shall he reign.

6 The Song of *Moses* and the Lamb
Redeemed Ones shall sing;
O let us on his side be found
Sincere in ev'ry thing.

7 O happy they who thee have got
That suffered on the Tree,
And count all things as Dung and Dross
When once compar'd to thee.

8 Then shall we find peace in our mind
When thus we prize thy Name;
And fill'd shall we with glory be,
Whilst others fill'd with shame.

HYMN 168.

The panting Soul.

1 ONe thing, O Lord, thy Saints desire,
And would obtain of thee,
Within thy Temple to enquire,
Thy beauty there to see;

2 That there may be our dwelling-place,
Let us this mercy crave,
And all provision of thy Grace
There daily also have:

3 That to our joy we all may drink
Of living lasting Springs,
And also know and the will do
Of thee the King of Kings:

4 And being fed with living Bread,
May praise thy Name therefore;
Refresh'd from thee, from thirsting free,
May sing for evermore.

HYMN 169.

Everlasting Rest.

1 TO the Eternal God above
Let us loud praise proclaim;
Since we have tasted of his Love,
Let's glorifie his Name.

2 A blessed rest he hath in store
For all who are upright,
Where they shall be for evermore
In his eternal light.

3 All Tears from off our Eyes shall then
Be wiped quite away;
And we shall never mourn agen
On that eternal day.

4 O then let's fear lest we fall short
Of that sweet resting-place;
For many seem to bid fair for't,
Without one dram of Grace.

5 Let us truly converted be,
And Oyl have much in store;
For then through thee enter shall we
Before thou shut the door:

6 And with joy sing unto our King
Eternal Songs above,
And filled all both great and small
With thy eternal Love.

HYMN 170.

Hear, and your Souls shall live.

1 THy Mercy, Lord, is infinite,
To call such unto thee,
Who loathsom are in thy own sight
By their iniquity.

2 O then let Sinners come with speed,
B'ing drawn by pow'r divine;
Let them unto thy Call give heed,
Whilst Gospel-light does shine,

3 Come unto thee, O holy One,
And shall our Souls then live!
Let Sinners see they are undone,
Till Christ does them receive.

4 Lord, take some Sinners by the hand,
And save their Souls from Hell;
And make them bend to thy Command,
O thou canst them compell

5 To come unto the Marriage-Feast;
O bring them in to thee,
That they may sing thy Praises forth
To all eternity.

HYMN 171.

What shall we do?

1 O Lord, what shall poor Sinners do
Who dead in sin do lie?
And must eternal sorrow know,
If in that state they die?

2 O praised be thy holy Name
Thou hast a way found out
To save us from eternal shame,
And life to work about.

3 O then shall some this day so hear,
That they may Life obtain!
Let them to Jesus Christ draw near,
And so be born again,

4 Or else they will i'th' Judgment-day
Condemned ever be,
And on them thou wilt thy wrath pour
To all eternity.

5 Then quake and tremble ev'ry one,
And not reject God's Call;
Left you at last be all undone,
And into Hell do fall.

6 O thou art good to us, O Lord,
In sending Christ to die;
If Grace thou dost to us afford,
We'll sing continually.

The Second Part.

Who hath made thee differ, &c.

1 O Lord, we praise thy glorious Name
For distinguishing Love;
Blessed be God Christ hither came
To lift us up above.

2 We naturally like others were,
Even cursed Foes to thee;
But thou hast made thy Grace appear,
Whilst others darkness be.

3 Thou hast, O Lord, the difference made,
All is of Grace alone;
Hence we have cause sweetly to sing
To thee the holy One.

4 O shall thy glorious Work appear?
Lift up thy Name on high,
That Sinners may now ev'ry where
To the Lord Jesus fly.

5 And as for us, let it be seen
We all converted be,
That so we may thy Praises sing
To all eternity.

HYMN 173.

If the Son make you free, &c.

1 HAlleluja to thee the Lord above,
His Praiſes let us ſing;
Exalt his Name continually
From whom all Bleſſings ſpring.

2 Who didſt behold us when we lay
Polluted in our ſin;
And to waſh us found out a way
To make us clean agen.

3 We Slaves of Sin and Satan were,
And in ſtrong Bonds were bound;
And when no other help was there,
From thee we help have found.

4 Thy Son out of thy Boſom came
Our Souls for to ſet free;
All praiſe unto the Son of God,
And equal praiſe to thee,

5 The Father of our glorious Lord,
The God of Grace and Love,
Who didſt us pity, and afford
Salvation from above.

6 No freedom, Lord, for ſin is there,
But by the Son alone,
Who did thy wrath from Sinners bear,
Who were all quite undone.

7 Let ſuch who liberty now have,
Thy Praiſes ſing therefore;
For them wilt thou from bondage ſave,
O Lord, for evermore.

HYMN 174.

A Hymn after a Farewell Sermon.

1 SHine forth, O Lord, upon our Souls,
And let thy Showers fall,
That so we may be rooted well,
And flouriſh great and ſmall.

2 We have a ſweet reviving time,
Who lately ſeem'd as dead;
When ſhall we be as in the prime?
O raiſe our withered Head!

3 We have had a ſore Winters day,
A pinching time was here;
But ſhall ſuch Weather fly away,
And ſpringing times draw near?

4 We praiſe thy great and glorious Name
For Seaſons we have had,
O let us not be put to ſhame,
But in thy ſelf be glad.

5 We now muſt part, and for a while
Not ſee each other here;
So let us walk, that when Chriſt comes,
With him we may appear,

6 And ſing ſweet Songs of Melody,
And Joy in God above;
And raviſh'd be eternally
With his tranſcendant Love.

HYMN 175.

Christ knocks at the Door.

1 THou, Lord, knocks at the Sinner's Door,
Desiring to come in,
To store their hearts with precious Grace,
And to destroy their sin.

2 Thy Love is great, and therefore, Lord,
Dost wait on them we see,
Who will attend unto thy Word,
And open unto thee.

3 Lord, thou dost knock and call aloud,
Sinners rouze up with speed;
If you do open unto him,
No good thing shall you need.

4 Thou dost not come with empty hand
To those who do believe;
For they with thee Communion have,
And such like Joys receive;

5 Which prized are by holy Ones
Thy Consolations be
Not small, O Lord, but very great,
Such do receive from thee.

6 All praise, and glory, and renown
Therefore to thee they sing;
Yea praise let's raise continually
Of Christ our glorious King.

HYMN

HYMN 176.

The Foot-ſteps of the Flock.

1 TEll me, O thou beloved One,
Where thou thy Flock doſt feed?
On thee we do depend alone,
That thou our Souls mayſt lead

2 Into rich Paſtures freſh and green,
Where we do comfort find,
Which doth content our precious Souls,
And ſtay our fainting mind.

3 Thou ſendſt us to the firſt Foot-ſteps
Of thy dear Flock of old,
There for to feed, and to lye down
In thy own bleſſed Fold;

4 Where reſt we may under thy ſhade
With much delight and peace,
Where ſtreams of joy moſt ſweetly flow,
Which run and never ceaſe.

6 Thou haſt o'recome us with thy Love,
We can't but muſt love thee;
And being drawn, Lord, from above,
We run continually.

6 Therefore we ſing unto thy Name,
And lift thy praiſe on high;
And for thy ſake bear any ſhame,
And will not thee deny.

8 If we do find we do love thee,
And thou dost Love return,
We'll never cease to raise thy praise
Until our lives are done.

HYMN 177.

Act. 8. 5. *Christ preach'd.*

1 HAlleluja to the Lord on high,
All glory, honour, praise
Ascribe to him continually,
And live to him always.

2 Lift Christ on high, our glorious King,
In whom all fulness dwells;
He is our Life and Fountain-spring,
His glory great excells.

3 'Tis Christ, O God, that we do preach,
As thou dost us command;
O let thy Word Men's hearts so reach,
It may break Satan's Band.

4 O set their Souls at liberty,
And them unite to thee,
To sing thy praise melodiously
Whilst they thy glory see.

5 There's none like Christ in all the Earth,
He is that lovely One;
His honour we would, Lord, spread forth,
And him exalt alone.

6 Thou hast made him the All in all
To us in ev'ry thing;
Before him shall the mighty fall,
And own him to be King.

7 His

7 His Day is near, his Foes muſt down,
And never riſe again;
And flouriſh muſt his glorious Crown,
And ever ſhall he reign.

HYMN 178.

A Hymn of Praiſe after the Lord's Supper.

Wonders of Grace.

1 O Let us all with chearful voice
Sweet *Hallelujah*'s ſing;
And magnifie the Lord moſt high,
Our glorious God and King,

2 Who wond'rous things for us haſt done,
Which all our Eyes behold,
In ſaving of his ſinking Church,
As in the days of old.

3 Let us loud Praiſe proclaim always,
And godly alſo live
Continually both night and day,
And glory to him give.

4 Let Chriſt be had in great eſteem,
And lifted up on high;
O let us all remember him
Who for us all did die.

5 How did he, Lord, with bitter cryes
Make known his grief to thee,
Whilſt languiſhing his Body hung
For us upon the Tree.

6 Unto the Croſs they did thee nail,
Thy Sides they pierc'd alſo;
O let us all apply thy Blood
Which from thy Wounds did flow.

7 Its precious vertue we receive,
To purge and make us white,
That through it we might all indeed
Be lovely in thy sight.

8 Lord, didst thou die that we might live?
O let us sigh and mourn,
With fervent hearts unfeignedly,
To think what thou hast born

9 To save our Souls from Wrath and Hell,
That we might changed be,
And so at last in Heaven dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN 179.

A Hymn of Thanksgiving for our late Deliverance.

1 THy wondrous Acts of Grace, O Lord,
Wrought in all Peoples sight,
May stir us up with one accord
To praise thee day and night.

2 The cursed snare that *Babel* laid,
Is broken, Lord, by thee;
And they of whom we were afraid,
Confounded also be.

3 When we like Men near dead did lye,
And knew not what to do;
Thou didst defeat our Enemy,
And them quite overthrow.

4 Thou hast also, Lord, heard our Cry
For bleeding *Ireland*;
And sav'd the King, when death was nigh,
With thy blessed Right-hand.

5 And

5 And Liberty to us is given
To Worſhip without fear;
And with ſweet Dews and Showers from Heav'n
Our Souls thou now doſt chear.

6 We therefore glorifie thy Name
To whom all praiſe belongs,
And celebrate thy glorious Fame
With joy in holy Songs.

HYMN 180.

The power of Prayer.

1 PRayer is a Duty ev'ry one
Should uſe both day and night;
Prayer is a Duty God does love,
And in it takes delight.

2 Prayer is a Duty prevalent,
It has *Jehova's* Ear;
Prayer ſhould to Heaven be daily ſent
When we are in great fear.

3 VVhate're we want, if we do pray
To thee moſt fervently,
And ask according to thy VVill,
VVe ſhall have all ſupply.

4 To Prayer of wicked Men, O Lord,
Thou wilt no Anſwer give;
But wilt hear thoſe who are ſincere,
And do uprightly live.

5 All praiſe to God, the Lord moſt high,
VVho haſt ſaid, Seek my face;
VVhate're thou doſt our Souls deny,
Give us more of thy Grace.

HYMN 181.

Saints Safety.

1 TO God most high we lift our voice,
And sing with one accord;
For we safe always are in thee,
Our help is in the Lord.

2 Some trust in Men, and in their Wealth,
And Riches do embrace,
But, Lord, grant us thy saving health,
And shinings of thy face.

3 Thou hast put gladness in our heart
By those thy Beams divine,
Much more than they who have their part
Of Corn, of Oyl and Wine.

4 On thy own strength we do repose,
And thereby are secure
And safe from all most dreadful woes,
Our dwelling-place is sure.

5 Within the Clifts of the bless'd Rock
From whence sweet Waters flow,
And therefore will not fear that shock
That *Babel* will o'rethrow.

6 Thou hast say'd us from wrath to come
At the most dismal day,
And wilt save us from bloody *Rome*,
Who would us all betray.

7 To him that on the Throne sits down,
And Christ the Lamb therefore,
Be blessing, glory and renown
Now and for evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 182.

1 ALL praise to God the glorious One,
Thy Name let us adore,
Who loved us, and sent his Son,
Praise him for evermore.

2 The Cherubims with one accord
Do sing continually;
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
And glorious Majesty:

3 And shall not we affected be
With thy redeeming Love,
And sing to thee melodiously
With hearts raised above

4 All earthly things, since we have Springs
To drink of in the way,
That are so sweet, and make us meet
For Christ another day.

5 Our Tables spread with heavenly Bread
In presence of our Foes;
We eat fat things, and drink of Springs
From whence Soul-comfort flows.

6 What, Lord, so good as Divine Food
To those that gracious be,
And know full well nought can excell
What they enjoy of thee?

7 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost therefore,
Be glory, honour, and renown,
Now and for evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 183.

Zach. 12. 10. *And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced.*

1 O Happy Souls who look to thee,
And presently do mourn
And grieve for their iniquity,
Seeing what thou hast born.

2 O Lord, how did our horrid sin
Upon thee heavy lye!
We pierced thee once and agen
By our iniquity.

3 O let us look until we love,
And thee with joy embrace;
Men will loath Sin and it forsake
When they receive thy Grace.

4 And since there is for us relief
In thee, O Saviour dear,
Let's throw away all Unbelief,
And joyful all appear.

5 Into thy presence we are come,
Let's make a joyful noise,
And sing to thee who 'tis alone
That all our Foes destroys.

6 No Enemy without, within,
But from them thou canst save;
Therefore let's sing thy glorious praise,
And unto thee let's cleave.

7 Sin never shall that Soul destroy
That looketh unto thee,
Such sing, and shall with inward joy
Unto Eternity.

HYMN

HYMN 184.

When recovered after a Fit of Sickneſs, Sept. 16. 1688

1 LEt that life-breathing Face of thine,
Lord, manifeſted be;
Becauſe thy Love excelleth VVine,
All upright Ones love thee.

2 Thou haſt, O Lord, redeemed us,
Yea, from the loweſt Hell,
And rais'd us to an higher ſtate
Than that from whence we fell.

3 VVith Flaggons of refreſhing Joy,
And Comforts from above,
Stay us, O Lord, we humbly pray,
Let us be ſick of Love.

4 For theſe great Bleſſings, O moſt High,
VVe will thy Praiſes ſing,
VVho haſt alſo, Lord, heard our cry,
Praiſe to our glorious King.

5 VVe cried to thee with our hearts
To make thy Servant whole,
And from the all-devouring Grave
For to return his Soul.

6 And thou doſt, Lord, a new life ſend,
And wouldeſt not permit
That he ſhould haſtily deſcend
Into the doleſom Pit.

7 VVe therefore ſing and give thee praiſe,
Moſt holy let us be,
VVith hearts united all our days
Let us live unto thee.

HY

HYMN 185.

Rev. 3. 18. *Buy of me Gold tried in the Fire.*

1 LOrd, we do ſee that poor we be,
But thou haſt Riches ſtore;
And if that we do come to thee,
VVe nothing ſhall want more.

2 VVhat is our own to us is ſhown
Is good, alas, for nought;
O let it go, ſince we do know
Rare things are to be bought:

3 And thou doſt cry, O come and buy!
O bleſſed be the Lord!
Now is the day, let's not delay,
But cloſe in with thy Word:

4 Then rich ſhall we for ever be,
And Crowns of Glory have;
And Robes ſo white that ſhine like Light
Shall we likewiſe receive.

5 Grace is like Gold, but doth excell
VVhatever is on Earth;
O happy they who know full well
Its great and glorious worth.

6 Shall they not ſing who ſee the Spring
Of Grace doth Bleſſings pour;
Thy holy praiſe we will always,
Lord, ſing for evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 186.

Zach. 12. 10. *They shall look to me.*

After Sermon.

1 YE Saints, break forth with chearful voice,
And sing Christ's glorious praise;
His Love is sweet, O it is choice!
Ye Saints praise him always.

2 Come, look and love! O cast your Eye
Upon this lovely One!
He is your help, your Food, your Strength,
Your Hope, your Joy and Crown.

3 Christ is the Root, Christ is the Branch,
Christ is our Testator;
Christ is the holy Lamb of God,
Christ is our Mediator.

4 Christ is the Way, Christ is the Door,
Christ is our Physician;
Christ is our Meat, Christ is our Drink,
He's thus to every Christian.

5 Christ is God's great Embassador,
Christ is the only Heir;
Christ is the Bright and Morning-Star,
Christ is beyond compare.

6 Christ is the Foundation sure,
Christ is the corner-stone;
Christ is the Witness and the Truth,
Christ is the only one.

7 Sing praise to Christ, exalt him then,
And look to him always;
O sing to him, and never cease
Till you do end your days.

HY-

HYMN 187.

The heavenly Feast.

1 O Praise the Lord, and look to him,
Sing praise unto his Name;
O all ye Saints of Heav'n and Earth
Set forth his glorious fame:

2 VVho spared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all;
And made him drink the Cup of VVrath,
The VVormwood and the Gall.

3 He dy'd indeed, but rose again,
And did ascend on high,
That we poor Sinners lost and dead
Might live eternally.

4 His Flesh is heavenly Food indeed,
His Blood is Drink divine,
His Graces drops, like Honey-falls,
His Comforts taste like VVine.

5 Lord Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls
VVith thy abounding Grace;
For which we magnifie thy Name,
Longing to see thy Face.

6 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
Their thankful voices raise;
Can we be dumb whilst Angels sing
Our great Redeemer's praise.

7 Come let us joyn with Angels then,
Glory to God on high;
Peace upon Earth, Good-will to Men,
Thus sing eternally.

HYMN

HYMN 188.

The Harvest is the end of the World.

Harvest of Joy.

1 THe Harvest-day will soon be here,
A blessed day 'twill be
To all those Souls who are sincere,
For Jesus they shall see.

2 Thou send'st thy glorious Rays on us,
And Dews, our Souls to chear;
But e're long we with open Eyes
The Vision shall have clear.

3 Most sweet reviving Acts of Grace
Are those we feel of thine,
Whilst we behold thy glorious Face,
Yet stronger Beams will shine,

4 To comfort and rejoyce each heart
To all eternity;
From thee, O Lord, we ne're shall start,
But in thy Garner lye;

5 Or rather in thy precious Arms
We being ripened,
Shall housed be with lasting Charms
Of Glory on our Head.

6 No sorrow shall us then annoy,
Nor fears cause inward pain;
Nor sin nor Satan spoyl our joy,
Nor filth our glory stain.

7 W

7 We ſhall not then, as now, be vext
With Satan, World, and Sin;
Nor with baſe Hearts be more perplext
When Heaven has took us in.

HYMN 189.

The woful Harveſt of the Wicked.

1 THis World will quickly have an end,
That is the Harveſt-day;
And Jeſus will the Reapers ſend,
They come and ſhall not ſtay.

2 The Angels they the Reapers be,
The Wheat are God's Elect,
Which ſhall, Lord, gathered be to thee,
The Tares thou wilt reject:

3 The Tares are thoſe vile wicked Men
Who do thy Saints annoy,
Which ſhall in Bundles bound be then,
That thou may'ſt them deſtroy;

4 And into Flames thou wilt them caſt,
Their Worm ſhall never die;
The Fire too ſhall ever laſt
Ev'n to Eternity.

5 The falſe Profeſſor will be found
Amongſt the curſed Foe;
And with prophane Ones ſhall be bound,
And equal ſorrow know.

6 But a bleſs'd day will be to thoſe
Whoſe Hearts are found upright,
VVho did in truth with Jeſus cloſe,
And ſerv'd him day and night.

7 They

7 They shall with thee in glory be,
Lord Christ when thou dost come;
But Unbelievers shall from thee
Receive their final doom.

HYMN 190.

Christ's Passion and Exaltation.

1 *Hosanna* to King *David*'s Son,
The Lord's anointed One,
VVho quickly shall exalted be
Upon his glorious Throne.

2 Triumph and shout, O Heavens high!
And let the Earth rejoyce!
And let the Saints melodiously
Lift up in Songs their voice

3 To Christ the King, because that he
A Feast provideth here;
And tells us we all welcome be
To eat of his good Chear.

4 His Flesh for us doth freely give,
His Blood to drink also,
That we might never die but live,
These Blessings from him flow.

5 His bleeding VVounds, out-stretched Arms,
And yearning Bowels dear,
To us run out for sweet support,
That so we might not fear.

6 Thou art the first, yea and the last,
VVas dead, and art alive;
And lives for ay, therefore to thee
All honour we must give.

HYMN 191.

The Second Part.

Awake ye Virgins.

1 O Virgins know, both Fools and VVise,
The Bridegroom is at hand;
He comes, he comes, let it suffice,
But who with him shall stand?

2 He that his Lamp doth fitly trim,
And Oyl doth get good store,
Shall then embraced be by him,
And reign for evermore.

3 Cast off your drowze, let's all awake,
'Tis not a time to slumber;
But speedily our Lamps lets take,
And haste to th' VVedding-Chamber;

4 For certainly our dearest Lord
VVill quickly come away;
The mid-night Cry will soon be heard,
His Chariots will not stay.

5 O take thy flight on VVings of Love,
And like the nimble Hart,
Come, Lord, O come down from above!
Let's meet and never part.

6 The Bride saith, Come, O do not stay!
And he that hears thy voice,
In hopes that thou wilt come away,
Most sweetly does rejoyce.

HYMN 192.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

The Third Part.

1 THe Spirit saith, Dear Jesus come;
The thirsty Soul doth cry
Daily to thee; this is the summ,
O come most speedily.

2 Signs of thy Day upon us be,
The World it is perplex'd;
The Nations groan and long for thee,
By Wars being sorely vex'd.

3 Thy Saints do mourn their Sighs and Tears
Invite thee for to come,
The Martyrs Blood cryes in thy Ears
For *Babels* final doom.

4 Thou sayst, Surely I come quickly,
Amen, *Amen*, O Lord;
O come! O come! my Soul doth cry,
According to thy Word.

5 Lord, thou didst come, thou camst to die,
And bear most bitter pain,
God's Justice for to satisfie,
And Pardon to obtain.

6 Thou didst come to be humbled,
And suffer on the Tree;
Therefore shalt thou lift up thy Head,
And high exalted be.

7 Thy Right it is to reign as King,
Thou art the only Heir;
The Kingdom's, thine thy Foes down bring,
Thy vengeance let them bear.

HYMN

HYMN 193.

Signs of the last Day upon us.

The Fourth Part.

1 THe Fig-Tree, Lord, does now put forth,
The Summer doth draw near,
The Sea doth roar, (as thy VVord saith,)
And Men begin to fear.

2 The VVinter certainly is gone,
The lovely Birds do sing;
The Spring is now a coming on,
VVhich lasting joy will bring.

3 The voice of the sweet Turtle too
Is heard in this our Land,
VVhat clearer Signs, Lord, canst thou shew
By thy own wondrous Hand,

4 Of thy approach and glorious reign
The Nations angry be;
Thy wrath is come, their glory stain,
Thy Kingdom let us see.

5 The Ev'ning of a former day
Portends a dismal night,
But holy one; our Souls may say,
Our Ev'ning has some light.

6 Not light nor dark, this is the hour,
It's neither night nor day;
'Tis, 'tis the time of thy dread power,
O haste and come away.

7 The whole Creation sadly groans,
And utters its last cryes;
Poor *Sion* vents her piteous moans,
VVhilst Tears fill each Saints Eyes.

8 O come, bleſs'd One, make no delay,
The VVicked do thee dare;
Come holy Jeſus, come away!
Thine Arrows do not ſpare.

9 Shall Heaven give the long'd for Call,
That Earth beneath may quake,
That *Romes* high Towers down may fall
Now the dead Bones do ſhake.

HYMN 194.

The Day of Jubilee.

The Fifth Part.

1 O Bleſſed Day, how ſweet is it
To think upon that time
VVhen Chriſt ſhall upon his Throne ſit,
And Summer's in its prime.

2 VVhen all the Earth together ſhall
Break forth and ſweetly ſing;
And all Chriſt's Foes with vengeance fall,
VVho own not him for King.

3 VVhen Saints who now divided are,
Shall all united be;
And in their glitt'ring Robes appear,
And ſing in harmony

4 VVhen Swords and alſo warlike Spears
Men ſhall to Plow-ſhares beat;
And all Men quite be freed from fears,
And from all ſcorching heat;

5 And under their own Vines ſit down
VVith hearts full of ſweet joy;
O come, Lord Jeſus, take the Crown,
O haſte and come away.

6 Wars then we find shall ever cease,
Envy 'mongst Men depart;
Nothing but Love and blessed Peace
In each Believer's heart.

7 The Lyon and the Lamb shall then
Together feed and ly;
And the like concord amongst Men
Shall then be certainly.

HYMN 195.

A Hymn of Praise.

1 O Let us sing with chearful hearts
Sweet Hymns of Soul-delight!
With one accord before the Lord,
That's pleasing in his sight.

2 What People have more cause to praise
The living God on high,
Than have all those whom thou hast chose,
And for whom Christ did die!

3 With full assurance let's draw near,
That we accepted be;
And then our peace will much encrease,
Which, Lord, we have in thee.

4 O what a kind of Love is this
The Father grants to us,
To be the Sons of God above,
And him to call us thus!

5 We know not now what we shall see,
Yet this thou dost declare,
That like to thee we all shall be,
When thou dost next appear.

6 True

6 True Faith let's have on Christ to rest,
And Hope, which cannot fail;
That does take hold, Lord Christ, of thee
Who art within the vail.

7 And then, O Lord, if Storms arise,
And Seas afresh should roar,
We shall in thee secured be
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 196.

The bleeding and wounded Heart.

1 O Lord, how sad's the case of Man,
By reason of the Fall!
His heart is hard, that nothing can,
Alas, pierce it at all,

2 Until the time doth come when he
God's power within does know;
O then he doth, Lord, seek to thee,
Not knowing what to do.

3 O happy Souls, who pierc'd have been,
And broken thoroughly,
In the true sight and sense of sin,
And do on Christ rely.

4 Such who are broken, thou wilt heal,
Who the Physician art,
Thou wilt not cast off any such
Who have a contrite heart.

5 Let Sinners, Lord, die unto sin,
Wound them, O Lord, we pray!
And let them find Soul-life within,
And comfort ev'ry day.

6 O bleſs thy Word, and let it be
Salvation to the Poor;
And we thy Praiſes, Lord, will ſing
Now and for evermore.

HYMN 197.

Things done for *us*.

1 SOme things *for* us, Lord, muſt be done
By thy Almighty Hand;
It muſt be Jeſus Chriſt alone
Who in our ſtead did ſtand;

2 Who bore thy heavy wrath, O Lord,
For us upon the Tree;
And paid the Debts which Sinners owe
To thy dread Majeſty.

3 All praiſe and glory let us ſing
To God the Lord moſt high,
Who did to us Salvation bring
From Hell and Miſery.

4 The Juſt for the Unjuſt did bear
The puniſhment of ſin,
That we of righteouſneſs might ſhare,
Who ſo defil'd have been.

5 Shall Life now in our Souls be wrought,
And Grace implanted be,
That home to Chriſt we may be brought,
And Union have with thee?

6 Then will we ſing ſweet Songs of Praiſe,
And lift thy Name on high;
And happy be, Lord, all our days,
More happy when we die.

HYMN 198.

Things done in *us*.

1 O Lord what haſt thou done *for* us?
And *in* us alſo wrought;
On the Lord Jeſus we depend,
By whom our Souls were bought.

2 All praiſe and glory unto God
Who hath made us alive,
And to exalt thee let us ſee
We all of us do ſtrive:

3 And to excell in doing all
That thou doſt us command;
And readily obey thy Call,
That we may one day ſtand

4 With boldneſs, and the greateſt joy,
Before thy glorious Throne,
When many Perſons bitterly
Shall cry with woful moan.

5 Our works are all wrought *in* us, Lord,
And *for* us too by thee;
Thy Praiſes therefore we will ſing,
And that continually.

HYMN 199.

Grace ſhining.

1 LET ſuch who have enlightned been
Behold thy glorious Grace
And Power divine, prepar'd to ſhine
Before all Peoples face.

2 By thy Grace, Lord, O let us move,
And with a holy Song
Exalt thee who doſt dwell above,
To whom all praiſe belongs.

3 It's none but thee who can appeaſe
The wrath that burns within,
And to a wounded heart give eaſe,
That's burdened with ſin.

4 We thee adore, and worſhip do,
And at thy precious Feet
Contentedly we all would lye
To taſt thy mercy ſweet.

5 And thon, dear Saviour, who for ſin
The Curſe didſt undergo,
Unleſs thy Arm reveal'd had been,
No help to us could flow.

6 All praiſe to God, and to the Lamb
And Spirit be therefore;
Teach us to know what we muſt do,
And ſing for evermore.

HYMN 200.

Bread indeed.

1 HOw good, O Lord, is thy bleſt Word
To all that are ſincere!
Becauſe it doth ſuch good afford,
Thy Children love it dear.

2 O let us taſte of thy ſweet Love,
And in thy ſelf delight;
And feed us alſo from above
Every day and night.

3 That with the fat things of thy Houſe
We all may feaſted be;
And flouriſh in thy glorious Courts,
Dear God, continually.

4 Many do ſeem to be content,
Whilſt they on Husks do feed;
But let our Souls to Chriſt be bent,
And ſtor'd with all we need.

5 One hour in thy bleſt Courts let's prize
Above all times and days;
And alſo ſing and laud thy Name,
And live unto thy praiſe.

HYMN 201.

A Feaſt of Fat things.

1 LOrd, thou art great, and alſo good;
Thy Love and Grace is ſuch,
Thou giv'ſt poor hungry Souls ſweet Food,
And nothing think'ſt too much;

2 For them who unto Chriſt do come,
All things prepared be;
No ſooner do they once come home,
But welcome are to thee.

3 ~~The fatted Calf, and Bread~~ indeed,
And precious Wine good ſtore;
And all things elſe which Sinners need,
Are ready for the Poor:

4 Where feed and feaſt all on free coſt
May ſuch who hungry be;
All is of Grace, that none may boaſt,
But only, Lord, in thee.

6 O then let's eat and drink the beſt,
And praiſe the Lord above;
And lean upon his deareſt Breaſt
Till raviſhed with Love.

HYMN 202.

Unleſs ye believe that I am he, &c.

1 HOw dark is he, how blind,
Who hath a carnal mind?
He hath no peace if he ſo die,
He none ſhall ever find.

2 He that in Chriſt doth not believe,
Nor in Truth now receive
The offers of his ſpecial Grace,
May not his Loſs retrieve.

3 Die in your Sins, Tremble and Fear,
What Man is it can hear
Thoſe words, and find his heart not now
Rent and to pieces tare?

4 Let's lift thy Name, O Lord, on high,
And make ſweet melody;
And ſo believe and live, that we
In ſin may never die.

HYMN 203.

The glorious Gift.

1 ALL praiſe and glory now be given
To God, the Lord above,
Who gives to us the beſt of Heaven,
Himſelf, His Grace, and Love.

2 Moſt

2 Most precious are his Promises,
They firm and sure be;
Thou all our wants wilt, Lord, supply,
And that continually.

3 Though we are poor in earthly things,
And little do possess;
Yet richer are than wicked Kings,
And never shall have less.

4 He that hath God, possesseth all,
And what would he have more?
Shall not that Man contented be?
Can any think he's poor?

5 O let us then lift up our voice,
And sing melodiously;
And in the Lord always rejoyce
Until we come to die.

HYMN 204.

Christ became poor.

1 O Holy and most glorious King,
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Thou art that Lamb by whom we came
From sin to have release.

2 Thou in the glorious Form of God,
Before all Worlds indeed,
Most splendently O thou didst shine,
And nothing didst thou need:

3 And yet thy love to us was such,
Thou for us becam'st poor,
That we through thy great Poverty
Might all have Riches store.

4 We never can to thee expreſs
Our Thanks ſufficiently,
Who in our ſtead, and for our ſakes
A ſhameful death didſt die.

5 The Wrath and Curſe that was our due,
O Lord, thou didſt endure;
And in the Grave, O thou didſt lye,
Our freedom to procure.

6 O depths and heighths of divine Love!
None can compare with thee,
So low to lye, that we on high
At laſt might raiſed be.

7 Lord, thou art all in all to us,
To God all praiſe therefore;
To him, to thee, and Spirit, we
Will ſing for evermore.

HYMN 205.

A Hymn of Dr. *P.* taken out of his [*Century of ſelect Pſalms*, p. 201.]

(From ſeveral Paſſages of the *Revelations.*)

ALL ye that ſerve the Lord, his Name
See that ye celebrate;
And ye that fear him, ſing aloud
His praiſe, both ſmall and great.
O thou great Ruler of the World,
Thy Works our wonder raiſe:
Thou bleſſed King of Saints, how true
And righteous are thy ways!

Who would not fear and praiſe thy Name,
Thou only Holy One?
The World ſhall worſhip thee, to whom
Thy Judgments are made known.
Moſt Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord
Almighty is thy Name;
Which was before all time, and is,
And ſhall be ſtill the ſame.

All Glory, Pow'r, and Honour, thou
Art worthy to receive;
For all things by thy Pow'r were made,
And by thy Pleaſure live.
To thee of right, O Lamb of God,
Riches and Pow'r belong;
Wiſdom and Honour, Glory, Strength,
And every praiſing Song.

Thou as our Sacrifice waſt ſlain,
And by thy precious Blood,
From ev'ry Tongue and Nation haſt
Redeem'd us unto God.
Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, Powr,
By all in Earth and Heaven,
To him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

PART IX.

Containing part of some

Select PSALMS of *DAVID.*

HYMN 206.

Psal. 1. *The Blessed Man.*

1 THe Man is bless'd that shuns the Snare
Of wicked Mens advice,
Whom Sinners Paths, or Scorners Chair
By no means can entice:

2 But his delight both day and night
Is in God's holy Law,
Wherein he waits and meditates
With constant care and awe.

3 Like planted Tree by Water-Springs
Shall such a Man be made,
A Tree that timely Fruit brings forth,
Whose Leaf shall never fade:

4 And God shall bless with good success
All actions of the Just;
Unlike them far the wicked are,
And as the driven Dust:

5 Therefore th' Ungodly never may
In Judgment stand acquitted;
Nor with the Just in that great Day
Shall Sinners be admitted;

6 For Men upright are Gods delight,
Their way to him is known;
But Sinners way shall soon decay,
And quite be overthrown.

HYMN 207.

Psal. 2. *Christ's Kingdom.*

1 WHy do the Heathen *Gentiles* rage,
And fooliſh things ſurmize?
Kings ſet themſelves againſt the Lord,
And do his Chriſt deſpiſe.

2 His gracious Government they count
Their Yoke, his Laws their Chain;
Freedom they'll have without controll,
No Bands ſhall them reſtrain;

3 But God above will ſcorn their rage,
Their vain attempts deride;
He will affright them in his wrath,
Vex and defeat their pride.

4 For all their ſpite I've ſet my King
Upon his holy Throne;
And what I had decreed before,
Proclaim'd him now my Son.

5 This is the Birth-day of his Rule,
Thy Scepter I'll advance
Or'e all the Earth, the *Gentiles* give
For thine Inheritance.

6 Thou with an Iron Rod ſhalt bruiſe
Their diſobedient Neck;
Like brittle Potſherds all their Pow'rs
Without reſiſtance break.

7 Let

7 Let the great Rulers of the Earth
This greater Lord obey;
Serve him with chearful willingneſs,
And fear him too each day.

8 In low ſubmiſſion to the Son
Your happineſs does lye;
Then ye are ſafe when he's well-pleas'd;
When he's provok'd, ye die.

HYMN 208.

Pſal. 4. *The Saints Security in God.*

1 FOnd Men, that would my glory ſtain,
My Government deſpiſe;
How long will ye purſue vain hopes,
And pleaſe your ſelves with lyes?

2 Know that the Lord does righteous Men
With ſpecial favour own;
Though ye deſpiſe me, he ne're will
On my Petitions frown.

3 Sin not, but fear; let quiet Thoughts
Inſtruct and make you wiſe;
Joyn a pure Heart with Truſt in God,
As the beſt Sacrifice.

4 Though others in diſtruſt of thee
To other ſuccours fly,
Thou art our Hope, Lord, caſt on us
A favourable Eye.

5 Thy Love more chears my heart than when
Their Corn has wiſh'd encreaſe;
Or when a happy Vintage makes
Their Wine o'reflow the Preſs.

6 Down will I lye in peace, and ſleep
Shall cloſe my wearied Eyes;
No fear diſturb me whilſt I know
In God my Safety lyes.

HYMN 209.

Pſal. 7. *Wrath againſt Perſecutors.*

1 GOD is a righteous Judge be ſure,
And one that will repay;
And with the lewd and wicked Doer
God's angry ev'ry day:

2 Unleſs he do his ſins forego,
And ſpeedily repent,
He'll whet his Sword, and ſtring his Bow,
He hath it ready bent.

3 His deadly Darts he doth ordain
To ſmite him unawares;
And for the Perſecutors pain
Sharp Arrows he prepares.

4 He made a Pit, in digging which
No pains at all he ſpar'd;
And fell he is into the Ditch
Which he himſelf prepar'd.

5 Upon his own unhappy Crown
His miſchief ſhall be ſpread;
His violent dealings ſhall come down,
And light on his own head.

6 But I his Juſtice will proclaim,
Who judgeth righteouſly;
And with a Song will praiſe the Name
Of God until I die.

HYMN

HYMN 210.

Pſal. 11. *The Miſery of the Wicked.*

1 GOD in his Sanctuary dwells,
Heav'ns glorious Throne,
From whence he views the Sons of Men,
And judges ev'ry one.

2 When he examins righteous Ones,
He does their works approve;
Such as are wicked and unjuſt,
His Soul can never love.

3 Snares ſhall befall them, and for theſe
This mixture is made up,
Fire, Brimſtone, and tempeſtuous Storms
The Portion of their Cup.

4 God who himſelf is righteous, does
In righteouſneſs delight,
And ſtill will favour and protect
The Man that is upright.

HYMN 211.

Pſal. 15. *The ſpotleſs Saint.*

1 LOrd, let me know that happy Man
Whom thou ſo well doſt love,
That he may praiſe thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

2 'Tis he whoſe Life is free from blame,
Whoſe works are right and juſt;
Whoſe hearts and words are true, and whom
One may ſecurely truſt.

3 His

3 His Neighbours Credit does not wound
By a detracting Tongue;
Nor in his Infamy delight,
Much leſs would do him wrong.

4 Who does not break his Oath when he
To his own damage ſwears;
But his ſtrict Vertue far before
His Intereſt preferrs.

5 Who hates Exaction, and rejects
Bribes to betray the Juſt;
This Man ſhall ne're be mov'd, but may
In God ſecurely truſt.

HYMN 212.

Pſal. 23. *Paſtures green and flouriſhing.*

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
'Tis he that doth me feed;
How can I but be richly ſtor'd,
Whilſt he ſupplies my need.

2 In Paſtures green and flouriſhing
He makes me to repoſe,
Hard by the ſilent Water-Spring,
Whoſe Streams with pleaſure flows.

3 He guides my Soul, ſo apt to ſtray,
A ſafer courſe to take;
Conducting me in his right way,
For his alone Name's ſake:

4 And tho' I walk in Death's dark ſhade
It ſhall me not diſmay;
For thou art with me, and haſt made
Thy Rod and Staff my ſtay.

5 My

5 My Table ſpread thou didſt appoint
In preſence of my Foe;
My Head with Oyl thou doſt annoint,
My Cup doth overflow.

6 Thy Grace and Goodneſs certainly
Shall meaſure all my days;
And in thy Houſe, O God, will I
For ever give thee praiſe.

HYMN 213.

Pſal. 102. *Sion repair'd.*

1 THou wilt ariſe in Mercy yet,
And Grace to *Sion* ſend,
Becauſe the time for favour ſet
Is now come to an end;

2 For even in the Stones thereof
Thy Servants take delight,
Her very Duſt is cauſe enough
Of favour in thy ſight.

3 And then the Heathen far and near
Shall dread thy glorious Name;
And all the Kings on Earth ſhall fear
Thy Glory and thy Fame.

4 When as the Lord ſhall once repair
Poor *Sions* broken Wall,
His Glory then ſhall ſhine ſo fair,
It ſhall appear to all.

5 He will regard the deſtitute,
And not deſpiſe their Prayer;
He will regard their humble Suit
With tender love and care.

6 O let the God of *Israel* then
Be prais'd with one accord;
Henceforth for evermore, *Amen*,
All Men praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 214.

Psal. 36. 37. *The perfect Man.*

1 MArk and behold the perfect Man,
For that Man's end is peace;
But quickly shall Transgressors all
Be quite cut off and cease.

2 But the Salvation of the Just
Is of the Lord most high;
Their strength and stay i'th' evil day
Of their adversity.

3 And he shall shield and save the Just,
And keep them Life and Limb;
Deliv'ring them from wicked Men,
Because they trust in him.

Psalm 4.

4 The greater sort crave worldly Wealth,
And Riches they embrace;
But, Lord, grant us thy Saving-health,
And shining of thy Face.

5 O praise the Lord, *Jerusalem*,
Thy God, O *Sion*, praise;
For lo thy Gates and Bars of them
He very strongly stays.

6 Thy Children in thee he hath bless'd,
Thy peace he makes full great;
And fills thee with the very best
And finest of the Wheat.

7 Let

7 Let *Iſraels* God the Lord therefore
Be praiſed altogether;
From firſt to laſt, for evermore,
Amen, Amen for ever.

HYMN 215.

Pſal. 135. *Prayer readily anſwered.*

1 THe Lord is juſt in all his ways,
Holy in all he doth;
And nigh to ev'ry one that prays,
And calls on him in truth.

2 He will fulfill the juſt deſires
Of all the holy Seed;
He hears their cry, what that requires,
And helps them at their need.

3 The Lord preſerveth faithfully
All thoſe that do him love,
But all the wicked he'll deſtroy
With vengeance from above:

4 Therefore my mouth ſhall ſpeak his praiſe,
And univerſal fleſh
His holy Name renown ſhall raiſe,
And ever ſound afreſh.

HYMN 216.

Pſal. 95. *Spiritual Worſhippers.*

1 COme, let us with united joys
To God our voices raiſe;
With thankful hearts before him come
And loudly ſing his praiſe.

2 Our

2 Our Lord is a great God and King,
In Pow'r eminent
Above all Gods, him Angels ſerve,
And Princes repreſent.

3 To him that made us let us kneel,
And Adoration give,
Who are his People, and the Sheep
That on his Paſture live.

4 To day let's hear his voice, and not
Such hardned Sinners prove,
As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
Provoked God above.

5 They prov'd his Pow'r, and ſaw his Works,
And griev'd him forty year,
Till wearied with the murm'ring Race,
He could no longer bear.

6 He did their Unbelief, and baſe
Ingratitude deteſt;
And in his anger ſwore they ſhould
Not come into his reſt.

HYMN 217.

Pſal. 84. *Sacred Pantings.*

1 HOw amiable are thy bleſs'd Tents,
Lord God of Hoſts, to me;
My Soul doth long, yea even faint,
Thy ſacred Courts to ſee.

2 My heart and fleſh cry out for thee
The Everlaſting God,
O when ſhall I come near and ſee
The place of thine abode?

3 O happy they who hold a Place
Within thy House to dwell;
For in thy Courts one days short space
A thousand doth excell.

4 Much rather would I keep a Door,
And in thy House remain,
Than dwell in all the pomp and store
Of Tents of the prophane;

5 For God a Sun and Shield will be,
With Grace and Glory bright;
And no good thing with-hold will he
From them that walk upright.

6 Lord God of Hosts, whose Glory reigns,
How happy Man is he,
That tho' debarr'd the outward means,
Yet puts his trust in thee.

HYMN 218.

Psal. 100. *Sheep of God's Pasture.*

1 MAke joyful noise unto the Lord,
O all ye Nations on the Earth,
Serve him with joy, his praise record,
Come in his sight with Songs of Mirth.

2 Know that the Lord is God alone,
We are the Flock which he doth keep;
His workmanship, and not our own,
His People and his Pasture-Sheep.

3 Enter his Gates with thankfulness,
And come with joy into his Courts;
Great gratitude to him express,
And bless his Name in full resorts;

4 For lo, the Lord is good and kind,
His Mercy everlasting is;
His Truth all Generations find
For evermore assur'd to his.

HYMN 219.

Psal. 135. *A Psalm of Praise.*

1 GIve laud unto the Lord,
And praise his holy Name;
His Praises still record,
And spread abroad his Fame,
Ye that resort
To our great God, and have abode
In *Sions* Court.

2 His Honour, O proclaim,
For good and kind he is;
Sing Praises to his Name,
A pleasant work it is:
Jacob hath he
Chose to himself, and all his Wealth
Must *Israel* be.

3 And this I clearly know
The Lord's a mighty One,
And that all Gods do owe
Subjection to his Throne;
For he brings forth
Whatever he please, in Deeps, in Seas,
In Heaven and Earth.

HYMN

HYMN 220.

Psal. 90. *Longings for good Times.*

1 REturn, O Lord, how long a ſpace!
Let it repent thee much,
Touching thy Servants woful caſe,
Whoſe ſufferings have been ſuch.

2 O ſatisfie us ſpeedily
With thy Compaſſions kind,
That all our days may yield us joy,
And gladneſs chear our mind.

3 As thou haſt ſent us Sorrows keen,
So let's have Comforts glad,
For days and years which we have ſeen
So ſorrowful and ſad.

4 O let thy Work appear unto
Thy Servants ev'ry one;
Thy glory to our Children ſhow,
When we are dead and gone.

4 The Lord our God ſhine on his Church,
And Grace our joynt endeavour;
O proſper thou our handy-work,
And 'ſtabliſh it for ever.

HYMN 221.

Psal. 103. *Free Pardon.*

1 MY Soul now bleſs with readineſs
The Lord's moſt holy Name,
And let my heart's moſt inward parts
Applaud and ſpread his fame.

2 O bleſs the Lord, his praiſe record,
My Soul be not unkind,
As one that ſlights his Benefits,
And puts them out of mind:

3 Who pardons thy Iniquity,
And cancels all thy ſcore;
Who healeth thy Infirmity,
And doth thy health reſtore:

4 Who from the Grave thy Life did ſave,
And Crowns thee from above;
With Mercies free inlarg'd to thee
By his moſt tender love:

5 Who ſatisfies thy Mouth likewiſe
With Bleſſings that are good;
Thy flower of Youth, as th' Eagles, doth
He make afreſh to bud.

HYMN 222.

Pſal. 148. *All Creatures to praiſe God.*

1 O Praiſe *Jehovah* ev'ry one,
From Heav'n praiſe him in places high!
O all his Angels praiſe him ye,
Praiſe him his Hoſt moſt glorioufly!

2 Ye Sun and Moon do ye him praiſe,
All Stars of Light praiſe him do ye!
O Heav'n of Heav'ns do ye the like,
And Waters that 'bove Heavens be!

3 O let them praiſe *Jehovah*'s Name!
By him created were all they;
For ever he eſtabliſh'd them,
Gave Statutes which paſs not away.

4 O praise *Jehovah* from the Land,
Ye Dragons, and all places deep;
Ye Fire and Hail, Snow, Vapour, and
Windy Storms that his Word keep.

5 Ye Mountains and ye Hills also,
Ye Trees fruitful and Cedars high;
And ye wild Beasts and Cattel all,
Ye creeping things, and Fowls that fly.

6 Ye Kings who rule the People do,
Princes and Judges likewise; all
Young Men and Maidens do the same,
With Old Men and ye Children small.

7 O let them praise *Jehovah*'s Name!
Who hath a Name like unto his,
'Tis high advanc'd; his glorious Fame
Above the Earth and Heaven is.

8 And he the Horn of his People
Exalted hath, and set on high;
O praise the Lord, Tweet *Israel*,
A People unto him so nigh.

F I N I S.

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